

July Cosmopolitan

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of the Films!

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For Clean, Clear
Glassware

It is important that you use this
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S H R A P N E L

By "Billy" Sunday

THE man with an idea has done more for the world than the man with a gun.
If all the preachers preached the truth, I would be out of a job,
the devil would be in the hospital, and hell would be for rent.

God won't prosper this nation as long as the government is in partnership with the brewers and distillers.

There is no measuring the trouble one wayward boy can bring to a mother's heart.

Don't look at your bank-book to find out whether you are rich or poor.
Look at your character. The worst bankrupt is the bankrupt in character.

The best preparation for to-morrow is to do your best to-day.

Lifting on the burden of another beats training in a gymnasium for increasing strength.

The Lord sends a great idea into the world whenever he can find a man great enough to receive it.

There is something wrong with the man who never wants to help the under dog.

It is far better to limp all the way toward heaven than never to make the start at all.

Faith is trust with its coat off and its sleeves rolled up.

It doesn't take any more ground to raise a flower than it does a jimson-weed.

Lincoln said, "I hope it may be said of me that I always pulled up a thistle and planted a flower, wherever a flower would grow."

The nickel has dried more tears than the five-dollar gold piece.

If every black cloud had a cyclone in it, the world would have been blown into toothpicks long ago.

If the glamour and glitter could be taken out of sin, the devil's right arm would come off at the shoulder.

Some folks cannot see anything but rheumatism in the rainbow.

Love is a wonder-worker, but it gets along better when it has brains to direct it.

If it were not for the help he gets from the church loafer, the devil would have been round-shouldered long ago.

Adapt your means to the end. You cannot catch a jack-rabbit in a mouse-trap.

Many a man is on the flat of his back to-day because he was not more earnest yesterday.

The man who is always wanting to know where Cain got his wife would generally be happier if he paid more attention to his own.

The man who tries to hide behind a hypocrite is a bigger fool than the one who builds his house on the sand.



DRAWN BY GALE HOBBS

"It's a lie!" shouted Dean

(Film Tempo)

COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LIX

JULY, 1915

NO. 2



Film Tempo

When a natural-born story-teller gives his audience the sign that he is ready to begin, there is nothing to do but get comfortable and be entertained. Charles E. Van Loan is just that sort of a story-teller. Cosmopolitan readers are his audience—a new one for him, a new entertainer for them. His story is of people new to fiction—the versatile moving-picture players, who live and work in a strange, new world of their own. So we present Charles E. Van Loan, and he presents Sheriff Buck Parvin of the films. When you know them both, you will want to have more of them—and you will.

By Charles E. Van Loan

Illustrated by Gayle Hoskins

MISS CHARLOTTE BIGGS, aged eighteen and neither older nor wiser than her years, paused as she rounded the corner of Main Street on her way home from high school, and stared at a strange young man who leaned against a telegraph-pole, nonchalantly smoking a gold-tipped cigarette. Now, Charlotte had been taught that it is impolite to stare at a stranger, and also immodest—in case the stranger happens to be a young man. She had two excuses.

In the first place, she was an ardent admirer and close student of the published works of a certain eminent author, who, having created the gentlemanly, gambling bad man of the Far West, endowed him with the manly beauty and grace of an Apollo, the instincts of a Chesterfield, and the simple, clean-hearted courage of a Bayard. In the second place, the stranger was an eye-filling spectacle. For the moment, Miss Biggs thought she was looking upon the incomparable John Oakhurst in the flesh.

The young man wore a wide-brimmed slouch hat set at a jaunty angle to afford a glimpse of his wavy brown hair. His blue-flannel shirt, open at the throat, made the most of his shoulders and trim waist. His trousers were tucked into high-heeled boots, and at his hip there swung a silver-mounted revolver of the very largest pattern. So far as costume was concerned, the

stranger might have stepped entire from the pages of Miss Biggs' favorite author. But the costume was not all. The young man's brows were straight and black above heavy lashes; his cheeks were ruddy; his chin was slightly cleft, and his neat brown mustache swept above even, white teeth. Is it any wonder that Charlotte Biggs forgot her manners?

The young man tossed away his cigarette with a careless gesture and looked about him in languid, bored fashion, his casual glance crossing, for the barest instant, the level, fascinated stare of the girl. With elaborate deliberation, he drew a letter from the breast-pocket of his shirt, split the envelop with a graceful flip of his finger, and addressed himself to the enclosure.

At once it became evident that the mis-sive contained startling information of some sort. The young man's brows arched in surprise; he stifled an ejaculation, and applied himself tensely to the page. Miss Biggs made a pretense of looking in at the confectioner's window, but her sidelong glances were on the stranger's face. This close scrutiny was immediately rewarded.

The end of the first paragraph brought a scowl and a tightening of the jaw-muscles; one hand spread itself, claw-fashion, and slowly doubled into a fist. It was thus made quite plain to the beholder that the young man, lately so languid and bored, was now

furiously angry, and with cause. He continued to read. By degrees, the stern expression faded. The jaw-muscles lost their tension, relaxing sufficiently to permit a pitying smile. Forgiveness and charity became the key-note; compassion wrote itself in every line of that mobile countenance. The last paragraph brought tragedy, unrelieved by any ray of hope. Grief claimed the interesting stranger for its own. His shoulders sagged; his head fell forward upon his breast, and, for a time, it seemed that he must give way to his emotions, but, by a mighty effort, he conquered that unmanly weakness. When the letter was replaced in his pocket, resignation was the dominant note. The worst might happen; he would face it with fortitude. Miss Biggs, still watching, remembered "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and the melancholy end of John Oakhurst. Her heart went out to the stranger—and the young man looked up and saw it on the way.

The effect of this second meeting of eyes was electrical, amazing. The stranger approached Miss Biggs, the light of pleased recognition beaming from his countenance. Sweeping his hat from his head, he made the girl a low bow.

"To think of meeting you in this out-of-the-way place!" said he. "You!"

"But—but you haven't met me yet," stammered Miss Biggs.

"Surely you remember me?" said the young man reproachfully.

"You must be mistaken," faltered Miss Biggs.

"Ah," said the stranger, "I have it now! How stupid of me! It's the make-up. When I met you, I was in my proper person. Of course you wouldn't recognize me in this disguise."

Miss Biggs looked the young man full in the face and suffered the shock of disillusionment. At close range, the likeness to John Oakhurst was not so striking. The complexion was pinkly and palpably false; the noble mustache resolved itself into two wisps of crêpe hair gummed to the upper lip; the brows and lashes were heavily augmented with black paint, and the dimple in the chin was a brown smudge.

"Awful bore to have to wear this stuff on the street!" said the young man apologetically. "In the studio, it's all right, and nobody thinks anything of it; but in a small town like this, it makes one conspicuous.

Now, honestly, didn't I meet you at the Photo-players' Ball last month in Los Angeles?"

Miss Biggs again shook her head.

"You've got me mixed up with some other girl," said she.

"Impossible! Isn't your name—er—Violet?"

"My name is Biggs—Charlotte Biggs."

This information staggered the young man for an instant.

"But you're the very image of her!" he cried. "The same eyes, the same smile, the same wonderful coloring! I wouldn't have believed that two people—Can you ever forgive me, Miss Biggs? The likeness misled me. I wouldn't have presumed—I hardly know what to say. I——"

"There's no harm done, is there?" said Miss Biggs.

The young man became radiant.

"How sensible you are!" said he warmly.

"People who are hedged in by silly conventions miss so much of life, don't you think? I haven't my card-case with me, being in costume, as you see, but, with your permission, I will present myself, Miss Biggs: Norman Dean, at your service. I am here with the Titan Company, playing juvenile leads and—er—all that sort of thing, you know."

"A 'movie' actor?" cried Miss Biggs. "How thrilling!"

"Sometimes," said Mr. Dean. "Yes; I am an actor."

"Do you know," said the girl, "I've never seen a moving picture taken. I've always wanted to."

"To-morrow morning we are to make scenes on the main street," said Mr. Dean. "It's rather interesting, in a way, but of course the novelty wears off. I will be glad to explain everything to you——"

"Goody! I wouldn't miss it for the world!"

"One little maid from school, eh?" quizzed Dean. Miss Biggs tried to hide her books behind her back.

"Yes; and you've reminded me that I must be going now. Good-by."

"Not good-by—till we meet again!"

Miss Biggs looked back over her shoulder at a distance of half a block and was vaguely disappointed to note that the interesting stranger was not watching her. He was reading his letter again.

"Poor fellow," sighed the girl, "I wonder

if he's in trouble? He seemed quite cheerful when he was talking to me."

Charitable reader, the film actor is a shadow projected upon a screen. Can he be blamed for making the most of his infrequent opportunities to appear in the flesh, practicing his art before an audience, however scanty? Let temperament make answer. And as for the susceptible Miss Biggs, how was she to know that this moving-picture extra man, Norman Dean by choice, John Jenkins by birth, had been reading nothing more soul-stirring than a circular letter from a tailor whose slogan was, "Fifteen Dollars: Why Pay More?"

With a new audience, Dean registered the gamut of human emotions for the benefit of three small children and a fat Mexican woman. What true artist was ever known to count the house?

II

A WESTERN scenario demands a Western setting, hence the presence of Director James Montague and forty members of his company in a small town upon the edge of the California desert. By special permission of the city fathers, those quiet streets were to echo to the clatter of hoofs, the bark of the forty-five-caliber revolver, and the roaring blast of the sawed-off shotgun—the ground-plan of a border drama requiring all these things and more.

In a back bedroom of the Palace Hotel, five young men sprawled upon the floor and gave their earnest and undivided attention to the efforts of the sixth member of the party, who was endeavoring to produce a certain profitable result by means of adding the spots upon two ivory cubes which he rolled upon the carpet. In his moments of relaxation, the moving-picture actor differs not at all from his unfilmed brother.

"Eighter from Decatur!" shouted the youth, who happened to be Charlie Dupree, the camera-man of the company. "A six and a deuce! A five and three! Two bright fours! A nice little eight for all that money! *Bones!*"

"Seven comes before an eight," said another member of the party morosely.

"Not for my money!" said Dupree. "Hark to Dean, pulling for his measly ten-cent bet! Come on, you bones! Oh, you eight! Eight! *Eight!*"

"Hey, soft-pedal on the noise, Charlie!"

warned Ben Leslie, the property-man. "They pinch you for shooting craps in this town."

"A fat chance!" said Dupree. "We're in a hotel. The door's locked, and it's nobody's business what we do."

"Just the same, they can grab you," persisted Leslie.

"Forget it! Oh, you eight! A six and a deuce! A five and a three! Two bright—"

A fist thundered on the door.

"Open up, in the name of the law!" bellowed a hoarse voice. "I got you, this time! Open up!"

The six exchanged startled glances. Dupree swept up the dice; the money disappeared as if by magic; the players rose to their feet and assumed careless attitudes. Ben Leslie turned the key in the lock and a bow-legged man strode in. Upon his breast shone a large silver star.

"The house is pinched!" said he; and no sooner were the words out of his mouth than he went to the floor underneath an avalanche of outraged humanity.

"Buck Parvin!" shouted Dupree, attaching himself to one leg with the fervor of a football player. "What do you mean, 'The house is pinched'?"

"Leggo of the sheriff!" bawled the visitor. "Hands off, or I'll get out my forty-some-odd and smoke up the joint! Ouch! Get off me; I got two dollars to put in the game!"

Five of the players rose. Ben Leslie remained seated upon Buck's chest.

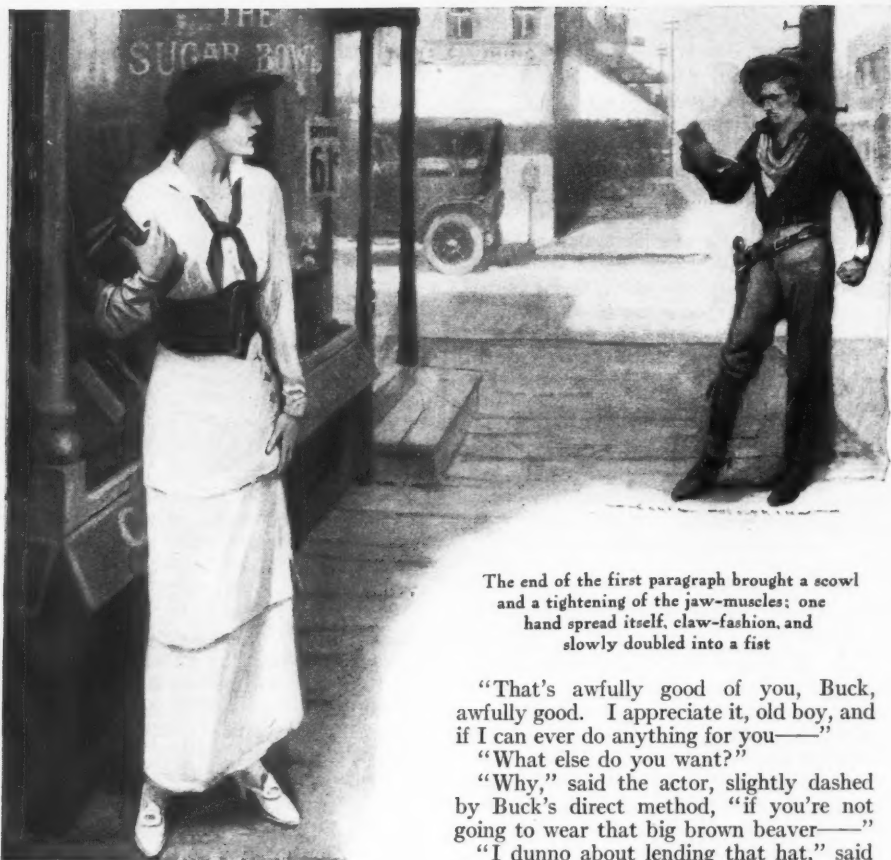
"Maybe you think," said the property-man, "because you're cast for a sheriff in this picture, you've got a license to behave like one. You get that notion out of your head, see?" And he choked Buck by way of emphasis.

"Lemme up!" gurgled the sufferer. "I was only trying to get into the character! It's been so long since I played a sheriff that I've forgot how it feels. Turn loose of me, Ben; I got money to invest."

The investment proved a profitable one, the game gradually narrowing to a contest between Parvin and Dupree. Dean early became a spectator and watched the ebb and flow of fortune. The time came when Dupree's last coin was at hazard.

"One more lick," said Buck, "and you're a tramp till pay-day. Ho, bones! A seven or 'leven—and seven she is!"

"And that breaks up the party," said



The end of the first paragraph brought a scowl and a tightening of the jaw-muscles; one hand spread itself, claw-fashion, and slowly doubled into a fist

Ben Leslie. "Buck, lend me five till next week, will you?"

"It's nice to be a winner in a crap game with friends," growled the cow-puncher. "They lose thirty cents and borrow five dollars. Speak quick, you paupers! It's after banking-hours now."

Dean followed Parvin down the hall.

"Oh, Buck; just a minute, please!"

Parvin grinned and put his hand into his pocket.

"Not that!" said the actor. "Say, how are you going to dress this sheriff to-morrow?"

"The way I am now," said Buck. "Blue shirt, pants, and boots. Why?"

"Then you won't be wearing your white Angora chaps?"

"Not to-morrow. Why?"

"Oh, nothing! Only I was wondering if I could borrow 'em for a day."

"Clothes don't care who wears 'em," was the ungracious response. "Help yourself."

"That's awfully good of you, Buck, awfully good. I appreciate it, old boy, and if I can ever do anything for you——"

"What else do you want?"

"Why," said the actor, slightly dashed by Buck's direct method, "if you're not going to wear that big brown beaver——"

"I dunno about lending that hat," said Buck. "It stands me thirty dollars. There ain't another hat in California like it."

"Oh, be a good fellow!" urged Dean.

"I won't hurt it any."

"It's a wonder you hamfats wouldn't get wardrobes of your own," growled Buck.

"Actors are always borrowing something—if it ain't money it's clothes or grease paint. Ain't you got anything of your own?"

"Just for one day," begged Dean.

"Oh, all right!" said the exasperated cow-puncher. "You can have the hat; but don't you go establishing it in any scenes. I may wear it myself, later on."

"I'm not working to-morrow," said Dean.

"Not working?" demanded Buck. "Then why the scenic effects?"

"Oh, a little performance of my own."

"Just like that, eh?" said Buck. "Little performance of your own—hm-m-m! Well, work fast! When I loan my stuff, one day is the extreme limit."

Later, as Parvin was pulling off his boots

in the privacy of his bedchamber, he chuckled aloud.

"A little performance of his own, eh? He's about framing up to mash some foolish country girl. She's got to be foolish, if she falls for a hamfat actor. Chaps and a big hat! Huh! A hoss goes with that outfit, and this bird can't ride in a freight-car 'less they lock the door. Just goes to show that women fall for the grease paint no matter who wears it. Reckon I'll have to keep an eye on Dean, just to find out what he's up to."

III

THE next morning, Charlotte Biggs was suffering from a severe nervous headache and refused to eat her breakfast. She managed to persuade her mother that school was out of the question, but by ten o'clock she was sufficiently recovered to walk as far as the post-office.

"I don't see why you have to wear your best white dress," scolded Mrs. Biggs. "You'll get it all mussed up, and it won't be fresh for Sunday. And mind; now, I don't want you gadding 'round town. You come right home from the post-office."

"Yes, ma," said the young woman. "You talk to me as if I was about twelve years old. I wish to goodness you'd quit it!"

"I'll talk to you any way I want to, miss," snapped Mrs. Biggs. "As long as you live in this house, you'll take orders from me. Do you hear?"

"Yes, ma."

A moving-picture company at work in a small town is never a difficult thing to find. One has only to follow the crowd. Miss Biggs followed the crowd and came upon a stirring scene. A camera was planted in the middle of the street, and behind it stood James Montague, shouting directions.

"Rehearse it again, boys, and cut down the footage all you can! This oughtn't to run more than twelve or fifteen feet. All right, Jack! On with you, and make it snappy!"

La Rue, the leading man, his head bandaged and his face powdered to an ashy whiteness, staggered over the side lines and hammered on the door of a real-estate office, for film purposes temporarily the residence of the sheriff of the county. Buck emerged

in time to catch La Rue as he fell, bent over him for one brief instant, looked heavenward to register stern determination, as is the custom of moving-picture sheriffs the world over, and, hurling himself upon his horse, he rocketed down the street, drawn revolver waving in the air.

"That's better," said the director. "We'll make it the next time."

While the actors were returning to their positions, Charlotte looked about her in the hope of identifying her street-corner acquaintance. Blue shirts were there in abundance, and also crêpe beards, most of them ending suspiciously at the jaw-line—the hallmark of the extra man who hopes to give nothing but his full face to the camera—but nowhere could she discover the John Oakhurst of the letter. A pale youth smiled familiarly at her from beneath the rim of a spreading brown-beaver sombrero, and jingled in her direction, walking as one conscious of twenty-two pounds of chaps and immense Mexican spurs. Miss Biggs sniffed and turned her head, but the voice at her elbow caused her to start in surprise.

"What have I done that you should refuse to speak to me, Miss Charlotte?"

"Why—it's you!" said Miss Biggs. "I didn't recognize you in those clothes!"

Mr. Dean smiled.

"That's because I am not made up this morning," said he. "No mustache to deceive you, eh?"

"But—you look so—different!"

"That's the art of make-up, Miss Charlotte."

"Yes; I s'pose it is. My, but that's a lovely hat!"

"Not half bad," said the actor lightly.

"It answers very well for these wild and woolly Western melodramas. There's no art in a picture like this, you know. No real acting—nothing but riding and shooting and all that sort of thing."

"And do you ride?"

"Do I ride!" The tone conveyed reproof, and Charlotte hastened to apologize. "Of course you do. I might have known better."

"I'd like to show you what I can do in that line, Miss Charlotte. The riding-stunts in this picture are so simple and easy that there is no adequate part for me—nothing that would give me a chance—"

"Oh, why does that man hold the slate up in front of the camera?"

"Pardon me," said Dean, again the cavalier; "I forgot this is all new to you. You see, a picture is made up of ever so many different scenes, and each scene is numbered on the script. Before a scene is taken, its number is chalked upon a slate, and the camera-man photographs the slate on the film. Afterward, in the developing-room, the numbers identify the scenes——"

"And they know how to patch it together—so that it fits in?"

"How quickly you grasp ideas!" said Dean. "Ah, now they're ready. That's the director, standing beside the camera. A fairly good man, Jimmy, if he'd ever let an actor have reasonable latitude. Everything's got to be done his way. That's the worst of a director, Miss Charlotte. They're taking it, now. Here comes La Rue. If he's a leading man, I'm a star. Jack is a nice fellow personally, you understand, and I like him immensely, but he's the worst foot-hog in the business. Watch him hunt for the middle of the stage! Can you beat that? The other one? Oh, that's only Buck Parvin. He's nothing but a rider. Doesn't pretend to act—used to punch cattle on a ranch. They keep him on the pay-roll because he's a fair man on a horse."

The scene ended with Buck flashing down the street in a cloud of dust.

"I thought he did that pretty well," said Miss Biggs.

"Well, he didn't fall off the horse, if that's what you mean. From a professional standpoint, though, bad—very bad. I'm afraid Buck is hopeless. He has absolutely no idea of film tempo."

"Film—what?"

"Film tempo. You see, Miss Charlotte, in this business the actor has no lines to speak; consequently everything must be expressed by action, and the most important point is to know how to time it. A camera takes sixteen pictures to the second. If a gesture is made too quickly, the camera doesn't catch it, and it reproduces jerky on the film. If it is made too slowly, it drags. When an actor learns to time his action perfectly, we say that he mastered film tempo. That is what we cannot teach Parvin. He——"

"Oh," said Miss Biggs, "isn't this him—coming toward us?"

Dean paused, bit his lip, and registered vexation.

"Where? Yes; confound him!"

"Aren't you friends?"

"Why, yes, in a way," was the nervous reply. "Not—intimate, by any manner of means. Buck is a good fellow and all that sort of thing, but—rough, awfully rough. He's—well, not quite the sort of man you ought to know. Excuse me, will you? I'll be right back."

Dean advanced to meet the grinning sheriff, receiving as greeting a slap on the back which caused the borrowed spurs to jingle.

"Once an actor, always made up!" said Buck loudly. "Who are you this morning, little one? You look like Buffalo Bill's only son!"

"Cheese it!" mumbled Dean, under his breath. "What are you trying to do, Buck? Queer me?"

"You're queer enough without any help from me," said Buck. Then, with a wink, "Ain't you going to introduce me?"

"Not on your life! Beat it! Roll your hoop! This is my party, and you're not invited."

"Oh, I ain't, eh? Well, you're a hot sketch, I must say! You borrow my clothes and catch a dame with 'em, and then you won't even introduce me! Afraid I'll steal her from you?"

"Now, Buck, be a good fellow! This is a nice little girl, and——"

"And not overly bright," finished Buck, "or she wouldn't let you get by with anything. Well, work fast, kid, because to-night you lose the scenic effects. I'm going to call in the clothes, and you'll be left flat. One day is the limit——"

"Where is that darned sheriff?" bawled Montague. "Buck! Oh, Buck!"

"Coming up with a clue!" shouted Parvin, elbowing his way toward the camera. Dean heaved a sigh of relief and rejoined the girl.

"Shall we go for a little walk?" said he.

"But I want to see them make the pictures!" pouted Charlotte.

"We'll be here ten days, and you can see that any time. This may be my only chance. How can we talk in this crowd?"

"Well, in that case——" said Miss Biggs, allowing herself to be escorted into a shady side street.

"What did you mean," said she, "about Mr. Parvin not being the sort of a man I ought to know?"

"I'd rather not make it any plainer," answered Dean.

They walked for some time in silence.

"He doesn't look like that sort of a man at all," ventured the girl. "He has such an honest, jolly face."

"You can't tell much by faces."

"Oh, yes, I can! Now, yesterday, on the street corner—you had some bad news—in a letter."

"Don't," said Mr. Dean; "I'm trying to forget it."

"I'm so sorry."

"Are you? Do you know, if I believed that—"

The actor talked, and the silly flirt listened to his shop-worn speeches and shabby platitudes and, listening, believed.

The first man listened to the first woman, and believed—at least, he so testified under cross-examination—but the penance laid upon the first woman follows her daughters still. As long as the world lasts, they are fated to listen to men, and believe them.

This particular conquest was an easy one. There is a brand of sham gentility which deceives the inexperienced by reason of being too attractive to be genuine, just as there are base metals which outshine gold. The cheap actor, with his stage gestures, his copied affectations, and his carefully studied mannerisms, could have seemed real only to a very young girl who had borrowed her ideals from the pages of romantic fiction. And Dean worked fast—so fast that when Charlotte hurried homeward, her head in a whirl of pretty speeches, she remembered but one thing distinctly: the promise to meet her cavalier that night on a street corner near her home.

After dinner, Buck Parvin went to Dean's room to reclaim his property. He found the chaps, spurs, and hat on the bed; Dean, in his best street suit, was adding the finishing touches to his toilet.

"I see you're made up for a gentleman," was Buck's greeting. "Got a date?"

"That's some more of your business."

"Same one you had to-day?"

Dean nodded.

"Not a bad looker, is she?"

"No-o," admitted Buck; "but an awful bad guesser."

"These country girls," said Dean, "like to meet a fellow once in a while who's been somewhere and knows something."

"That's quite a compliment to yourself," said Buck, "coming from an outsider, the way it does."

"You're jealous; that's all that ails you."

"If I ever get jealous of a fellow like you," said Buck, "I'll hunt up the nearest lunatic asylum and ring the door-bell."

"Humph!" said Dean, and departed.

"Not even a good imitation of a human being," murmured Buck, fingering his silver star. "Two arms, two legs, and a face to paint—that lets him out. Well, as sheriff of the county, I've got my eagle eye on you, young feller!"

IV

It was the evening of pay-day, and once more certain members of the Titan Company trifled with fortune, draw-poker being the medium. Jennings, Montague's assistant, Charlie Dupree, Ben Leslie, Hoot Gibbons, and Buck Parvin made up the party.

"Well, boys," said Jennings, "this is the last night we'll spend here. Jim ought to get everything cleaned up to-morrow. Home will look pretty good to me."

"The same here," drawled Hoot. "I ain't had anything but hard luck in this town. To make it worse, that feller Dean had to go and borrow ten dollars from me yesterday. By the way, where is that bird? He usually likes a little game of draw, and he's all the same as manna from heaven, because he's always trying to help a short pair."

"He got ten from you?" said Ben Leslie. "Why, he gave me a long song and dance and touched me for five."

"Ten here," said Jennings.

"And never showed up after he drew his pay," said Hoot. "Say, if I thought he was trying to put anything over, I'd climb his frame and take him apart, a story at a time!"

"Well," said Dupree, shuffling the cards, "far be it from me to hurt anybody's credit, but when I was down at the depot this evening, asking about an express package, Dean came in and bought two tickets for Los Angeles."

"Two!" ejaculated Buck.

"That's what I said."

"Dean is all through," said Jennings. "He can leave any time he wants to."

"But that ain't the point," said Buck



"The other one? Oh, that's only Buck

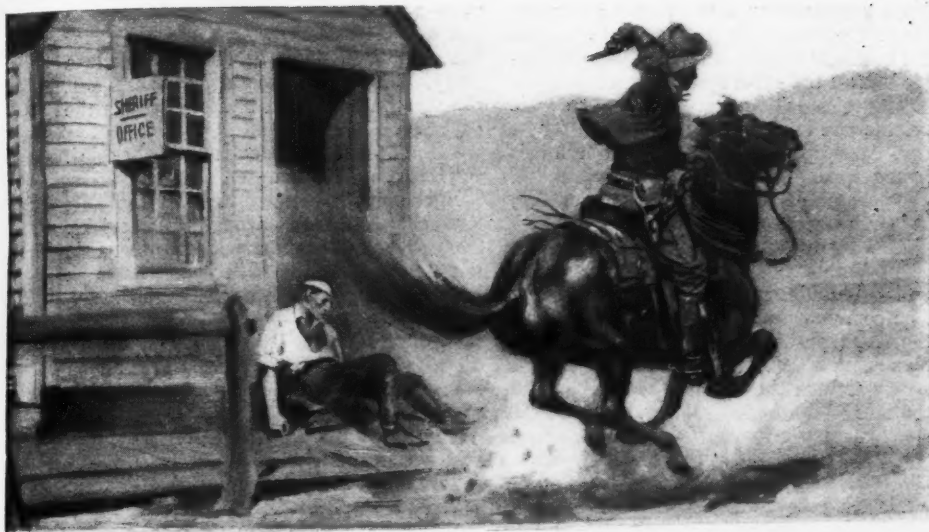
earnestly; "that ain't the point. Charlie, you say he bought two tickets—and paid for 'em?"

"No; he gave the agent a kiss and an I O U," was the sarcastic reply. "You don't think Dean has got credit with the railroad, do you?"

"Deal those cards!" said Hoot. "Let's have action here!"

"Wait a minute," said Buck. "I'm the sheriff, and I've got a clue. Don't hurry me. I want to straighten this out. Dean bought two tickets and paid for 'em—hm-m-m! Now, if he stays over till to-morrow, he can go in with the bunch—on transportation. Won't cost him a cent to get back to town. When a hamfat spends money for something that he can get some one else to buy for him, there's a nigger in the wood-pile, sure. What time does that train go through to-night?"

"Ten-fifteen," said Jennings. "What is this?" howled Hoot. "An old ladies' sewing-circle or a poker game? If there's anything that makes me sick, it's a loose-jawed gambler!" "Ever since Jim hung that star on Buck's



Parvin. He's nothing but a rider. Doesn't pretend to act—used to punch cattle on a ranch"

vest," said Ben Leslie, "he's been sherlocking 'round to see what he can deduce."

"Well," snapped Hoot, "I wish't he'd look at his hand and deduce whether he can open this pot or not. You, Buck, come out of that trance!"

"Pass!" said Parvin, without looking at his cards. "It's eight-thirty now, little one. At nine-forty-five, win, lose, or draw, I'm gone from you. I shove back my chair and quit."

"I've heard that kind of talk before," laughed Hoot. "If you strike a losin' streak, you won't be so anxious to quit. Put a hot-water bottle at your feet an' pray for courage."

"Oh, I got a lot of that!" said Buck cheerfully. "Who cracked this pot? You, Hoot? Well, seeing that you're so fresh, I'll just back-raise you some. Three blues! Now step down and see where you're at with your little one pair!"

Night on the California desert wears a pall of black velvet—a curtain pierced by a million soft points of golden light. After the sun goes down, the distant mountains seem to draw nearer, assuming mysterious shapes in the darkness. It is a time for romance, for poetry and star-gazing, but the man dangling his legs from a baggage-truck at the end of the station platform did

not see fit to improve his opportunities along these lines.

"I offer a little even money that I'm the prize fool of the universe," said he to himself. "Ten dollars loser in a poker game, and I quit to come down here on a wild-goose chase. Oh, maybe not a wild goose. She looked pretty tame to me. Like as not I won't get no thanks, either; but as sheriff of the county——"

Out of the east came a hoarse, throbbing sound; it was the engine of the ten-fifteen laboring on a distant grade.

"No sign of 'em yet," said Buck. "He wouldn't have bought two tickets if he was going alone—that's a cinch. And he wouldn't even have bought one if he was figuring on leaving to-morrow. And he borrowed that money, too. All the signs point to it, Sheriff; I reckon you better stick. I hope that poker party don't bust up before I get back."

The throbbing sound deepened into a roar. The steel rails glimmered in a sudden flood of light.

"She's fanning right along," was Buck's comment. "Lord, but wouldn't it be a good joke if she didn't stop? No; there goes the whistle. If them young folks expect to use this varnished caravan, they better be showing up *poco tiempo*."

He rose and sauntered to the other end of the platform. The glare of the approaching headlight showed him two figures standing behind the small station-building.

"Keno!" said Buck. "Going to wait till the last minute and make a run for it, eh? Well, putting the crusher on love's young dream is new stuff to me, and I don't know what I'm going to do or say, but—here goes!"

The ten-fifteen drew up and came to a standstill with a singing of air-brakes and a shuddering of timbers and metal. The conductor, lantern on arm, hurried to the telegraph-window for orders. The two figures, now left in the darkness, moved slowly toward the tracks, keeping close to the side of the building. It was then that Buck barred the way.

"Why, hello, Dean!" said he jovially. "Leaving us to-night, are you?"

Miss Biggs cowered behind the actor, who paused, undecided whether to parley or to put on a bold face and force his way to the steps of the day-coach.

"I don't blame you for wanting to get back to town," said Buck, in a loud and cheerful tone of voice. "I'll bet your wife will be glad to see you."

Dean dropped the suitcases with a crash. The girl screamed.

"My wife!" gasped the actor. "Say, what is this—a joke? I haven't got a wife! I never *had* a wife!"

"What are you trying to do—string me?" demanded Buck, sternly. "Don't you remember the night I went out to your place to dinner, and Mrs. Dean was sore because you didn't let her know I was coming—"

"It's a lie!" shouted Dean.

"Don't you tell me I lie! Don't you do it! I know you've got a wife; so does everybody else. What's the idea of your being single all at once?"

"It's a lie!" cried Dean, wildly. "A lie—I swear it! Don't you believe a word he says, Lottie!"

"*Lottie!*" ejaculated Buck, peering over Dean's shoulder and making a pretense of discovering the girl, who was beginning to weep hysterically. "Well, by the great jumping Jehoshaphat, you've got somebody with you, eh? No wonder you're claiming you ain't married!"

"Don't pay any attention to him, dear," begged the actor. "This is a joke, I tell

you—a practical joke! We can be married to-morrow, just as we planned—oh, for heaven's sake, don't cry! Don't make a scene!" He seized the girl by the arm, but she struck at him and backed away in the darkness.

"Don't you dare to touch me!" she cried.

"But it's all a joke——"

Buck stepped between them.

"Yeh," said he; "bigamy's a fine joke. They give you ten years, with nothing to do but laugh about it. Will your wife think it's a joke when she hears it? Don't cuss, darn you! There's a lady present. Now then, Lottie, or whatever your name is, do you want to run away with this Mormon hamfatter or not? Speak quick; the train's waiting!"

"No-no-o!" whimpered Miss Biggs. "I want to go home!"

"And a good place for you!" said Buck.

"Board!" chanted the conductor, swinging his lantern.

Buck whirled and shook his fist under the actor's nose.

"He's talking to you!" snarled the cowpuncher. "You heard what the girl said. If you do any traveling to-night, you'll travel alone! Now get out of here before I hang something on that rabbit-chin of yours! Beat it! Vamose!"

The train began to move. Dean hesitated for an instant; Buck drew back his right arm as if to strike; the actor dodged, seized his suitcase, and made a dash for the steps of the day-coach. Once aboard and safe from pursuit, he leaned out and shook his fist.

"I'll get you for this!" he bawled. "See if I don't!"

"Ain't he brave all at once?" said Buck, politely looking up at the stars. "Well, little girl, I reckon that's the last you'll see of him, and good riddance to bad rubbage. Go ahead and have your cry out, and be thankful you won't have to do any crying to-morrow! He ain't no great loss."

"I'm not c-crying on his account," sobbed Miss Biggs. "D-don't you think it! I w-wouldn't wipe my feet on him."

"That's right," said Buck approvingly. "He wasn't no sort of man to be running off with. These hamfat actors are like the cakes you see in the bakery windows—lovely, with all the frosting on 'em, but, when you get 'em home, they ain't very filling. And sometimes they make 'em

with bad eggs, too. Let's don't say any more about it. Now, I reckon you'd better be getting home before somebody sees you running round town this time of night. Gimme that suitcase!"

"It's a long walk," whimpered Miss Biggs, "and I'm afraid."

"Bless your heart!" said Buck gallantly.

"The farther the better—which way?"

They walked for some time in silence, save for a faint, snuffling sound, which gradually died away.

"Did—did you ever read 'Tennessee's

"Hello, Buck!" said he. "What are you doing out so late?"

"This ain't late," said Parvin, seating himself upon the steps and beginning to roll a cigarette. "This is pretty near early. Lovely night, ain't it?"

Montague grunted assent, and for some time they sat without speaking.

"Say, Jim?"

"Well?"

"Suppose somebody in the 'movie' business told a certain party that I didn't have any film tempo. What would he mean by that?"

"Film tempo!" said he. "That's a new one on me. Where on earth did you pick up that expression, Buck?"

"Never you mind. What does it mean? That's what I want to know."

"Well," said the director judicially, "somebody was trying to find a fancy way of saying that you don't know how to time your action."

"Humph!" said Buck. "Time my action, eh?" He began to laugh, rocking back and forth and slapping his legs.

"What's the matter now?" demanded Montague. "What's the joke?"

"Oh, a little one of my own," chuckled the cow-puncher. "I was just thinking that, for a feller without any film tempo, I sure did a pretty neat job of timing some action to-night."

"Yes?" said Montague.

"You bet!

With only half a minute to work in, I hung a string of bogus wedding-bells onto a party where they'd do the most good! And say, Jim, do you know where I can get hold of a story called 'Tennessee's Pardner'?"

Pardner'?" The question took Buck by surprise.

"Not that I know of, Lottie. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," said Miss Biggs; "only—only you make me think of him, that's all."

James Montague sat on the hotel porch, smoking his pipe and watching the stars.

"Suppose somebody in the 'movie' business told a certain party that I didn't have any film tempo. What would he mean by that?"



A Son Speaks

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

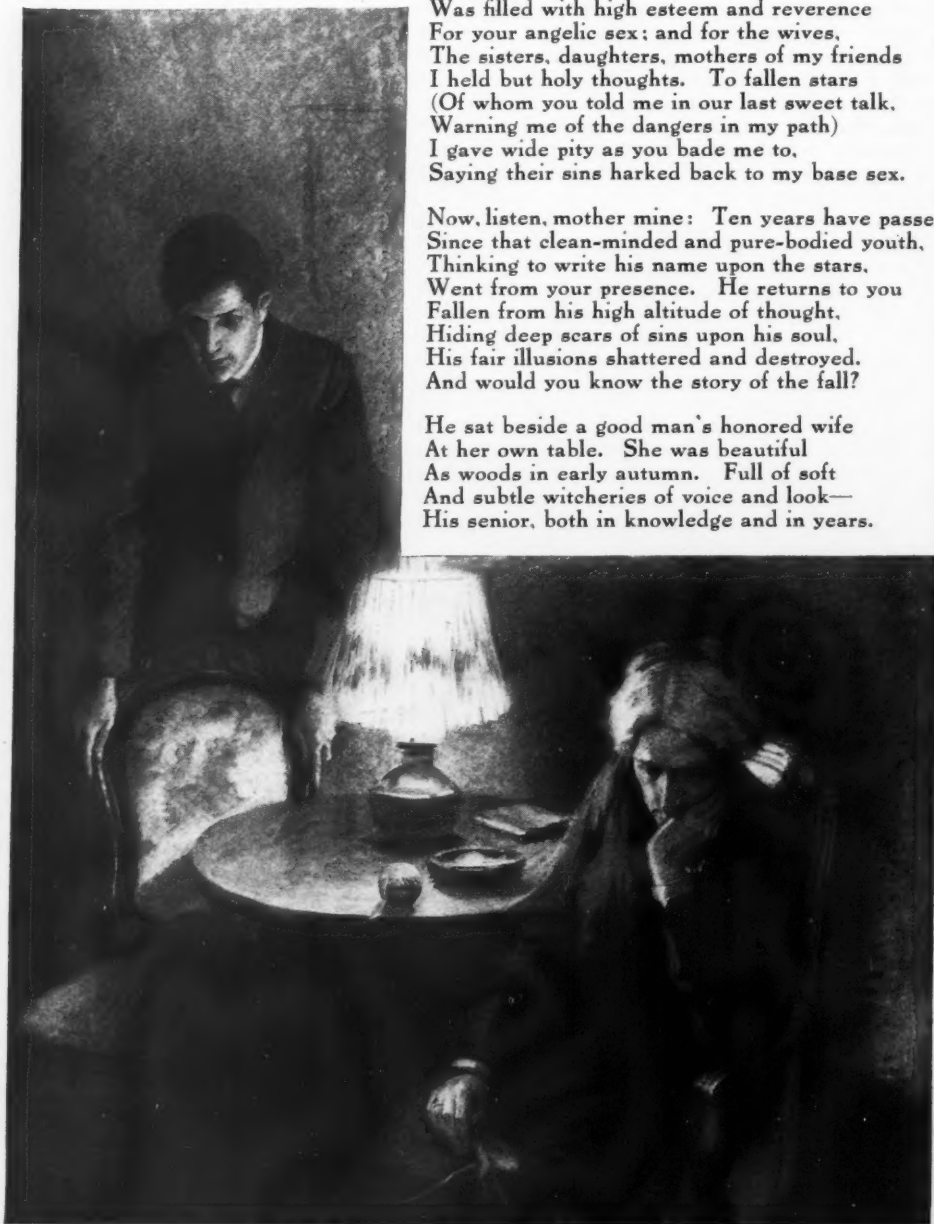
Illustrated by George Gibbs

MOTHER, sit down, for I have much to say
Anent this wide-spread, ever-growing theme
Of Woman and her virtues and her rights.

I left you for the large, loud world of men,
When I had lived one little score of years.
I judged all women by you, and my heart
Was filled with high esteem and reverence
For your angelic sex; and for the wives,
The sisters, daughters, mothers of my friends
I held but holy thoughts. To fallen stars
(Of whom you told me in our last sweet talk,
Warning me of the dangers in my path)
I gave wide pity as you bade me to,
Saying their sins harked back to my base sex.

Now, listen, mother mine: Ten years have passed
Since that clean-minded and pure-bodied youth,
Thinking to write his name upon the stars,
Went from your presence. He returns to you
Fallen from his high altitude of thought,
Hiding deep scars of sins upon his soul,
His fair illusions shattered and destroyed.
And would you know the story of the fall?

He sat beside a good man's honored wife
At her own table. She was beautiful
As woods in early autumn. Full of soft
And subtle witcheries of voice and look—
His senior, both in knowledge and in years.



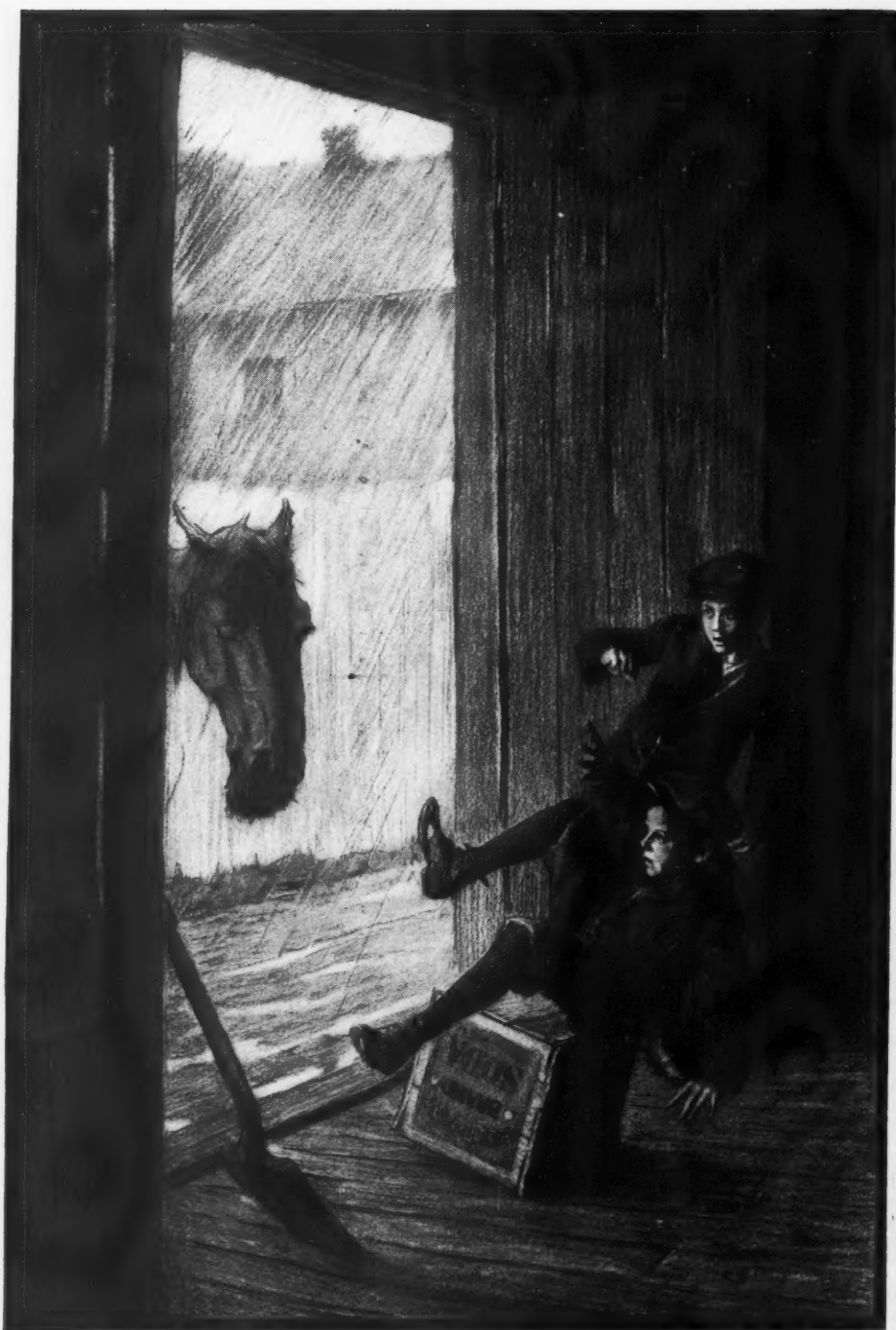
The boyish admiration of his glance
 Was white as April sunlight when it falls
 Upon a blooming tree, until she leaned
 So close her rounded body sent quick thrills
 Along his nerves. He thought it accident
 And moved a little; soon she leaned again.
 The half-hid beauties of her heaving breast
 Rising and falling under scented lace;
 The teasing tendrils of her fragrant hair,
 With intermittent touches on his cheek,
 Changed the boy's interest to the man's desire.
 She saw that first young madness in his eyes.
 Smiled, and fanned the flame. That was his fall;
 And as some mangled fly may crawl away
 And leaves his wings behind him in the web,
 So were his wings of faith in womanhood
 Left in the meshes of her sensuous net.

The youth, forced into sudden manhood, went
 Seeking the lost ideal of his dreams.
 He met, in churches and in drawing-rooms,
 Women who wore the mask of innocence
 And basked in public favor, yet who seemed
 To find their pleasure playing with men's hearts.
 As children play with loaded guns. He heard
 (Until the tale fell dull upon his ears)
 The unsolicited complaints of wives
 And mothers all unsatisfied with life
 While crowned with every blessing earth can give,
 Longing for God knows what to bring content,
 And openly or with appealing look
 Asking for sympathy. (The first blind step
 That leads from wifely honor down to shame
 Is oftentimes hid with flowers of sympathy.)

He saw proud women who would flush and pale
 With sense of outraged modesty, if one
 Spoke of the ancient sin before them, bare
 To all men's sight, or flimsily conceal
 By veils that bid adventurous eyes proceed,
 Charms meant alone for lover and for child.
 He saw chaste virgins tempt and tantalize,
 Lure and deny, invite—and then refuse,
 And drive men forth, half crazed, to wantons' arms.

Mother, you taught me there were but two kinds
 Of women in the world—the good and bad.
 But you have been too sheltered in the safe,
 Old-fashioned sweetness of your quiet life
 To know how women of these modern days
 Make license of their new-found liberty.
 Why, I have been more tempted and more shocked
 By belles and beauties in the social whirl,
 By trusted wives and mothers in their homes,
 Than by the women of the underworld
 Who sell their favors. Do you think me mad?
 No, mother; I am sane, but very sad.
 I miss my boyhood's faith in Woman's worth—
 Torn from my heart by "good folks" of the earth.





DRAWN BY WORTH KEIM

The long, gaunt head which appeared in the doorway was entirely unexpected

(*The Reward of Merit*)

The Reward of Merit

How Whitey Helped Penrod Earn It

It would be hard to pick out the exact qualities that go to make up the great charm of the Penrod stories, but certainly one of them is that of surprise. You never can tell what Penrod is going to do next, for the "main and simple reason," as he would say, that he doesn't know himself. Boylike, he lives entirely in the present. The future is an unknown adventure. Could anything be more unexpected than the events of this rainy Saturday? And what human being possesses an imagination vivid enough to foresee the way in which they turned out?

By Booth Tarkington

Author of "The In-Or-In," "Penrod's Busy Day," and other Penrod stories

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

PENROD SCHOFIELD and Samuel Williams made a gloomy discovery one morning in mid-October. All the week had seen amiable breezes and fair skies until Saturday, when, about breakfast-time, the dome of heaven filled solidly with gray vapor and began to drip. The boys' discovery was that there is no justice about the weather.

They sat in the carriage-house of the Schofields' empty stable; the broad doors upon the alley were open, and Sam and Penrod stared torpidly at the thin but implacable drizzle which was the more irritating because there was barely enough of it to interfere with a number of things they had planned to do.

"Yes; this is *nice!*" Sam said, in a tone of plaintive sarcasm. "This is a *perty* way to do!" (He was alluding to the personal spitefulness of the elements.) "I'd like to know what's the sense of it—ole sun pourin' down every day in the week when nobody needs it, then cloud up and rain all Saturday! My father said it's goin' to be a three days' rain."

"Well, nobody with any sense cares if it rains Sunday and Monday," said Penrod. "I wouldn't care if it rained every Sunday as long I lived; but I just like to know what's the reason it had to go and rain to-day. Got all the days o' the week to choose from and goes and picks on Saturday. That's a fine biz'nuss!"

"Well, in vacation—" Sam began, but

at a sound from a source invisible to him he paused. "What's that?" he said, somewhat startled.

It was a curious sound, loud and hollow and unhuman, yet it seemed to be a cough. Both boys rose, and Penrod asked uneasily,

"Where'd that noise come from?"

"It's in the alley," said Sam.

Perhaps if the day had been bright, both of them would have stepped immediately to the alley doors to investigate; but their actual procedure was to move a little distance in the opposite direction. The strange cough sounded again.

"*Say!*" Penrod quavered. "What is that?"

Then both boys uttered smothered exclamations and jumped, for the long, gaunt head which appeared in the doorway was entirely unexpected. It was the cavernous and melancholy head of an incredibly thin, old, whitish horse. This head wagged slowly from side to side; the nostrils vibrated; the mouth opened, and the hollow cough sounded again.

Recovering themselves, Penrod and Sam underwent the customary human reaction from alarm to indignation.

"What you want, you ole horse, you?" Penrod shouted. "Don't you come coughin' around *me!*"

And Sam, seizing a stick, hurled it at the intruder.

"Get out o' here!" he roared.

The Reward of Merit

The aged horse nervously withdrew his head, turned tail, and made a rickety flight up the alley, while Sam and Penrod, perfectly obedient to inherited impulse, ran out into the drizzle and uproariously pursued. They were but automatons of instinct, meaning no evil. Certainly they did not know the singular and pathetic history of the old horse who had wandered into the alley and ventured to look through the open door.

This horse, about twice the age of either Penrod or Sam, had lived to find himself in a unique position. He was nude, possessing neither harness nor halter; all he had was a name, Whitey, and he would have answered to it by a slight change of expression if anyone had thus properly addressed him. So forlorn was Whitey's case, he was actually an independent horse; he had not even an owner. For two days and a half he had been his own master.

Previous to that period he had been the property of one Abalene Morris, a person of color, who would have explained himself as engaged in the hauling business. On the contrary, the hauling business was an insignificant side line with Mr. Morris, for he had long ago given himself, as utterly as fortune permitted, to that talent which, early in youth, he had recognized as the greatest of all those surging in his bosom. In his waking thoughts and in his dreams, in health and in sickness, Abalene Morris was the dashing and emotional practitioner of an art probably more than Roman in antiquity. Abalene was a crap-shooter. The hauling business was a disguise.

A concentration of events had brought it about that, at one and the same time, Abalene, after a dazzling run of the dice, found the hauling business an actual danger to the preservation of his liberty. He won seventeen dollars and sixty cents, and within the hour found himself in trouble with an officer of the Humane Society on account of an altercation with Whitey. Abalene had been offered four dollars for Whitey some ten days earlier; wherefore he at once drove to the shop of the junk-dealer who had made the offer and announced his acquiescence in the sacrifice.

"No, suh!" said the junk-dealer, with emphasis. "I awready done got me a good mule fer my deliv'ry-hoss, 'n' at ole Whitey hoss ain' wuff no fo' dollah nohow! I'uz a fool when I talk 'bout th'owin' money

roun' that a-way. I know what you up to, Abalene. Man come by here li'l bit ago tole me all 'bout white man try to 'rest you, ovah on the avvynoo. Yessuh; he say white man goin' to git you yit an' th'ow you in jail 'count o' Whitey. White man tryin' to fine out who you is. He say, nemmine, he'll know Whitey ag'in, even if he don' know you! He say he ketch you by the hoss; so you come roun' tryin' fix me up with Whitey so white man grab me, th'ow me in 'at jail. G'on 'way f'um hyuh, you Abalene! You cain' sell an' you cain' give Whitey to no cullud man 'n 'is town. You go an' drownd 'at ole hoss, 'cause you sutny goin' to jail if you git ketched drivin' him."

The substance of this advice seemed good to Abalene, especially as the seventeen dollars and sixty cents in his pocket lent sweet colors to life out of jail at this time. At dusk he led Whitey to a broad common at the edge of town, and spoke to him finally.

"G'on 'bout you biz'nis," said Abalene; "you ain' my hoss. Don' look roun' at me, 'cause I ain't got no 'quaintance wif you. I'm a man o' money, an' I got my own frien's; I'm a-lookin' fer bigger cities, hoss. You got you' biz'nis an' I got mine. Mista' Hoss, good-night!"

Whitey found a little frosted grass upon the common and remained there all night. In the morning, he sought the shed where Abalene had kept him, but that was across the large and busy town, and Whitey was hopelessly lost. He had but one eye, a feeble one, and his legs were not to be depended upon; but he managed to cover a great deal of ground, to have many painful little adventures, and to get almost monstrously hungry and thirsty before he happened to look in upon Penrod and Sam.

When the two boys chased him up the alley, they had no intention to cause pain; they had no intention at all. They were no more cruel than Duke, Penrod's little old dog, who followed his own instincts, and, making his appearance hastily through a hole in the back fence, joined the pursuit with sound and fury. A boy will nearly always run after anything that is running, and his first impulse is to throw a stone at it. This is a survival of primeval man, who must take every chance to get his dinner. So, when Penrod and Sam drove the hapless Whitey up the alley, they were really responding to an impulse thou-

sands and thousands of years old—an impulse founded upon the primordial observation that whatever runs is likely to prove edible. Penrod and Sam were not “bad;” they were never that. They were something which was not their fault; they were historic.

At the next corner, Whitey turned to the right into the cross-street; thence, turning to the right again and still warmly pursued, he zigzagged down a main thoroughfare until he reached another cross-street, which ran alongside the Schofields’ yard and brought him to the foot of the alley he had left behind in his flight. He entered the alley, and there his dim eye fell upon the open door he had previously investigated. No memory of it remained, but the place had a look associated in his mind with hay, and as Sam and Penrod turned the corner of the alley in panting yet still vociferous pursuit, Whitey stumbled up the inclined platform before the open doors, staggered thunderously across the carriage-house and through another open door into a stall, an apartment vacant since the occupancy of Mr. Schofield’s last horse, now three years deceased.

The two boys shrieked with excitement as they beheld the coincidence of this strange return. They burst into the stable, making almost as much noise as Duke, who had become frantic at the invasion. Sam laid hands upon a rake.

“You get out o’ there, you ole horse, you!” he bellowed. “I ain’t afraid to drive him out. I——”

“Wait a minute!” shouted Penrod. “Wait till I——”

Sam was manfully preparing to enter the stall.

“You hold the doors open,” he commanded, “so’s they won’t blow shut and keep him in here. I’m goin’ to hit him with——”

“Quee-yul!” Penrod shouted, grasping the handle of the rake so that Sam could not use it. “Wait a minute, can’t you?” He turned with ferocious voice and gestures upon Duke. “Duke!” And Duke, in spite of his excitement, was so impressed that he prostrated himself in silence, and then unobtrusively withdrew from the stable. Penrod ran to the alley doors and closed them.

“My gracious!” Sam protested. “What you goin’ to do?”

“I’m goin’ to keep this horse,” said Pen-

rod, whose face showed the strain of a great idea.

“What for?”

“For the reward,” said Penrod simply.

Sam sat down in the wheelbarrow and stared at his friend almost with awe.

“My gracious,” he said, “I never thought o’ that! How—how much do you think we’ll get, Penrod?”

Sam’s thus admitting himself to a full partnership in the enterprise met no objection from Penrod, who was absorbed in the contemplation of Whitey.

“Well,” he said judiciously, “we might get more and we might get less.”

Sam rose and joined his friend in the doorway opening upon the two stalls. Whitey had preempted the nearer, and was hungrily nuzzling the old frayed hol-lows in the manger.

“Maybe a hundred dollars—or sump-thing?” Sam asked, in a low voice.

Penrod maintained his composure and repeated the new-found expression which had sounded well to him a moment before. He recognized it as a symbol of the non-committal attitude that makes people looked up to. “Well”—he made it slow, and frowned—“we might get more and we might get less.”

“More’n a hundred dollars?” Sam gasped.

“Well,” said Penrod, “we might get more and we might get less.” This time, however, he felt the need of adding something. He put a question in an indulgent tone, as though he were inquiring, not to add to his own information but to discover the extent of Sam’s. “How much do you think horses are worth, anyway?”

“I don’t know,” said Sam frankly—and, unconsciously, he added, “They might be more and they might be less.”

“Well, when our ole horse died,” said Penrod, “papa said he wouldn’t taken five hundred dollars for him. That’s how much horses are worth!”

“My gracious!” Sam exclaimed. Then he had a practical afterthought. “But maybe he was a better horse than this’n. What color was he?”

“He was bay. Looky here, Sam”—and now Penrod’s manner changed from the superior to the eager—“you look what kind of horses they have in a circus, and you bet a circus has the best horses, don’t it? Well, what kind of horses do they have in a circus? They have some black and

white ones, but the best they have are white all over. Well, what kind of a horse is this we got here? He's perty near white right now, and I bet if we washed him off and got him fixed up nice he *would* be white. Well, a bay horse is worth five hundred dollars, because that's what papa said, and this horse——"

Sam interrupted rather timidly.

"He—he's awful bony, Penrod. You don't guess that'd make any——"

Penrod laughed contemptuously.

"Bony! All he needs is a little food and he'll swell right out and look good as ever. You don't know much about horses, Sam, I expect. Why, *our* ole horse——"

"Do you expect he's hungry now?" asked Sam, staring at Whitey.

"Let's try him," said Penrod. "Horses like hay and oats the best, but they'll eat most anything."

"I guess they will. He's tryin' to eat that manger up right now, and I bet it ain't good for him."

"Come on," said Penrod, closing the door that gave entrance to the stalls. "We got to get this horse some drinkin'-water and some good food."

They tried Whitey's appetite first with an autumnal branch which they wrenched from a hardy maple in the yard. They had seen horses nibble leaves, and they expected Whitey to nibble the leaves of this branch, but his ravenous condition did not allow him time for cool discriminations. Sam poked the branch at him from the passageway, and Whitey, after one backward movement of alarm, seized it venomously.

"Here! You stop that!" Sam shouted. "You stop that, you ole horse, you!"

"What's the matter?" called Penrod from the hydrant, where he was filling a bucket. "What's he doin' now?"

"Doin'! He's eatin' the wood part, too! He's chewin' up sticks as big as baseball bats! He's crazy!"

Penrod rushed to see this sight, and stood aghast.

"Take it away from him, Sam!" he commanded sharply.

"Go on take it away from him yourself!" was the prompt retort of his comrade.

"You had no biz'nuss to give it to him," said Penrod. "Anybody with any sense ought to know it'd make him sick. What'd you want to go and give it to him for?"

"Well, you didn't say not to."

"Well, what if I didn't? I never said I did, did I? You go on in that stall and take it away from him."

"Yes, I will!" Sam returned bitterly. Then, as Whitey had dragged the remains of the branch from the manger to the floor of the stall, Sam scrambled to the top of the manger and looked over. "There ain't much left to *take* away! He's swaltered it all except some splinters. Better give him the water to try and wash it down with." And, as Penrod complied, "My gracious, look at that horse *drink!*"

They gave Whitey four buckets of water, and then debated the question of nourishment. Obviously, this horse could not be trusted with branches, and, after getting their knees black and their backs sodden, they gave up trying to pull enough grass to sustain him. Then Penrod remembered that horses like apples, both "cooking-apples" and "eating-apples," and Sam mentioned the fact that every autumn his father received a barrel of "cooking-apples" from a cousin who owned a farm. That barrel was in the Williams' cellar now, and the cellar was provisionally supplied with "outside doors," so that it could be visited without going through the house. Sam and Penrod set forth for the cellar.

They returned to the stable bulging, and, after a discussion of Whitey's digestion (Sam claiming that eating the core and seeds, as Whitey did, would grow trees in his inside), they went back to the cellar for supplies again—and again. They made six trips, carrying each time a capacity cargo of apples, and still Whitey ate in a famished manner. They were afraid to take more apples from the barrel, which began to show conspicuously the result of their raids, wherefore Penrod made an unostentatious visit to the cellar of his own house. From the inside he opened a window and passed vegetables out to Sam, who placed them in the bucket and carried them hurriedly to the stable, while Penrod returned in a casual manner through the house. Of his *sang-froid* under a great strain it is sufficient to relate that, in the kitchen, he said suddenly to Della, the cook, "Oh, look behind you!" and by the time Della discovered that there was nothing unusual behind her, Penrod was gone, and a loaf of bread from the kitchen table was gone with him.



DRAWN BY SOUTH SHIELDS

"Quee-yull!" Penrod shouted, grasping the handle of the rake so that Sam could not use it. "Wait a minute, can't you?"

The Reward of Merit

Whitey now ate nine turnips, two heads of lettuce, one cabbage, eleven raw potatoes, and the loaf of bread. He ate the loaf of bread last and he was a long time about it; so the boys came to a not unreasonable conclusion.

"Well, sir, I guess we got him filled up at last!" said Penrod. "I bet he wouldn't eat a saucer of ice-cream now, if we'd give it to him!"

"He looks better to me," said Sam, staring critically at Whitey. "I think he's kind of begun to fill out some. I expect he must like us, Penrod; we been doin' a good deal for this horse."

"Well, we got to keep it up," Penrod insisted rather pompously. "Long as I got charge o' this horse, he's goin' to get good treatment."

"What we better do now, Penrod?"

Penrod took on the outward signs of deep thought.

"Well, there's plenty to *do*, all right. I got to think."

Sam made several suggestions, which Penrod—maintaining his air of preoccupation—dismissed with mere gestures.

"Oh, I know!" Sam cried finally. "We ought to wash him so's he'll look whiter'n what he does now. We can turn the hose on him across the manger."

"No; not yet," said Penrod. "It's too soon after his meal. You ought to know that yourself. What we got to do is to make up a bed for him—if he wants to lay down or anything."

"Make up a what for him?" Sam echoed, dumfounded. "What you talkin' about? How can—"

"Sawdust," said Penrod. "That's the way the horse we used to have used to have it. We'll make this horse's bed in the other stall, and then he can go in there and lay down whenever he wants to."

"How we goin' to do it?"

"Look, Sam; there's the hole into the sawdust-box! All you got to do is walk in there with the shovel, stick the shovel in the hole till it gets full of sawdust, and then sprinkle it around on the empty stall."

"All I got to do!" Sam cried. "What are you goin' to do?"

"I'm goin' to be right here," Penrod answered reassuringly. "He won't kick or anything, and it isn't goin' to take you half a second to slip around behind him to the other stall."

"What makes you think he won't kick?"

"Well, I *know* he won't, and, besides, you could hit him with the shovel if he tried to. Anyhow, I'll be right here, won't I?"

"I don't care where you are," Sam said earnestly. "What difference would that make if he ki—"

"Why, you were goin' right in the stall," Penrod reminded him. "When he first came in, you were goin' to take the rake and—"

"I don't care if I was," Sam declared. "I was excited then."

"Well, you can get excited now, can't you?" his friend urged. "You can just as easy get—"

He was interrupted by a shout from Sam, who was keeping his eye upon Whitey throughout the discussion.

"Look! Looky there!" And undoubtedly renewing his excitement, Sam pointed at the long, gaunt head beyond the manger. It was disappearing from view. "Look!" Sam shouted. "He's layin' down!"

"Well, then," said Penrod, "I guess he's goin' to take a nap. If he wants to lay down without waitin' for us to get the sawdust fixed for him, that's his lookout, not ours."

On the contrary, Sam perceived a favorable opportunity for action.

"I just as soon go and make his bed up while he's layin' down," he volunteered. "You climb up on the manger and watch him, Penrod, and I'll sneak in the other stall and fix it all up nice for him, so's he can go in there any time when he wakes up, and lay down again, or anything; and if he starts to get up, you holler and I'll jump out over the other manger."

Accordingly, Penrod established himself in a position to observe the recumbent figure. Whitey's breathing was rather labored but regular, and, as Sam remarked, he looked "better," even in his slumber. It is not to be doubted that, although Whitey was suffering from a light attack of colic, his feelings were in the main those of contentment. After trouble, he was soled; after exposure, he was sheltered; after hunger and thirst, he was fed and watered. He slept.

The noon whistles blew before Sam's task was finished, but by the time he departed for lunch there was made a bed of such quality that Whitey must needs have been a born faultfinder if he complained of

it. The friends parted, each urging the other to be prompt in returning, but Penrod got into threatening difficulties as soon as he entered the house.

"Penrod," said his mother, "what did you do with that loaf of bread Della says you took from the table?"

"Ma'am? *What* loaf o' bread?"

"I believe I can't let you go outdoors this afternoon," Mrs. Schofield said severely. "If you were hungry, you know perfectly well all you had to do was to——"

"But I wasn't hungry; I——"

"You can explain later," said Mrs. Schofield. "You'll have all afternoon."

Penrod's heart grew cold.

"I *can't* stay in," he protested. "I've asked Sam Williams to come over."

"I'll telephone Mrs. Williams."

"Mamma!" Penrod's voice

became agonized. "I *had* to give that bread to a—to a poor ole man. He was starving and so were his children and his wife. They were all just *starving*—and they couldn't wait while I took time to come and ask you, mamma. I *got* to go outdoors this afternoon. I *got* to! Sam's——"

She relented.

In the carriage-house, half an hour later, Penrod gave an account of the episode.

"Where'd we been, I'd just like to know," he concluded, "if I hadn't got out here this afternoon?"

"Well, I guess I

could managed him all right," said Sam. "I was in the passageway a minute ago, takin' a look at him. He's standin' up again. I expect he wants more to eat."

"Well, we got to fix about that," said Penrod. "But what I mean—if I'd had to stay in the house, where would we been about the most important thing in the whole biz'nuss?"

"What you talkin' about?"

"Well, I guess you'll soon see what I'm talkin' about!"

"Well, what *are* you?"



"Here! You stop that!" Sam shouted. "You stop that, you ole horse, you!"

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"Well, why can't you wait till I tell you?" Penrod's tone had become peevish. For that matter, so had Sam's.

"Well, why don't you tell me, then?"

"Well, how can I?" Penrod demanded. "You keep talkin' all the time."

"I'm not talkin' *now*, am I?" Sam protested. "You can tell me *now*, can't you? I'm not talk——"

"You are, too!" shouted Penrod. "You talk all the time! You——"

He was interrupted by Whitey's peculiar cough. Both boys jumped and forgot their argument.

"He means he wants some more to eat, I bet," said Sam.

"Well, if he does, he's got to wait," Penrod declared. "We got to get the most important thing of all fixed up first."

"What's that, Penrod?"

"The reward," said Penrod amiably. "That's what I was tryin' to tell you about, Sam, if you'd ever give me half a chance."

"Well, I *did* give you a chance. I kept tellin' you to tell me, but——"

"You never! You kept sayin'——"

They renewed this discussion, protracting it indefinitely; but as each persisted in clinging to his own interpretation of the facts, the question still remains unsettled. It was abandoned, or rather, it merged into another during the later stages of the debate, this other being concerned with which of the debaters had the least "sense." Each made the plain statement that if he were more deficient than his opponent in that regard, self-destruction would be his only refuge. Each declared that he would "rather die than be talked to death;" and then, as the two approached a point bluntly recriminative, Whitey coughed again, whereupon they were miraculously silent, and went into the passageway in a perfectly amiable manner.

"I got to have a good look at him, for once," said Penrod, as he stared frowningly at Whitey. "We got to fix up about that reward."

"I want to take a good ole look at him myself," said Sam.

After supplying Whitey with another bucket of water, they returned to the carriage-house and seated themselves thoughtfully. In truth, they were something a shade more than thoughtful; the adventure to which they had committed themselves was beginning to be a little overpow-

ering. If Whitey had been a dog, a goat, a fowl, or even a stray calf, they would have felt equal to him; but now that the earlier glow of their wild daring had disappeared, vague apprehensions stirred. Their "good look" at Whitey had not reassured them—he seemed large, Gothic, and unusual.

Whisperings within them began to urge that for boys to undertake an enterprise connected with so huge an animal as an actual horse was perilous. Beneath the surface of their musings, dim but ominous prophecies moved; both boys began to have the feeling that, somehow, this affair was going to get beyond them and that they would be in heavy trouble before it was over—they knew not why. They knew why no more than they knew why they felt it imperative to keep the fact of Whitey's presence in the stable a secret from their respective families, but they did begin to realize that keeping a secret of that size was going to be attended with some difficulty. In brief, their sensations were becoming comparable to those of the man who stole a horse.

Nevertheless, after a short period given to unspoken misgivings, they returned to the subject of the reward. The money-value of bay horses, as compared to white, was again discussed, and each announced his certainty that nothing less than "a good ole hundred dollars" would be offered for the return of Whitey.

But immediately after so speaking, they fell into another silence, due to sinking feelings. They had spoken loudly and confidently, and yet they knew, somehow, that such things were not to be. According to their knowledge, it was perfectly reasonable to suppose that they would receive this fortune, but they frightened themselves in speaking of it; they knew that they *could* not have a hundred dollars for their own. An oppression, as from something awful and criminal, descended upon them at intervals.

Presently, however, they were warmed to a little cheerfulness again by Penrod's suggestion that they should put a notice in the paper. Neither of them had the slightest idea how to get it there, but such details as that were beyond the horizon; they occupied themselves with the question of what their advertisement ought to "say." Finding that they differed irreconcilably, Penrod went to a cache of his in the saw-

dust-box and brought two pencils and a supply of paper. He gave one of the pencils and several sheets to Sam; then both boys bent themselves in silence to the labor of practical composition. Penrod produced the briefer paragraph.

Reward

White horse in Schofield's
ally, finders got him in
Schofield's stable and will
let him taken away by by ~~pay~~
paying for good food he
has eaten while wait ~~ing~~
while wait waiting and
Reward of \$100 \$20
\$15 \$5 \$10

Sam's was more ample:

Fond

House on Saturday morning
never can get him by ~~the~~ ~~exploring~~ let
stable blind Mr Schofield. You will have
to prove he is your horse but is with
kind of brown ~~and~~ ~~speaks~~ and worst
fact tell he is getting good care and food
reward \$100 ~~and~~ ~~surely~~ five cents to
take one or we will keep him lock up.

Neither Sam nor Penrod showed any interest in what the other had written, but both felt that something praiseworthy had been accomplished. Penrod exhaled a sigh, as of relief, and, in a manner he had observed his father use sometimes, he said, "Thank goodness, *that's* off my mind, anyway!"

"What we goin' do next, Penrod?" Sam asked deferentially, the borrowed manner having some effect upon him.

"I don't know what *you're* goin' to do," Penrod returned, picking up the old cigar-box which had contained the paper and pencils. "I'm goin' to put mine in here, so's it'll come in handy when I haf to get at it."

"Well, I guess I'll keep mine there, too," said Sam. Thereupon he deposited his scribbled slip beside Penrod's in the cigar-

box, and the box was solemnly returned to the secret place whence it had been taken.

"There, *that's* 'tended to!" said Sam, and, unconsciously imitating his friend's imitation, he gave forth audibly a breath of satisfaction and relief. Both boys felt that the financial side of their great affair had been conscientiously looked to, that the question of the reward was settled, and that everything was proceeding in a businesslike manner. Therefore, they were able to turn their attention to another matter.

This was the question of Whitey's next meal. After their exploits of the morning, and the consequent imperilment of Penrod, they decided that nothing more was to be done in apples, vegetables, or bread; it was evident that Whitey must be fed from the bosom of nature.

"We couldn't pull enough o' that frost-bit ole grass in the yard to feed him," Penrod said gloomily. "We could work a week and not get enough to make him swaller more'n about twice. All we got this morning, he blew most of it away. He'd try to scoop it in toward his teeth with his lip, and then he'd haf to kind of blow out his breath, and after that all the grass that'd be left was just some wet pieces stickin' to the outsides of his face. Well, and you know how he acted about that maple branch. We can't trust him with branches."

Sam jumped up.

"I know!" he cried. "There's lots of leaves left on the branches. We can give them to him."

"I just said——"

"I don't mean the branches," Sam explained. "We'll leave the branches on the trees, but just pull the leaves off the branches and put 'em in the bucket and feed 'em to him out the bucket."

Penrod thought this plan worth trying, and for three-quarters of an hour the two boys were busy with the lower branches of various trees in the yard. Thus they managed to supply Whitey with a fair quantity of wet leaves, which he ate in a perfunctory way, displaying little of his earlier enthusiasm. And the work of his purveyors might have been more tedious if it had been less damp, for a boy is seldom bored by anything that involves his staying-out in the rain without protection. The drizzle had thickened; the leaves were heavy with water, and at every jerk the branches sent

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fat drops over the two collectors. They attained a noteworthy state of sogginess.

Finally, they were brought to the attention of the authorities indoors, and Della appeared upon the back porch.

"Musther Penrod," she called, "y'r mamma says ye'll c'm in the house this minute an' change y'r shoes an' stockin's an' everythin' else ye got on! D'ye hear me?"

Penrod, taken by surprise and unpleasantly alarmed, darted away from the tree he was depleting and ran for the stable.

"You tell her I'm dry as toast!" he shouted over his shoulder.

Della withdrew, wearing the air of a person gratuitously insulted; and a moment later she issued from the kitchen, carrying an umbrella. She opened it and walked resolutely to the stable.

"She says I'm to bring ye in the house," said Della, "an' I'm goin' to bring ye!"

Sam had joined Penrod in the carriage-house, and, with the beginnings of an unnamed terror, the two beheld this grim advance. But they did not stay for its culmination. Without a word to each other they hurriedly tiptoed up the stairs to the gloomy loft, and there they paused, listening.

They heard Della's steps upon the carriage-house floor.

"Ah, there's plenty places t'hide in," they heard her say; "but I'll show ye! She tole me to bring ye, and I'm—"

She was interrupted by a peculiar sound—loud, chilling, dismal, and unmistakably not of human origin. The boys knew it for Whitey's cough, but Della had not their experience. A smothered shriek reached their ears; there was a scurrying noise, and then, with horror, they heard Della's footsteps in the passageway that ran by Whitey's manger. Immediately there came a louder shriek, and then, even in the anguish of knowing their secret discovered, they were shocked to hear distinctly the words, "O Lard in hivvin!" in the well-known voice of Della. She shrieked again, and they heard the rush of her footfalls across the carriage-house floor. Wild words came from the outer air, and then the kitchen door slammed violently. It was all over. She had gone to "tell."

Penrod and Sam plunged down the stairs and out of the stable. They climbed the back fence and fled up the alley. They

turned into Sam's yard, and, without consultation, headed for the cellar doors, nor paused till they found themselves in the farthest, darkest, and gloomiest recess of the cellar. There, perspiring, stricken with fear, they sank down upon the earthen floor, with their moist backs against the stone wall.

Thus with boys. The vague apprehensions that had been creeping upon Penrod and Sam all afternoon had become monstrous; the unknown was before them. How great their crime would turn out to be (now that it was in the hands of grown people), they did not know, but, since it concerned a horse, it would undoubtedly be considered of unprecedented dimensions.

Their plans for a reward, and all the things that had seemed both innocent and practical in the morning, now staggered their minds as manifestations of criminal folly. A new and terrible light seemed to play upon the day's exploits; they had chased a horse belonging to strangers, and it would be said that they deliberately drove him into the stable and there concealed him. They had, in truth, virtually stolen him, and they had stolen food for him. The waning light through the small window above them warned Penrod that his inroads upon the vegetables in his own cellar must soon be discovered. Della, that Nemesis, would seek them in order to prepare them for dinner, and she would find them not. But she would recall his excursion to the cellar, for she had seen him when he came up; and also the truth would be known concerning the loaf of bread. Altogether, Penrod felt that his case was worse than Sam's—until Sam offered a suggestion which roused such horrible possibilities concerning the principal item of their offense that all thought of the smaller indictments disappeared.

"Listen, Penrod," Sam quavered: "What—what if that—what if that ole horse maybe b'longed to a—policeman!" Sam's imagination was not of the comforting kind. "What'd they—do to us, Penrod, if it turned out he was some policeman's horse?"

Penrod was able only to shake his head. He did not reply in words, but both boys thenceforth considered it almost inevitable that Whitey *had* belonged to a policeman, and in their sense of so horrible a disaster, they ceased for a time to brood upon what

their parents would probably do to them. The penalty for stealing a policeman's horse would be only a step short of the ultimate, they were sure. They would not be hanged; but vague, looming sketches of something called the penitentiary began to flicker before them.

It grew darker in the cellar, so that finally they could not see each other.

"I guess they're huntin' for us by now," Sam said huskily. "I don't—I don't like it much down here, Penrod."

Penrod's hoarse whisper came from the profound gloom.

"Well, who ever said you did?"

"Well—" Sam paused; then he said plaintively, "I wish we'd never *seen* that dern ole horse."

"It was every bit his fault," said Penrod. "*We* didn't do anything. If he hadn't come stickin' his ole head in our stable, it'd never happened at all. Ole fool!" He rose. "I'm goin' to get out of here; I guess I've stood about enough for one day."

"Where—where you goin', Penrod? You aren't goin' *home*, are you?"

"No; I'm not! What you take me for? You think I'm crazy?"

"Well, where *can* we go?"

How far Penrod's desperation actually would have led him is doubtful, but he made this statement:


"I don't know where *you're* goin', but *I'm* goin' to walk straight out in the country till I come to a farmhouse and say my name's George and live there!"

"I'll do it, too," Sam whispered eagerly. "I'll say my name's Henry."

"Well, we better get started," said the executive Penrod.

"We got to get away from here, anyway."

But when they came to ascend the steps leading to the "outside doors," they found that those doors had been closed and locked for the night.



"Let's go down and see what time it is by the court-house clock," said Penrod

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"It's no use," Sam lamented, "and we can't bust 'em, cause I tried to, once before. Fanny always locks 'em about five o'clock—I forgot. We got to go up the stairway and try to sneak out through the house."

They tiptoed back, and up the inner stairs. They paused at the top, then breathlessly stepped out into a hall which was entirely dark. Sam touched Penrod's sleeve in warning, and bent to listen at a door.

Immediately that door opened, revealing the bright library, where sat Penrod's mother and Sam's father.

It was Sam's mother who had opened the door.

"Come into the library, boys," she said. "Mrs. Schofield is just telling us about it."

And as the two pale comrades moved dumbly into the lighted room, Penrod's mother rose, and, taking him by the shoulder, urged him close to the fire.

"You stand there and try to dry off a little while I finish telling Mr. and Mrs. Williams about you and Sam," she said. "You'd better make Sam keep near the fire, too, Mrs. Williams, because they both got wringing wet. Think of their running off just when most people would have wanted to stay! Well, I'll go on with the story, then. Della told me all about it, and what the cook next door said *she'd* seen, how they'd been trying to pull grass and leaves for the poor old thing all day—and all about the apples they carried from *your* cellar, and getting wet and working in the rain as hard as they could—and they'd given him a loaf of bread! Shame on you, Penrod!" She paused to laugh, but there was a little moisture round her eyes, even before she laughed. "And they'd fed him on potatoes and lettuce and cabbage and turnips out of *our* cellar! And I wish you'd see the sawdust bed they made for him! Well, when I'd telephoned, and the Humane Society man got there, he said it

was the most touching thing he ever knew. It seems he *knew* this horse, and had been looking for him. He said ninety-nine boys out of a hundred would have chased the poor old thing away, and he was going to see to it that this case didn't go unnoticed, because the local branch of the society gives little silver medals for special acts like this. And the last thing he said before he led the poor old horse away was that he was sure Penrod and Sam each would be awarded one at the meeting of the society next Thursday night."

On the following Saturday morning a yodel sounded from the sunny sidewalk in front of the Schofields' house, and Penrod, issuing forth, beheld the familiar figure of Samuel Williams in waiting.

Upon Sam's breast there glittered a round bit of silver suspended by a white ribbon from a bar of the same metal. Upon the breast of Penrod was a decoration precisely similar.

"Lo, Penrod," said Sam. "What you goin' to do?"

"Nothin'."

"I got mine on," said Sam.

"I have, too," said Penrod. "I wouldn't take a hunderd dollars for mine."

"I wouldn't take two hunderd for mine," said Sam.

Each glanced pleasantly at the other's medal. They faced each other without shame. Neither had the slightest sense of hypocrisy either in himself or in his comrade. On the contrary!

Penrod's eyes went from Sam's medal back to his own; thence they wandered, with perhaps a little disappointment, to the lifeless street and to the empty yards and spectatorless windows of the neighborhood. Then he looked southward toward the busy heart of the town, where multitudes were.

"Let's go down and see what time it is by the court-house clock," said Penrod.

The next *Penrod* story will be "*Panther or Something.*"

Edna Ferber's next Emma McChesney story,
Sisters Under Their Skin,
will appear in August *Cosmopolitan*.

Putting America First

The Road to National Efficiency

By Walter Dill Scott, Ph.D.

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EDITOR'S NOTE—The preponderance of psychic force and vital energy in the human race has at different periods of history been directed toward different ends. Thus we have distinct world-eras characterized by martial achievement, artistic creation, religious and spiritual development, geographical discovery and exploration, colonization, the upbuilding of political institutions, and, to-day, industrial and commercial progress. In the last, America has taken the lead. The genius of this country most truly expresses itself in power of business organization. But our methods, successful as they are, have not been entirely satisfactory, and have been subjected to much criticism. They have been too empirical, too little based on scientific principles. It was recognized that certain factors necessary to attainment of the highest efficiency were missing. To discover these has been a special object of study on the part of noted psychologists. Some very interesting results of this study are given in the following article.

THE chief aim of mankind in America to-day is not dollars but efficiency. But since the acquisition of money is frequently the only visible indication of efficiency, it is not strange that the American is sometimes accused of making wealth his single aim.

In the advance of the fine and the industrial arts, theory occasionally precedes practise, but ordinarily the practise keeps ahead of the theory. The most rapid advance is attainable only when the two keep well abreast and alternate in leadership. The efficiency movement has, till the present time, been the result of practise rather than of theory. When a theoretical foundation is sought which might explain the movement, the search has usually led no further than to a formulation of the theory of standardization. The search for efficiency and the search for the one best method for accomplishing each task are thought to be identical. The speed at which the machine should be run, the sequence of movements in performing the task, the scientific standardization of the minutest parts of every process—these are the tasks emphasized by most men who have attempted to reduce efficiency to its theoretical basis. There is no denying the benefit of standardization; but its weakness is that, when men become enamored of its benefits, the employees are reduced to mere machines and individual initiative is in danger of becoming dwarfed.

In the attempt to secure a theoretical foundation for efficiency, certain intelligent people confuse efficiency with system. But there is always the danger that system will degenerate into red tape and bureaucracy and that it will have a deadening effect on personal initiative and personal enthusiasm.

The theory of efficiency in some lands and in some ages may be based largely on standardization and on system, but in America, at the present time, the theory of efficiency must include the factor of pleasure—pleasure as the present condition of the worker.

The effects of extreme pleasure and of extreme displeasure are readily observed. When we are greatly pleased, the bodily changes are immediate and are called "laughing"; the corresponding effect of displeasure is "crying." In both laughing and weeping, the bodily changes are by no means limited to the facial changes and the audible sounds, but equally striking changes take place in the different activities of the body. Most of the bodily changes due to pleasure or displeasure are never detected by the average man. But various scientific instruments have discovered numerous changes in the human organism as accompaniments of these emotions, whether mild or extreme. The changes are not limited to the action of circulation, digestion, and respiration but extend, as well, even to the action of the glands and tissues of the body.

Recently, a Russian scientist, Pawlow, discovered an important activity in the

secretory glands of the alimentary tract as a normal result of pleasure. Displeasure stops the secretion of the juices necessary for the digestion of food, but pleasure increases the flow.

Even more recently, an American scientist, Cannon, discovered that displeasure is accompanied by a most remarkable action in small glands located near the kidneys. In any extreme form of displeasure, these so-called suprarenal glands secrete into the blood substances which "congeal" the blood. If a man in a barber's chair is extremely afraid of the barber, this dread stimulates the adrenal glands, and a cut in the face stops bleeding more readily than would be the case if the man were not afraid of the barber. This result of displeasure is to put the blood into a condition adapted to an emergency.

SOME INTERESTING TESTS

Professor Titchener, of Cornell University, reports the effect of pleasure and of displeasure upon human strength and endurance. The subjects were tested by having them grip on a recording instrument. After their efforts had been tested and recorded for a short time, they were allowed to smell a pleasing odor. The result was instantaneous, and showed itself by a pronounced recuperation and increase of the strength of the grip. At other times, the odor was changed from a pleasing to a displeasing one. The displeasing odor increased the exhaustion of the workers and reduced their gripping power. When a liquid having a pleasing taste was taken into the mouth (not swallowed), the result was similar to that secured from pleasing odors. But the result of a displeasing substance taken into the mouth was to cause an increase of exhaustion and diminution of the work accomplished in a given time.

M. Ch. Féré, a French scientist, conducted most elaborate experiments dealing with the effect of different types of stimulations upon human strength and human endurance. An individual engaged in a task that does not require eyesight can yet accomplish more with his eyes open than with them blindfolded. If the light is bright, his labors are more effective than if the light is dull. If he wears glasses of a color pleasing to him, he can accomplish more with than without such glasses.

Féré states that when his workers began

to show unmistakable signs of exhaustion, they were recuperated temporarily by a drink of alcoholic liquid. However, the exhaustion soon returned, and complete exhaustion was reached more quickly than would have been the case if no alcohol has been taken. The method of experimentation was then changed in one particular. When the signs of fatigue became unmistakable, the alcoholic beverage was taken as before, but not swallowed. It was held in the mouth for a time and then ejected. By merely holding the alcohol in the mouth, the workers received the stimulation of the pleasing taste and odor, but escaped the more rapid exhaustion brought about by the introduction of the poison into the system.

So the summary may be:

Anything that increases bodily pleasure and comfort adds to human efficiency, provided there is no injurious after-effect.

W. R. Wright, of the University of Michigan, and G. E. Arps, of the Ohio State University, found that workers can accomplish much more if they have a knowledge of their progress and so have an interest in the results. The pleasure derived from knowledge of accomplishment increases materially the available efficiency and postpones the approach of muscular fatigue.

EFFECTS OF PLEASURE AND DISPLEASURE

The stimulating, invigorating effects of pleasure and the depressing, exhausting effects of displeasure have been observed not only in the laboratory but in all places where people exert themselves strenuously. The business man finds that he is most exhausted not by work but by worry. It is the distractions, the disappointments, the failures that sap the vitality. The accomplishments, the continuous application to the task, the successes of the day recuperate and stimulate him. The distress of defeat exhausts and depletes; the pleasure of success sustains and recuperates.

The practise of pleasure has gone much further than the theory of pleasure. The world has come to demand the practise of providing pleasing and comfortable conditions for the sick and the convalescent. Very few know the theory of the effect of pleasure in furthering the processes of resistance to disease and of recuperation from injury. School administrators demand that the schoolrooms shall be pleasing, even though they do not recognize the

reason of the increased mental efficiency from pleasure.

So, too, the captains of industry are finding that workmen accomplish more if the factory grounds, the factory equipment, the factory management, and the routine of the day add as much pleasure as possible to the individual laborers. Yet these same managers work in blissful ignorance of the actual effect of pleasure on muscular exertion and all other phases of human efficiency. The breeders of fancy animals recognize the pleasure theory, and accordingly provide comfortable equipment and environment for their stock. Consequently, the practise of taking care of these blooded animals is far in advance of the provisions for pleasing and comfortable conditions for human beings. We shall come finally to see that pleasure is as essential to human efficiency as is sunshine to the growth of healthy plants.

The theories concerning human efficiency must include, therefore,

the three devices—standardization of work, systematization, and pleasing and comfortable conditions for the worker. But, as a matter of fact, these three in themselves are quite inadequate to secure efficiency.

Standardization, system, and pleasure are insignificant without motive to action. A man working with the right motive may be efficient, even though his work is not reduced to the one best method, even though it is not well coordinated with other work, and even though his heart aches with every stroke. Once the great motive in securing human industry was fear; but to-day it is hope. Once man had to be driven; but to-day he must be enticed. Once man acted to escape pain; to-day he acts to secure pleasure. This newer motive is most adequately expressed by the words "interest in the work."

The young man who has been reared in an American home and permeated with the spirit of American freedom and independence has never been taught to respond to force and cannot

be driven to industrious activity without a terrible loss of efficiency. Accordingly, many employers look upon

the typical American as a poor specimen from which to create an efficient workman.

Yet, if America is to become the efficient nation it aspires to

be, its efficiency must result from the work of American born and trained, rather than from foreign born and trained. The difficulty is that we have been trying to make efficient workers out of Americans by applying motives which moved men in former



A test with the finger dynamometer, showing recording instrument—the device used by Professor Titchener in determining the effects of pleasure and of displeasure upon human strength and endurance

Variations in psychic energy due to different mental states are recorded. It is thus that some valuable additions to our knowledge of how to increase business efficiency have been obtained

generations and still move men in some countries; but they are motives which do not meet the needs of typical Americans.

Progress, however, is being made, and we occasionally find in the commercial and industrial world a great leader who, at least in part, understands the American born and American trained, and who has developed a practise based on the interest theory as a motive to industry, and who stimulates his men by a practise based on a single aspect of this theory.

One advertising manager and sales-manager, who has been particularly successful in developing his American-born and American-trained employees, attributes his commercial supremacy to the fact that he is able to make his men assume the responsibility for their particular tasks. Although it may be inaccurate to identify responsibility and its resultant interest with the whole theory of efficiency, it is such an important factor in efficiency that the over-emphasis does not result disastrously. This man has developed unusual skill in causing his men to feel responsibility, and, as a result, a very large proportion of them become enamored of their work and grow to be particularly efficient. A feeling of complete responsibility increases the energy of the individual, banishes fatigue, and becomes a driving motive of great force.

WORK AS SOCIAL SERVICE

The best known merchant in America to-day attributes his success in developing efficient American men to the fact that he inspires them with the idea of social service. In a recent interview he stated that we should use the word "service" as synonymous with "efficiency," because real efficiency can only be secured when it is based on service. In practise, this successful merchant convinces the employees that the house is performing a social service to the community. The employee is taught to see that his individual task, no matter how small, is a real service to the community, because it is an essential part of the greater activity of the house. This merchant has unbounded confidence in his theory, and in his practise has done much more than most merchants to develop his men so that they may respond to this high motive. The results justify his efforts and indicate the importance of social service in the ultimate theoretical explanation of

American efficiency. There is no denying the statement that American-born workmen take interest in their work when they are imbued with an enthusiasm for service.

If any people has very great approval for any type of work, the individuals of that people become efficient in that work. If Italy grants her highest approval to art, Italy will develop artists. If Germany gives her highest approval to military achievements, Germany will develop military leaders. If Scotland gives her highest approval to thrift, Scotland will develop the bank presidents for the world. If America gives her highest approval to great industrial and commercial achievements, America will develop captains of industry and commerce. Numerous successful employers have become impressed with this theory and have set about to put it into practise. They have insisted upon the dignity of all work when well done. They have succeeded, in part at least, in causing the employees to take toward their work the attitude of the artist. The work is not judged in terms of the monetary reward, but in terms of its perfection.

THE STIMULUS OF COOPERATION

One of the foremost manufacturers in America has still another working theory of American efficiency. He assumes that American young men take the greatest interest in their work and become efficient only under the stimulus of cooperation. The practise of his entire plant is based on this theory. There is no air of military superiority on the part of any foreman, superintendent, or manager. Throughout the entire organization, one finds a spirit of mutual cooperation and helpfulness. The enthusiasm for the work of the plant is almost equal to the enthusiasm found in the members of a football team, and the workers are accordingly most happy and industrious.

When the theory underlying American efficiency is fully formulated, and when the practise is perfected, standardization, system, and pleasure will not be neglected, but special emphasis will undoubtedly be given to these four—responsibility, social service, social approval, and cooperation. When America shall have come to understand these motives and to have applied them successfully, the American born and American trained will prove more efficient than the youth of other lands and ages.

THE LITTLE LADY OF THE BIG HOUSE

A STORY OF THREE PEOPLE IN A REAL WORLD

By Jack London

Author of "The Valley of the Moon," "Smoke-Bellevue," "The Sea Wolf," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

Synopsis—Dick Forrest is the owner of a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-acre farm and ranch in the Sacramento valley, California, which, through his genius for organization and his scientific knowledge of agriculture and stock-raising, has become famous the country over for the quality of its products. His father died when he was thirteen, leaving him a fortune of twenty million dollars; and the orphaned boy, resenting the restraint of his guardians, runs away from home. In three years he is back, having learned much of life and human nature. He then turns with great diligence to his studies, chiefly directed, in accordance with his bent, toward farming. At twenty-one, he buys the great tract of land, stocks it with the finest blooded animals, and builds the Big House for a home. Experts are installed in every department of the farm, and leaving affairs in their hands, Dick spends four years in travel, having many remarkable adventures. At thirty, he returns with a wife—"The Little Lady of the Big House." She is Paula Desten, daughter of a comrade of Dick's father in the "gold days" of California.

Ten years pass at home, with intervals of travel. Is Paula completely happy? A suspicion begins to take form in Dick's mind that, so absorbed is he in the management of the ranch, he does not give her all her passionate nature craves. But he does not believe she can be lonely. The Big House has always guests. It is a gathering-place for all who live in the neighborhood. Among these are four eccentric characters who talk, read, and dream, but won't work, calling themselves the "Jungle-birds," and whom Dick practically takes care of. They are Terrence McFane, an epicurean anarchist; Aaron Hancock, an amateur anthropologist and philologist; Theodore Malken, a shiftless poet, and Dar Hyal, a Hindu philosopher and revolutionist. Staying in the house just now are, among others, Paula's two young half-sisters, Ernestine and Lute; the latter's chum, Rita Wainwright, and her brother Bert, and a more recent arrival, Evan Graham, an American of roving disposition, whom Dick and Paula had met in South America two years before. A great admiration for Paula, who is a woman of many moods and talents, immediately takes possession of Graham.

THE next morning Graham learned further the ways of the Big House. Oh My had partly initiated him in particular things the preceding day and had learned that, after the waking-cup of coffee, he preferred to breakfast at table rather than in bed. Also, Oh My had warned him that breakfast at table was an irregular affair, anywhere between seven and nine, and that the breakfasters merely drifted in at their convenience. If he wanted a horse, or if he wanted a swim or a motor-car or any ranch medium or utility, Oh My informed him all he had to do was to call for it.

Arriving in the breakfast-room at half-past seven, Graham found himself just in time to say good-by to the *Gazette* man and the Idaho buyer, who, finishing, were just ready to catch the ranch-machine that connected at Eldorado with the morning train for San Francisco. He sat alone, being per-

fectly invited by a perfect Chinese servant to order as he pleased, and found himself served with his first desire—an ice-cold, sherried grapefruit, which, the table-boy proudly informed him, was "grown on the ranch." He had just ordered soft-boiled eggs and bacon when Bert Wainwright drifted in with a casualness that Graham recognized as histrionic, when, five minutes later, in boudoir-cap and delectable negligée, Ernestine Desten put in an appearance and expressed surprise at finding such a multitude of early risers.

Later, as the three of them were rising from table, they greeted Lute Desten and Rita Wainwright arriving. Over the billiard-table with Bert, Graham learned that Dick Forrest never appeared for breakfast. As for Paula, Bert explained she was a poor sleeper, a late riser, lived behind a door without a knob in a spacious wing with a secret patio that even he had seen but once, and only on rare outing occasions

The Little Lady of the Big House

was she known to appear before twelve-thirty, and frequently not then.

"You see, she's healthy and strong and all that," he explained, "but she was born with insomnia. She never could sleep. She couldn't sleep as a little baby, even. But it's never hurt her any, because she's got a will and won't let it get on her nerves. She's just about as tense as they make them; yet, instead of going wild when she can't sleep, she just wills to relax, and she does relax. She calls them her 'white nights,' when she gets them. Maybe she'll fall asleep at daybreak, or at nine or ten in the morning, and then she'll sleep the rest of the clock around and get down to dinner as chipper as you please."

"It's constitutional, I fancy," Graham suggested. Bert nodded.

"It would be a handicap to nine hundred and ninety-nine women out of a thousand, but not to her. She puts up with it, and if she can't sleep one time, she just sleeps some other time and makes it up."

More, and other things, Bert Wainwright told of his hostess, and Graham was not slow in gathering that the young man stood a good deal in awe of her.

"I never saw anybody whose goat she couldn't get if she went after it," he confided. "Man or woman or servant, age, sex, and previous condition of servitude—it's all one when she gets on the high and mighty. And I don't see how she does it. Maybe it's just a kind of light that comes into her eyes, or some kind of an expression on her lips, or, I don't know what—anyway, she puts it across, and nobody makes any mistake about it."

"She has a—a way with her," Graham volunteered.

"That's it!" Bert's face beamed. "It's a way she has. She just puts it over. Kind of gives you a chilly feeling, you don't know why. Maybe she's learned to be so quiet about it because of the control she's learned by passing sleepless nights without squealing out or getting sour. The chances are she didn't bat an eye all last night—excitement, you know—the crowd, swimming the Mountain Lad, and such things. Now, ordinary things that 'd keep most women awake, like danger, or storm at sea, and such things, Dick says don't feeze her. She can sleep like a baby, he says, when the town she's in is being bombarded or when the ship she's in is try-

ing to claw off a lee shore. She's a wonder, and no mistake."

A little later, Graham, along with Bert, encountered the girls in the morning-room, where, despite an hour of ragtime song and dancing and chatter, he was scarcely for a moment unaware of a loneliness, a lack, and a desire to see his hostess, in some fresh and unguessed mood and way, come in upon them through the open door.

Still later, mounted on Altadena and accompanied by Bert on a thoroughbred mare, Graham made a two hours' exploration of the dairy center and arrived back barely in time to keep an engagement with Ernestine on the tennis-court.

He came to lunch with an eagerness for which his keen appetite could not entirely account; and he knew definite disappointment when his hostess did not appear.

"A white night," Dick Forrest surmised, for his guest's benefit, and went into details additional to Bert's of her constitutional inaptitude for normal sleep. "Do you know, we were married years before I ever saw her asleep. I knew she did sleep, but I never saw her. I've seen her go three days and nights without closing an eye and keep sweet and cheerful all the time, and when she did sleep, it was out of exhaustion. That was when the All Away went ashore in the Carolines and the whole population worked to get us off. It wasn't the danger, for there wasn't any. It was the noise. Also, it was the excitement. She was too busy living. And when it was almost all over, I actually saw her asleep for the first time in my life."

A new guest had arrived that morning, a Donald Ware, whom Graham met at lunch. He seemed well acquainted with all, and Graham gathered that, despite his youth, he was a violinist of note on the Pacific Coast.

"He has conceived a grand passion for Paula," Ernestine told Graham, as they passed out from the dining-room.

Graham raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, but she doesn't mind!" Ernestine laughed. "Every man that comes along does the same thing. She's used to it. She has just a charming way of disregarding all their symptoms, and enjoys them and gets the best out of them in consequence. It's lots of fun to Dick. You'll be doing the same before you're here a week. And if you don't, most likely you'll hurt Dick's

feelings. He's come to expect it as a matter of course. And when a fond, proud husband gets a habit like that, it must hurt terribly to see his wife not appreciated."

"Oh, well, if I am expected to, I suppose I must!" Graham sighed. "But, just the same, I hate to do whatever everybody does, just because everybody does it. But if it's the custom—well, it's the custom, that's all. But it's mighty hard on one with so many other nice girls around."

There was a quizzical light in his long gray eyes that affected Ernestine so profoundly that she gazed into his eyes over-long, became conscious of it, and dropped her own eyes away and flushed.

"Little Theo—the boy-poet, you remember, last night," she rattled on, in a patent attempt to escape from her confusion. "He's madly in love with Paula, too. I've heard Aaron Hancock chaffing him about some sonnet-cycle, and it isn't difficult to guess the inspiration. And Terrence—the Irishman, you know—he's mildly in love with her. They can't help it, you see; and can you blame them?"

"She surely deserves it all," Graham murmured, although vaguely hurt in that the addle-pated, alphabet-obsessed, epicurean anarchist of an Irishman who gloried in being a loafer and a pensioner should even mildly be in love with the Little Lady. "She is most deserving of all men's admiration," he continued smoothly. "From the little I've seen of her, she's quite remarkable and most charming."

"She's my half-sister," Ernestine vouchsafed, "although you wouldn't dream a drop of the same blood ran in our veins. She's different from all the Destens, from any girl I ever knew—though she isn't exactly a girl. She's thirty-five, you know——"

"Pussy, pussy!" Graham whispered.

The pretty young blonde looked at him in bewilderment, taken aback by the apparent irrelevance of his interruption.

"Cat!" he censured, in mock reproof.

"Oh," she cried, "I never meant it that way! You will find we are very frank here. Everybody knows Paula's age. She tells it herself. I'm nineteen—so, there! And now, just for your meanness, how old are you?"

"As old as Dick," he replied promptly.

"And he's forty," she laughed triumphantly. "Are you coming swimming?"

Graham shook his head.

"I'm going riding with Dick."

Her face fell with all the ingenuousness of nineteen.

"Oh," she protested, "some of his eternal hillside terracing or water-pocketing!"

"But he said something about swimming at five."

Her face brightened joyously.

"Then we'll meet at the tank. It must be the same party. Paula said swimming at five."

As they parted under a long arcade, where his way led to the tower room for a change into riding-clothes, she suddenly called,

"Oh, Mr. Graham!"

He turned obediently.

"You really are not compelled to fall in love with Paula, you know. It was just my way of putting it."

"I shall be very, very careful," he said solemnly, although there was a twinkle in his eye as he concluded.

Nevertheless, as he went on to his room, he could not but admit to himself that the Paula Forrest charm, or the far, fairy tentacles of it, had already reached him and were wrapping around him. He knew, right there, that he would prefer the engagement to ride to have been with her than with his old-time friend, Dick.

As he emerged from the house to the long hitching-rails under the ancient oaks, he looked eagerly for his hostess. Only Dick was there, and the stableman, although the many saddled horses that stamped in the shade promised possibilities. But Dick and he rode away alone. Dick pointed out her horse, an alert bay thoroughbred, stallion at that, under a small Australian saddle with steel stirrups, and double reined and single bitted.

"I don't know her plans," he said. "She hasn't shown up yet; but, at any rate, she'll be swimming later. We'll meet her then."

Graham appreciated and enjoyed the ride, although more than once he found himself glancing at his wrist-watch to ascertain how far away five o'clock might yet be. Lambing-time was at hand, and through home field after home field he rode with his host, now one and now the other dismounting to turn over onto its feet rotund and glorious Shropshire and Rambouillet merino ewes, so hopelessly the product of man's selection as to be unable to get off of themselves from their own broad backs, once they were down with their four legs helplessly sky-aspiring.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

There was a quizzical light in his long gray eyes that affected Ernestine it, and dropped her own



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The Little Lady of the Big House

"I've really worked to make the American merino," Dick was saying; "to give it the developed leg, the strong back, the well-sprung rib, and the stamina. The Old-Country breed lacked the stamina. It was too much hand-reared and manicured."

"You're doing things, big things," Graham assured him. "Think of shipping rams to Idaho! That speaks for itself."

Quite by chance, on the way back, meeting Mendenhall, the horse-manager, they were deflected by him to a wide pasture, broken by wooded cañons and studded with oaks, to look over a herd of yearling 'Shires that were to be despatched next morning to the upland pastures and feeding-sheds of the Miramar Hills. There were nearly two hundred of them, rough-coated, beginning to shed, large-boned, and large for their age.

"We don't exactly crowd them," Dick Forrest explained, "but Mr. Mendenhall sees to it that they never lack full nutrition from the time they are foaled. Up there in the hills, where they are going, they'll balance their grass with grain. This makes them assemble every night at the feeding-places and enables the feeders to keep track of them with a minimum of effort. I've shipped fifty stallions, two-year-olds, every year for the past five years, to Oregon alone. They're sort of standardized, you know. The people up there know what they're getting. They know my standard so well that they'll buy unsight and unseen."

As Mr. Mendenhall rode away, a man, on a slender-legged, head-tossing Palomina, rode up and was introduced to Graham as Mr. Hennessy, the ranch veterinary.

"I heard Mrs. Forrest was looking over the colts," he explained to his employer, "and I rode across to give her a glance at The Fawn here. She'll be riding her in less than a week. What horse is she on today?"

"The Fop," Dick replied, as if expecting the comment that was prompt as the disapproving shake of Mr. Hennessy's head.

"I can never become converted to women riding stallions," muttered the veterinary. "The Fop is dangerous. Worse—though I take my hat off to his record—he's malicious and vicious. She—Mrs. Forrest ought to ride him with a muzzle; but he's a striker as well, and I don't see how she can put cushions on his hoofs."

"Oh, well," Dick placated, "she has a

bit that *is* a bit in his mouth, and she's not afraid to use it."

"If he doesn't fall over on her some day," Mr. Hennessy grumbled. "Anyway, I'll breathe easier when she takes to The Fawn here. Now *she's* a lady's mount—all the spirit in the world, but nothing vicious. She's a sweet mare, a sweet mare, and she'll steady down from her friskiness. But she'll always be a gay handful—no riding-academy proposition."

"Let's ride over," Dick suggested. "Mrs. Forrest'll have a gay handful in The Fop if she's ridden him into that bunch of younglings. It's her territory, you know," he elucidated to Graham. "All the house-horses and lighter stock are her affair. And she gets grand results. I can't understand it myself. It's like a little girl straying into an experimental laboratory of high explosives and mixing the stuff around any old way and getting more powerful combinations than the graybeard chemists."

The three men took a cross-ranch road for half a mile, turned up a wooded cañon where ran a spring-trickle of stream, and emerged on a wide, rolling terrace, rich in pasture. Graham's first glimpse was of a background of many curious yearling and two-year-old colts, against which, in the middle ground, he saw his hostess on the back of the bright-bay thoroughbred, The Fop, who, on hind legs, was striking his forefeet in the air and squealing shrilly. They reined in their mounts and watched.

"He'll get her yet," the veterinary muttered morosely. "That Fop isn't safe."

But, at that moment, Paula Forrest, unaware of her audience, with a sharp cry of command and a cavalier thrust of sharp spurs into The Fop's silken sides, checked him down to four-footedness on the ground and a restless, champing quietness.

"Taking chances?" Dick mildly reproached her, as the three rode up.

"Oh, I can manage him!" she breathed between tight teeth, as, with ears back and vicious, gleaming eyes, The Fop bared his teeth in a bite that would have been perilously near to Graham's leg had she not reined the brute abruptly away across the neck and driven both spurs solidly into his sides. The Fop quivered, squealed, and for the moment stood still.

"It's the old game, the white-man's game," Dick laughed. "She's not afraid of him, and he knows it. She outgames him

outsavages him, teaches him what savagery is in its intimate mood and tense."

Three times, while they looked on, ready to whirl their own steeds away if he got out of hand, The Fop attempted to burst into rampage, and three times, solidly, with careful, delicate hand on the bitter bit, Paula Forrest dealt him double spurs in the ribs, till he stood, sweating, frothing, fretting, beaten, and in hand.

"Good-afternoon!" Paula greeted her guest, the ranch veterinary, and her husband. "I think I've got him now. Let's look over the colts. Just keep an eye, Mr. Graham, on his mouth. He's a dreadful snapper. Ride free from him, and you'll save your leg for old age."

Now that The Fop's demonstration was over, the colts, startled into flight by some impish spirit among them, galloped and frisked away over the green turf, until, curious again, they circled back, halted at gaze, and then, led by one particularly saucy chestnut filly, drew up in half a circle before the riders, with alert, pricking ears. Graham scarcely saw the colts. He was seeing his protean hostess in a new rôle. Would her proteanness never end, he wondered, as he glanced over the magnificent, sweating, mastered creature she bestrode. The Mountain Lad, despite his hugeness, was a mild-mannered pet beside this squealing, biting, striking Fop.

"Look at her!" Paula whispered to Dick, in order not to alarm the saucy chestnut filly. "Isn't she wonderful? That's what I've been working for." Paula turned to Evan. "Always they have some fault, some miss—at the best an approximation rather than an achievement. But she's an achievement. Look at her! She's as near right as I shall probably ever get. Her sire is Big Chief, if you know our racing register. He sold for sixty thousand when he was a cripple. We borrowed the use of him. She was his only get of the season. But look at her! She's got his chest and lungs. I had my choices—mares eligible for the register. Her dam wasn't eligible, but I chose her. She was an obstinate old maid, but she was the one mare for Big Chief. This is her first foal, and she was eighteen years old when she bred. But I knew it was there. All I had to do was to look at Big Chief and her, and it just had to be there!"

"The dam was only half thoroughbred," Dick explained.

"But with a lot of Morgan on the other side," Paula added instantly, "and a streak, along the back, of mustang. This shall be called Nymph, even if she has no place in the books. She'll be my first unimpeachable, perfect saddle-horse. I know it—the kind I like—my dream come true at last!"

"She's a beauty!" Dick admired, his eyes warm in contemplation of the saucy chestnut filly, who was daringly close and alertly sniffing of the subdued Fop's tremulous and nostril-dilated muzzle.

"I prefer my own horses to be near thoroughbred rather than all thoroughbred," Paula proclaimed. "The running horse has its place on the track, but it's too specialized for mere human use."

"Nicely coupled," Mr. Hennessy said, indicating Nymph. "Short enough for good running and long enough for the long trot. I'll admit I didn't have any faith in the combination; but you've got a grand animal out of it, just the same."

"I didn't have horses when I was a young girl," Paula said to Graham; "and the fact that I can now not only have them but breed them and mold them to my heart's desire is always too good to be true. Sometimes I can't believe it myself, and have to ride out and look them over to make sure." She turned her head and raised her eyes gratefully to Forrest; and Graham watched them look into each other's eyes for a long half-minute. Forrest's pleasure in his wife's pleasure, in her young enthusiasm and joy of life, was clear to Graham's observation.

He was meditating with skepticism Ernestine's information that Paula Forrest was thirty-five, when she turned to the colts and pointed her riding-whip at a black yearling nibbling at the spring green.

"Look at that level rump, Dick," she said, "and those trotting feet and pasterns." And, to Graham: "Rather different from Nymph's long wrists, aren't they? But they're just what I was after." She laughed a little, with just a shade of annoyance. "The dam was a bright sorrel—almost like a fresh-minted twenty-dollar piece—and I did so want a pair out of her, of the same color, for my own trap. Well, I can't say that I exactly got them, although I bred her to a splendid sorrel trotting-horse. And this is my reward, this black—and, wait till we get to the brood-mares and you'll see the other, a full brother and mahogany brown. I'm

so disappointed." She singled out a pair of dark bays, feeding together. "Those are two of Guy Dillon's get—brother, you know, to Lou Dillon. They're out of different mares, not quite the same bay; but aren't they splendidly matched?"

She moved her subdued steed on, skirting the flank of the herd quietly, in order not to alarm it; but a number of colts took flight.

"Look at them!" she cried. "Five, there, are hackneys. Look at the lift of their fore legs as they run!"

"I'll be terribly disappointed if you don't get a prize-winning four-in-hand out of them," Dick praised, and brought again the flash of grateful eyes that hurt Graham as he noted it.

"Two are out of heavier mares—see that one in the middle and the one on the far left—and there's the other three to pick from for the leaders. Same sire, five different dams; and a matched and balanced four out of five choices, all in the same season, is a stroke of luck, isn't it?"

She turned quickly to Mr. Hennessy.

"I can begin to see the ones that will have to sell for polo-ponies among the two-year-olds. You can pick them."

"If Mr. Mendenhall doesn't sell that strawberry roan for a clean fifteen hundred, it'll be because polo has gone out of fashion," the veterinary approved, with waxing enthusiasm. "I've had my eye on them. That pale-sorrel, there. You remember his setback. Give him an extra year, and he'll look at his coupling!—watch him turn!—a cow-skin?—he'll turn on a silver dollar. Give him a year to make up, and he'll stand a show for the International. Listen to me: Cut out that Burlingame crowd. When he's ripe, ship him straight East."

Paula nodded and listened to Mr. Hennessy's judgment, her eyes kindling with his in the warmth of the sight of the abounding young life for which she was responsible.

"It always hurts, though," she confessed to Graham, "selling such beauties to have them knocked out on the field so quickly."

Her sheer absorption in the animals robbed her speech of any hint of affectation or show—so much so, that Dick was impelled to praise her judgment to Evan.

"I can dig through a whole library of horse-practise, and muddle and mull over the Mendelian law until I'm dizzy, like

the clod that I am; but she is the genius. All she has to do is size up a bunch of mares with her eyes, and feel them over a little with her hands, and hunt around till she finds the right sires, and get pretty nearly what she wants in the result—except color—eh, Paula?" he teased.

She showed her laughing teeth in the laugh at her expense, in which Mr. Hennessy joined, and Dick continued:

"Look at that filly there! We all knew Paula was wrong. But look at it! She bred a rickety old thoroughbred, that we wanted to put out of her old age, to a standard stallion, got a filly, bred it back with a thoroughbred, bred its filly foal with the same standard again, knocked all our prognostications into a cocked hat, and—well, look at it, a world-beater polo-pony! There is one thing we have to take off our hats to her for: She doesn't let any woman-sentimentality interfere with her culling. Oh, she's cold-blooded enough. She's as remorseless as any man when it comes to throwing out the undesirables and selecting for what she wants. But she hasn't mastered color yet. There's where her genius falls down—eh, Paula? You'll have to put up with Duddy and Fuddy for a while longer for your trap. By the way, how is Duddy?"

"He's come around," she answered, "thanks to Mr. Hennessy."

"Nothing serious," the veterinarian added. "He was just off his feed a trifle. It was more a scare of the stableman than anything else."

XIII

FROM the colt-pasture to the swimming-tank Graham rode as nearly beside his hostess as The Fop's wickedness permitted, while Dick and Hennessy, on ahead, were deep in ranch business.

"Insomnia has been a handicap all my life," she said, while she tickled The Fop with a spur in order to check a threatened belligerence. "But I early learned to keep the irritation of it off my nerves and the weight of it off my mind. In fact, I early came to make a function of it, and actually to derive enjoyment from it. It was the only way to master a thing I knew would persist as long as I persisted. Have you—of course you have—learned to win through an undertow?"

"Yes; by never fighting it," Graham answered, his eyes on the spray of color in her cheeks and the tiny beads of sweat that arose from her continuous struggle with the high-strung creature she rode. Thirty-five! He wondered if Ernestine had lied. Paula Forrest did not look twenty-five.

"Exactly," she went on; "by not fighting the undertow. By yielding to its down-drag and out-drag, and working with it to reach air again. Dick taught me that trick. So with my insomnia. If it is excitement from immediate events that holds me back from the City of Sleep, I yield to it and come quicker to unconsciousness from out the entangling currents. I invite my soul to live over again, from the same and different angles, the things that keep me from unconsciousness.

"Take the swimming of the Mountain Lad yesterday. I lived it over last night as I had lived it in reality. Then I lived it as a spectator—as the girls saw it, as you saw it, as the cowboy saw it, and, most of all, as my husband saw it. Then I made up a picture of it, many pictures of it, from all angles, and painted them, and framed them, and hung them, and then, a spectator, looked at them as if for the first time. And I made myself many kinds of spectators, from crabbled old maids and lean pantaloons to girls in boarding-school and Greek boys of thousands of years ago.

"After that I put it to music. I played it on the piano, and guessed the playing of it on full orchestras and blaring bands. I chanted it; I sang it—epic, lyric, comic, and, after a weary long while, of course I slept in the midst of it, and knew not that I slept until I awoke at twelve to-day. The last time I had heard the clock strike was six. Six unbroken hours is a capital prize for me in the sleep-lottery."

As she finished, Mr. Hennessy rode away on a cross-path, and Dick Forrest dropped back to squire his wife on the other side.

"Will you sport a bet, Evan?" he queried.

"I'd like to hear the terms of it first," was the answer.

"Cigars against cigars that you can't catch Paula in the tank inside ten minutes—no, inside five, for I remember you're some swimmer."

"Oh, give him a chance, Dick!" Paula cried. "Ten minutes will worry him."

"But you don't know him," Dick argued.

"Perhaps I should reconsider. Maybe

he'll slash a killing crawl-stroke at me before I've really started. Tell me his history and prizes."

"I'll just tell you one thing. They still talk of it in the Marquesas. It was in the big hurricane of 1892. He did forty miles in forty-five hours, and only he and one other landed on the land. And they were all Kanakas. He was the only white man; yet he outendured and drowned the last Kanaka of them——"

"I thought you said there was one other?" Paula interrupted.

"She was a woman," Dick answered. "He drowned the last Kanaka."

"And the woman was, then, a white woman?" Paula insisted.

Graham looked quickly at her, and although she had asked the question of her husband, her head turned to the turn of his head, so that he found her eyes meeting his straightly and squarely in interrogation.

Graham held her gaze with equal straightness as he answered,

"She was a Kanaka."

"A queen, if you please," Dick took up. "A queen out of the ancient chief-stock. She was queen of Hua-huna."

"Was it the chief-stock that enabled her to outendure the native men?" Paula asked. "Or did you help her?"

"I rather think we helped each other toward the end," Graham replied. "We were both out of our heads for short spells and long spells. Sometimes it was one, sometimes the other, that was all in. We made the land at sunset—that is, a wall of iron coast, with the surf of the southeast trades bursting high. She took hold of me and clawed me in the water to get some sense in me. You see, I wanted to go in, which would have meant finish.

"She got me to understand that she knew where she was; that the current set westerly along shore and in two hours would drift us abreast of a spot where we could land. I swear I either slept or was unconscious most of those two hours, and I swear she was in one state or the other when I chanced to come to and noted the absence of the roar of the surf. Then it was my turn to claw and maul her back to consciousness. It was three hours more before we made the sand. We slept where we crawled out of the water. Next morning's sun burnt us awake, and we crept into the shade of some wild bananas, found fresh water, and went



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"Glad to see you're still alive," Paula laughed to him, a little



later. She was prepared to depart with Lute for bed

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to sleep again. Next I awoke, it was night. I took another drink, and slept through till morning. She was still asleep when a bunch of Kanakas, hunting wild goats from the next valley, found us."

"I'll wager, for a man who drowned a whole Kanaka crew, it was you who did the helping," Dick commented.

"She must have been forever grateful," Paula challenged. "Don't tell me she wasn't young, wasn't beautiful, wasn't a golden-brown young goddess."

"Her mother was the queen of Huahuna," Graham answered. "Her father was a Greek scholar and an English gentleman. They were dead at the time of the swim, and Nomare was queen herself. She was young. She was beautiful as any woman anywhere in the world may be beautiful. Thanks to her father's skin, she was not golden brown. She was tawny golden. But you've heard the story undoubtedly—" He broke off, with a look of question to Dick, who shook his head.

Calls and cries and splashings of water from beyond a screen of trees warned them that they were near the tank.

"You'll have to tell me the rest of the story sometime," Paula said.

"Dick knows it. I can't see why he hasn't told you."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Perhaps because he's never had the time or the provocation."

"God wot, it's had wide circulation!" Graham laughed. "For know that I was once morganatic—or whatever you call it—king of the cannibal isles, or of a paradise of a Polynesian isle, at any rate. 'By a purple wave on an opal beach in the hush of the Nahim woods,'" he hummed carelessly, and swung off from his horse.

"The white moth to the closing vine, the bee to the opening clover," she hummed another line of the song, while The Fop nearly got his teeth into her leg and she straightened him out with the spur and waited for Dick to help her off and tie him.

"Cigars! I'm in on that! You can't catch her!" Bert Wainwright called from the top of the high dive, forty feet above. "Wait a minute; I'm coming!"

And come he did, in a swan-dive that was almost professional.

"A sweet dive, balanced beautifully,"

Graham told him, as he emerged from the tank.

Bert tried to appear unconscious of the praise, failed, and, to pass it off, plunged into the water.

"I don't know what kind of a swimmer you are, Graham," he said, "but I just want in with Dick on the cigars."

"Me, too; me, too," chorused Ernestine and Lute and Rita.

"Boxes of candy, gloves, or any truck you care to risk," Ernestine added.

"But I don't know Mrs. Forrest's records, either," Graham protested, after having taken on the bets. "However, if, in five minutes—"

"Ten minutes," Paula said. "And to start from opposite ends of the tank. Is that fair? Any touch is a catch."

Graham looked his hostess over with secret approval. She was clad, not in the single white-silk slip she evidently wore only for girl-parties but in a coquettish imitation of the prevailing fashion-mode, a suit of changeable light-blue-and-green silk—almost the color of the pool—the skirt slightly above the knees, with long stockings to match, and tiny bathing-shoes bound on with crossed ribbons. On her head was a jaunty swimming-cap no jauntier than herself when she urged the ten minutes in place of five.

Rita Wainwright held the watch, while Graham walked down to the other end of the hundred-and-fifty-foot tank.

"Paula, you'll be caught if you take any chances," Dick warned. "Evan Graham is a real fish-man. Get ready, Rita! Start on the full minute!"

"It's almost a shame to play tricks on so reputable a swimmer," Paula confided to them, as she faced her guest down the length of the tank and while both waited the signal.

"He may get you before you can turn the trick," Dick warned again. And then, to Bert, with just a shade of anxiety: "Is it working all right? Because if it isn't, Paula will have a bad five seconds getting out of it."

"All O K.," Bert assured. "I went in myself. The pipe is working. There's plenty of air."

"Ready!" Rita called. "Go!"

Graham ran toward their end like a foot-racer, while Paula darted up the high dive. By the time she had gained the top plat-

form, his hands and feet were on the lower rungs. When he was half-way up she threatened a dive, compelling him to cease from climbing and to get out on the twenty-foot platform ready to follow her to the water. Whereupon she laughed down at him and did not dive.

When he started to climb, Paula again chased him to the half-way platform with a threat to dive. But not many seconds did Graham waste. His next start was determined, and Paula, poised for her dive, could not send him scuttling back. He raced upward to gain the thirty-foot platform before she should dive, and she was too wise to linger. Out into space she launched, head back, arms bent, hands close to chest, legs straight and close together, her body balanced horizontally on the air as it fell outward and downward.

Graham ceased pursuit to watch the completion of the dive, and saw his hostess, a few feet above the water, bend her head forward, straighten out her arms and lock the hands to form the arch before her head, and, so shifting the balance of her body, change it from the horizontal to the perfect water-cleaving angle.

The moment she entered the water, he swung out on the thirty-foot platform and waited. From this height, he could make out her body beneath the surface, swimming a full stroke straight for the far end of the tank. Not till then did he dive. He was confident that he could outspeed her, and his dive, far and flat, entered him in the water twenty feet beyond her entrance.

But, at the instant he was in, Dick dipped two flat rocks into the water and struck them together. This was the signal for Paula to change her course. Graham heard the concussion and wondered. He broke surface in the full swing of the crawl and went down the tank to the far end at a killing pace. He pulled himself out and watched the surface of the tank. A burst of hand-clapping from the girls drew his eyes to the Little Lady drawing herself out of the tank at the other end.

Again he ran down the side of the tank, and again she climbed the scaffold. But this time his wind and endurance enabled him to cut down her lead, so that she was driven to the twenty-foot platform. She took no time for posturing or swanning, but tilted immediately off in a stiff dive. Almost they were in the air at the same time.

In the water and under it, he could feel against his face and arms the agitation left by her progress; but she led into the deep shadow thrown by the low, afternoon sun, where the water was so dark he could see nothing. When he touched the side of the tank, he came up. She was not in sight. He drew himself out, panting, and stood ready to dive in at the first sign of her. But there were no signs.

"Seven minutes!" Rita called. "And a half—eight—and a half!"

And no Paula Forrest broke surface. Graham refused to be alarmed, because he could see no alarm on the faces of the others.

"I lose," he announced at Rita's, "Nine minutes!"

"She's been under over two minutes, and you're all too blessed calm about it to get me excited," he said. "I've still a minute—maybe I don't lose," he added quickly, as he stepped off into the tank.

As he went down he turned over and explored the cement wall of tank with his hands. Midway—possibly ten feet under the surface, he estimated—his hands encountered an opening in the wall. He felt about, learned it was unscreened, and boldly entered. Almost before he was in, he found he could come up; but he came up slowly, breaking surface in pitchy blackness and feeling about him without splashing.

His fingers touched a cool, smooth arm that shrank convulsively at contact while the possessor of it cried sharply with the startle of fright. He held on tightly and began to laugh, and Paula laughed with him. A line from "The First Chanty," flashed into his consciousness:

Hearing her laugh in the gloom, greatly I loved her.

"You did frighten me when you touched me," she said. "You came without a sound, and I was a thousand miles away, dreaming—"

"What?" Graham asked.

"Well, honestly, I had just got an idea for a gown—"

"Is there anything you don't do?" he laughed.

She joined with him, and their mirth sounded hollow in the echoing dark.

"Who told you?" she next asked.

"No one. After you had been under two minutes I knew it had to be something like this, and I came exploring."

"It was Dick's idea. He had it built

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into the tank afterward. You will find him full of whimsies. He delighted in scaring old ladies into fits by stepping off into the tank with their sons or grandsons and hiding away in here. But after one or two nearly died of shock—old ladies, I mean—he put me up, as to-day, to fooling hardier persons like yourself. Oh, he had another accident! There was a Miss Coghlan, friend of Ernestine's, a little seminary girl. They artfully stood her right beside the pipe that leads out, and Dick went off the high dive and swam in here to the inside end of the pipe. After several minutes, by the time she was in collapse over his drowning, he spoke up the pipe to her in most horrible, sepulchral tones. And, right there, Miss Coghlan fainted dead away."

"She must have been a weak sister," Graham commented.

"She had a fair measure of excuse," Paula answered. "She was a young thing—eighteen, and she had a sort of school-girl infatuation for Dick. They all get it. You see, he's such a boy when he's playing that they can't realize that he's a hard-bitten, hard-working, deep-thinking, mature, elderly benedict. The embarrassing thing was that the little girl, when she was first revived and before she could gather her wits, exposed all her secret heart. Dick's face was a study while she babbled her——"

"Well—going to stay there all night?" Bert Wainwright's voice came down the pipe, sounding megaphonically close.

"Heavens!" Graham sighed with relief; for he had started and clutched Paula's arm. "That's the time I got my fright! The little maiden is avenged. Also, at last, I know what a lead-pipe cinch is—Well, I'm going now."

Unable to see the slightest glimmer, nevertheless, from the few sounds she made, he knew she had turned over and gone down head first, and he was not beyond visioning, with inner sight, the graceful way in which she had done it.

"Somebody gave it away to you," was Bert's prompt accusal, when Graham rose to the surface of the tank and climbed out.

"And you were the scoundrel who rapped stone under water," Graham challenged. "If I'd lost, I'd have protested the bet. It was a crooked game, a conspiracy."

"But you won!" Ernestine cried.

"I certainly did, and, therefore, I shall not prosecute you or any one of your crooked

gang—if the bets are paid promptly. Let me see—you owe me a box of cigars——"

"One cigar, sir!"

"A box! A box!"

"Cross-tag!" Paula cried. "Let's play cross-tag! You're it!"

Suiting action to word, she tagged Graham on the shoulder and plunged into the tank. Before he could follow, Bert seized him, whirled him a circle, was himself tagged and tagged Dick before he could escape. And while Dick pursued his wife through the tank and Bert and Graham sought a chance to cross, the girls fled up the scaffold and stood in an enticing row on the fifteen-foot diving-platform.

XIV

AN indifferent swimmer, Donald Ware had avoided the afternoon sport in the tank; but after dinner, somewhat to the irritation of Graham, the violinist monopolized Paula at the piano. New guests, with the casual expectedness of the Big House, had drifted in—a lawyer, by name Adolph Weil, who had come to confer with Dick over some big water-rights suit; Jeremy Braxton, straight from Mexico, Dick's general superintendent of the Harvest group, which bonanza, according to Jeremy Braxton, was as "unpetering" as ever; Edwin O'Hay, a red-headed Irish musical and dramatic critic, and Chauncey Bishop, editor and owner of the *San Francisco Despatch*, and a member of Dick's class and frat, as Graham gleaned.

Dick had started a boisterous gambling game which he called "horrible fives," wherein, although excitement ran high and players plunged, the limit was ten cents, and, on a lucky coup, the transient banker might win or lose as high as ninety cents, such coup requiring at least ten minutes to play out. This game went on at a big table at the far end of the room, accompanied by much owing and borrowing of small sums and an incessant clamor for change.

With nine players, the game was crowded, and Graham, rather than draw cards, casually and occasionally backed Ernestine's cards, the while he glanced down the long room at the violinist and Paula Forrest absorbed in Beethoven's sonatas and Delibes' ballets. Jeremy Braxton was demanding raising the limit to twenty



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"But I shall be married long before that," she pouted

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cents, and Dick, the heaviest loser, as he averred, to the tune of four dollars and sixty cents, was plaintively suggesting the starting of a "kitty," in order that some one should pay for the lights and the sweeping-out of the place in the morning, when Graham, with a profound sigh at the loss of his last bet—a nickel, which he had had to pay double—announced to Ernestine that he was going to take a turn around the room to change his luck.

"I prophesied you would," she told him, under her breath.

"What?" he asked.

She glanced in Paula's direction.

"Just for that, I simply must go down there now," he retorted.

"Can't das't decline a dare!" she taunted.

"If it were a dare, I wouldn't dare do it."

"In which case, I dare you," she took up.

He shook his head.

"I had already made up my mind to go right down there to that one spot and cut that fiddler out of the running. You can't dare me out of it at this late stage. Besides, there's Mr. O'Hay waiting for you to make your bet."

Ernestine rashly laid ten cents, and scarcely knew whether she won or lost, so intent was she on watching Graham go down the room, although she did know that Bert Wainwright had not been unobservant of her gaze and its direction. On the other hand, neither she nor Bert nor any other at the table knew that Dick's quick-glancing eyes, sparkling with merriment while his lips chaffed absurdities that made them all laugh, had missed no portion of the side play.

Ernestine, but little taller than Paula, although hinting of a plus roundness to come, was a sun-healthy, clear blonde, her skin sprayed with the almost transparent flush of maidenhood at nineteen. To the eye, it seemed almost that one could see through the pink daintiness of fingers, hand, wrist and forearm, neck and cheek. And to this delicious transparency of rose and pink was added a warmth of tone that did not escape Dick's eyes as he glimpsed her watch Evan Graham move down the length of room. Dick knew and classified her wild, imagined dream or guess, though the terms of it were beyond his divination.

What she saw was what she imagined was the princely walk of Graham, the high, light, blooded carriage of his head, the

delightful carelessness of the gold-burnt, sun-sanded hair that made her fingers ache to be into with caresses she, for the first time, knew were possible of her fingers.

Nor did Paula, during an interval of discussion with the violinist, in which she did not desist from stating her criticism of O'Hay's latest criticism of Harold Bauer, fail to see and keep her eyes on Graham's progress. She, too, noted with pleasure his grace of movement, the high, light poise of head, the careless hair, the clear bronze of the smooth cheeks, the splendid forehead, the long gray eyes with the hint of drooping lids and boyish sullenness that fled before the smile with which he greeted her. She had observed that smile often since her first meeting with him. It was an irresistible smile, a smile that lighted the eyes with the radiance of good fellowship and that crinkled the corners into tiny, genial lines. It was provocative of smiles, for she found herself smiling a silent greeting in return, as she continued stating to Ware her grievance against O'Hay's too complacent praise of Bauer.

But her engagement was tacitly with Donald Ware at the piano, and, with no more than passing speech, she was off and away in a series of Hungarian dances that made Graham marvel anew as he loafed and smoked in a window-seat.

Later, when the game of horrible fives broke up, Bert and Lute Desten spoiled the adagio from Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique" by exaggeratedly ragging to it in what Dick immediately named "The Loving Slow-Drag," till Paula broke down in a gale of laughter and ceased from playing.

New groupings occurred. A bridge-table formed with Weil, Rita, Bishop, and Dick. Donald Ware was driven from his monopoly of Paula by the young people under the leadership of Jeremy Braxton; while Graham and O'Hay paired off in a window-seat, and O'Hay talked shop.

After a time, in which all at the piano had sung Hawaiian *hulas*, Paula sang alone to her own accompaniment, and Evan Graham, almost to his delight, decided that at last he had found a weakness in her. She might be a magnificent pianist, horse-woman, diver, and swimmer, but it was patent, despite her singing throat, that she was not a magnificent singer. This conclusion he was quickly compelled to modify. A singer she was, a consummate singer.

Weakness was only comparative, after all. She lacked the magnificent voice. It was a sweet voice, a rich voice, with the same warm-fibered thrill of her laugh; but the volume so essential to the great voice was not there.

But quality—there he halted. It was a woman's voice. It was haunted with richness of sex. In it resided all the temperament in the world—with all the restraint of discipline, was the next step of his analysis. He had to admire the way she refused to exceed the limitations of her voice. In this, she achieved triumphs.

And, while he nodded absently to O'Hay's lecturette on the state of the opera, Graham fell to wondering if Paula Forrest, thus so completely the mistress of her temperament, might not be equally mistress of her temperament in the deeper, passionless ways. There was a challenge there—based on curiosity, he conceded, but only partly so based; and, over and beyond, and, deeper and far beneath, a challenge to a man made in the immemorial image of men.

It was a challenge that bade him pause, and even look up and down the great room and to the tree-trunked roof far above, and to the flying gallery hung with the spoils of the world, and to Dick Forrest, master of all this material achievement and husband of the woman, playing bridge, just as he worked, with all his heart, his laughter ringing loud as he caught Rita in renege. For Graham had the courage not to shun the ultimate connotations. Behind the challenge in his speculations lurked the woman. Paula Forrest was splendidly, deliciously woman, all woman, unusually woman. From the blow between the eyes of his first striking sight of her, swimming the great stallion in the pool, she had continued to witch-ride his man's imagination. He was anything but unused to women; and his general attitude was that of being tired of the mediocre sameness of them. To chance upon the unusual woman was like finding the great pearl in a lagoon fished out by a generation of divers.

"Glad to see you're still alive," Paula laughed to him, a little later.

She was prepared to depart with Lute for bed. A second bridge-quartet had been arranged—Ernestine, Bert, Jeremy Braxton, and Graham; while O'Hay and Bishop were already deep in a bout of pinochle.

"He's really a charming Irishman when he keeps off his one string," Paula went on.

"Which, I think I am fair, is music," Graham said.

"And on music he is insufferable," Lute observed. "It's the only thing he doesn't know the least thing about. He drives one frantic."

"Never mind," Paula soothed, in gurgling tones. "You will all be avenged. Dick just whispered to me to get the philosophers up to-morrow night. You know how they talk music. A musical critic is their lawful prey."

"Terrence said the other night that there was no closed season on musical critics," Lute contributed.

"Terrence and Aaron will drive him to drink," Paula laughed her joy of anticipation. "And Dar Hyal, alone, with his blastic theory of art, can specially apply it to music to the confutation of all the first words and the last. He doesn't believe a thing he says about blastism, any more than was he serious when he danced the other evening. It's his bit of fun. He's such a deep philosopher that he has to get his fun somehow."

At this point, Ernestine joined them and appropriated Graham with:

"We're all waiting for you. We've cut, and you and I are partners. Besides, Paula's making her sleep-noise. So, say good-night and let her go."

Paula had left for bed at ten o'clock. Not till one did the bridge break up. Dick, his arm about Ernestine in brotherly fashion, said good-night to Graham where one of the divided ways led to the watch-tower, and continued on with his pretty sister-in-law toward her quarters.

"Just a tip, Ernestine," he said, at parting, his gray eyes frankly and genially on hers, but his voice sufficiently serious to warn her.

"What have I been doing now?" she pouted laughingly.

"Nothing—as yet. But don't get started, or you'll be laying up a sore heart for yourself. You're only a kid yet—nineteen; and a darned nice, likable kid at that. Enough to make 'most any man sit up and take notice. But Evan Graham is not 'most any man—"

"Oh, I can take care of myself!" she blurted out, in a fling of quick resentment.

"But listen to me, just the same. There comes a time in the affairs of a girl when the love-bee gets to buzzing with a very loud hum in her pretty noddle. Then is the time she mustn't make a mistake and start in loving the wrong man. You haven't fallen in love with Evan Graham yet, and all you have to do is just not to fall in love with him. He's not for you or for any young thing. He's an oldster, an ancient, and possibly has forgotten more about love, romantic love, and young things than you'll ever learn in a dozen lives. If he ever marries again—"

"Again!" Ernestine broke in.

"Why, he's been a widower, my dear, for over fifteen years."

"Then what of it?" she demanded defiantly.

"Just this," Dick continued quietly: "He's lived the young-thing romance, and lived it wonderfully, and the fact that, in fifteen years, he has not married again means—"

"That he's never recovered from his loss?" Ernestine interpolated. "But that's no proof—"

"Means—that he's got over his apprenticeship to wild, young romance," Dick held on steadily. "All you have to do is look at him and realize that he has not lacked opportunities, and that, on occasion, some very fine women, real wise women, mature women, have given him foot-races that tested his wind and endurance. But so far they've not succeeded in catching him. And as for young things, you know how filled the world is of them for a man like him. Think it over, and just keep your heart-thoughts away from him. If you don't let your heart start to warm toward him, it will save your heart from a grievous chill later on."

He took one of her hands in his, and drew her against him, an arm soothingly about her shoulder. For several minutes of silence, Dick speculated on what her thoughts might be.

"You know, we hard-bitten old fellows—" he began half apologetically, half humorously.

But she made a restless movement of distaste, and cried out:

"Are the only ones worth while! The young men are all youngsters, and that's what's the matter with them. They're full of life and coltish spirits and dance and

song. But they're not serious. - They're not big. They're not—oh, they don't give a girl that sense of all-wiseness, of proven strength, of—of—well, of manhood!"

"I understand," Dick murmured. "But please do not forget to glance at the other side of the shield. You glowing young creatures of women must affect the old fellows in precisely similar ways. They may look on you as toys, playthings, delightful things to whom to teach a few fine foolishnesses, but not as comrades, not as equals, not as sharers—full sharers. Life is something to be learned. They have learned it—some of it. But young things like you, Ernestine, have you learned any of it yet?"

"Tell me," she asked abruptly, almost tragically, "about this wild, young romance, about this young thing when he was young, fifteen years ago."

"Fifteen?" Dick replied promptly. "Eighteen. They were married three years before she died. In fact—figure it out for yourself—they were actually married by a Church of England dominie, and living in wedlock, when you were squalling your first post-birth squalls in this world."

"Yes, yes—go on," she urged nervously. "What was she like?"

"She was a resplendent, golden-brown, or tan-golden, half-caste, a Polynesian queen, whose mother had been a queen before her, whose father was an Oxford man, an English gentleman, and a real scholar. Her name was Nomare. She was queen of Hua-huna. She was barbaric. He was young enough to outbarbaric her. There was nothing sordid in their marriage. He was no penniless adventurer. She brought him her island kingdom and forty thousand subjects. He brought to that island his fortune—and it was no inconsiderable fortune. He built a palace that no South Sea island ever possessed before or will ever possess again. It was the real thing—grass-thatched, hand-hewn beams that were lashed with coconut sennit, and all the rest. It was rooted in the island; it sprouted out of the island—although he fetched Hopkins out from New York to plan it.

"Heavens! They had their own royal yacht, their mountain house, their canoe-house—the last a veritable palace in itself. I know. I have been at great feasts in it—though it was after their time. Nomare was dead, and no one knew where Graham

was, and a king of collateral line was the ruler.

"I told you he outbarbaricked her. Their dinner-service was gold—Oh, what's the use in telling any more? He was only a boy. She was half English, half Polynesian, and a really and truly queen. They were a pair of wonderful children. They lived a fairy-tale. And—well, Ernestine, it will be a remarkable woman that will ever infatuate him now."

"Paula would be more his kind," Ernestine said meditatively.

"Yes, indeed!" Dick agreed. "Paula, or any woman as remarkable as Paula, would attract him a thousand times more than all the sweet, young, lovely things like you in the world. We oldsters have our standards, you know."

"And I'll have to put up with the youngsters," Ernestine sighed.

"In the mean time, yes," he chuckled. "Remembering, always, that you, too, in time, may grow into the remarkable, mature woman who can outfoot a man like Evan in a foot-race of love for possession."

"But I shall be married long before that," she pouted.

"Which will be your good fortune, my dear. And, now, good-night. And you are not angry with me?"

She shook her head, put up her lips to be kissed, and they parted.

Dick Forrest, turning off lights as he went, penetrated the library, and, while selecting half a dozen reference volumes on mechanics and physics, smiled as if pleased with himself at recollection of the interview with his sister-in-law. He was confident that he had spoken in time and not a moment too soon. But, half-way up the book-concealed spiral staircase that led to his workroom, a remark of Ernestine's, echoing in his consciousness, made him stop from very suddenness. "*Paula would be more his kind!*"

"Silly ass!" he laughed aloud, continuing on his way. "And married ten years!"

Nor did he think again about it, until, in bed, on his sleeping-porch, he took a glance at his barometers and thermometers, and prepared to settle down to the solution of the electrical speculation that had been puzzling him. Then it was, as he peered across the great court to his wife's dark wing, to see if she were still waking, that Ernestine's remark again echoed.

The next instalment of *The Little Lady of the Big House* will appear in the August issue.

Justus Miles Forman's Last Novel *The Twin Sisters*

A Present-Day Romance of International Society

Will begin serially in August *Cosmopolitan*

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

When *Cosmopolitan* prepared to begin publication of this fascinating, up-to-date serial in the August issue, it knew that *The Twin Sisters* was the best novel its young and brilliant author ever had written, but it could not know that the work was destined to be both his best and his last. The serial was completed by Mr. Forman only a short time before he took passage on the *Lusitania*.

The story of *The Twin Sisters* is absorbing. Twin sisters, "alike as two peas" in childhood, are separated at the beginning of youth, and their development continues in very different circumstances. One is brought up by the father in this country; the other by the mother abroad. Reunited dramatically just as they reach beautiful young womanhood, their new life together, with characters and view-points now so different, presents problems and situations of stirring and romantic interest.

In August *Cosmopolitan*



DRAWN BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

And suddenly Keith saw her stretch out her arms and lift her face with a look of ecstasy, and Laurence starting forward. What had she seen beyond the candle-flames? It is the strange that invests visions with poignancy

(The First and the Last)

The First and the Last

A Remarkable Story of a Mighty Soul-Struggle

Laurence, the ne'er-do-well brother of Keith Darrant, a prominent London lawyer, kills the brutal husband of a woman who is his mistress, and places the body under an archway. The next afternoon, he goes to Keith with the story. The latter, appalled at the tragic situation, orders Laurence to go home and stay there until he can think what to do. Before obeying, Laurence returns to the archway and meets there a wreck of humanity, who tells him that he lost his self-respect the night before. Keith visits the woman, who promises caution, secrecy, and loyalty to her lover. The following morning, Keith reads in the paper that the murderer has been discovered and arrested, and he goes with assumed calmness, covering a harassing fear, to his brother's lodgings.

By John Galsworthy

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WAITING outside there in the gray morning for his ring to be answered, Keith Darrant looked the very picture of a man who knew his mind, a man of resolution. But it needed all his will-power to ask without tremor, "Mr. Darrant in?" to hear, without sign of any kind, the answer, "He's not up yet, sir"; to answer again: "Never mind; I'll go in and see him. Mr. Keith Darrant."

On his way to Laurence's bedroom, in the midst of utter relief, he had the self-possession to think: "This arrest is the best thing that could have happened. It'll keep their noses on a wrong scent till Larry's got away. The girl must be sent off, too, but not with him." Panic had ended in quite hardening his resolution. He entered the bedroom with a feeling of disgust. The fellow was lying there, his bare arms crossed behind his tousled head, staring at the ceiling, and smoking one of many cigarettes, whose ends littered a chair beside him, whose sickly reek tainted the air. That pale face, with its jutting cheek-bones, and chin, its hollow cheeks, and blue eyes far sunk back—what a wreck of goodness!

He looked up at Keith through the haze of smoke, and said quietly:

"Well, brother, what's the sentence? 'Transportation for life, and then to be fined forty pounds?'"

That flippancy revolted Keith. It was the fellow all over! Last night, horrified and humble; this morning, "don't care," and feather-headed. He said sourly,

"Oh, you can joke about it now!"

Laurence turned his face to the wall.

"Must."

Fatalism! How detestable were natures like that! And Keith said,

"I've been to see her."

"You!"

"Last night. She can be trusted."

Laurence laughed.

"That I told you."

"I wanted to see for myself. You must clear out at once. She can come out to you by the next boat, but you can't go together. Have you any money?"

"No, Keith."

"I can foot your expenses and lend you a year's income in advance. But it must be a clean cut; after you get out there, your whereabouts must only be known to me."

A long sigh answered him.

"You're very good to me, Keith; you've always been very good. I don't know why."

Keith answered dryly:

"Nor I. There's a boat to the Argentine to-morrow. You're in luck; they've made an arrest. It's in the paper."

"What!" The cigarette end dropped; the thin pajama'd figure writhed up and stood clutching at the bed-rail. "What!"

The disturbing thought flitted through Keith's brain: "What now? He takes it queerly. What now?"

Laurence passed his hand over his forehead and sat down on the bed.

"I hadn't thought of that," he said. "It does me!"

Keith stared at him. In his relief that the arrested man was not Laurence, this had not occurred to him.

"Why?" he said quickly. "An innocent man's in no danger. They always get the wrong man first. It's a piece of luck, that's all. It gives us time."

How often had he not seen that expression on Larry's face, wistful, questioning, as if trying to see the thing with his—Keith's—eyes, trying to submit to better judgment! And he said almost gently:

"Now, look here, Larry; this is too serious to trifle with. Don't worry about that. Leave it to me. Just get ready to be off. I'll take your berth and make arrangements. Here's some money for kit. I can come round between five and six and let you know. Pull yourself together, man. As soon as the girl's joined you out there, you'd better get across to Chile—the farther the better. You must simply lose yourself. I must go now, if I'm to get to the bank before I go down to the courts." And, looking very steadily at his brother, he added: "Come! You've got to think of me in this matter as well as of yourself. No playing fast and loose with the arrangements—understand?"

But still Larry gazed up at him with that wistful questioning, and not till Keith had repeated, "Understand?" did he receive that "Yes" for answer.

Driving away, he thought: "Queer fellow! I don't know him, shall never know him." And he at once began to concentrate on the practical arrangements. At his bank he drew out four hundred pounds; but waiting for the notes to be counted, he suffered qualms. A clumsy way of doing things! If there had been more time! That thought: "Accessory after the fact!" now infected everything. Notes were traceable. Still, no other way of getting him away at once. One must take lesser risks to avoid greater. From the bank he drove to the office of the steamship line. He had told Larry he would book his passage. That would not do! He must only ask anonymously if there were accommodation. Having discovered that

there were vacant berths, he drove on to the Law Courts. If he could have taken a morning off, he would have gone down to the police court and seen them charge this man. But even that was not too safe—with a face so well known as his. What would come of this arrest? Nothing, surely! The police always took somebody up to keep the public quiet. Then, suddenly, he had again the feeling that it was all a nightmare; Larry had never done it; the police had got the right man! But, instantly, the memory of the girl's awestricken face, her figure huddling on the sofa, her words, "I see him always falling!" came back. God—what a business!

He felt he had never been more clear-headed and forcible than that morning in court. When he came out for lunch, he bought the most sensational of the evening papers. But it was yet too early for news, and he had to go back into court no whit wiser concerning the arrest. When, at last, he threw off wig and gown and had got through a conference and other necessary work, he went out to Chancery Lane, buying a paper on the way. Then he hailed a cab, and drove once more to Fitzroy Street.

V

LAURENCE had remained sitting on his bed for many minutes. An innocent man in no danger! Keith had said it—the celebrated lawyer. Could he rely on that? Go out eight thousand miles, he and the girl, and leave a fellow creature perhaps in mortal peril for an act that he himself had done?

In the past night he had touched bottom, as he thought—become ready to face anything. When Keith came in he would without murmur have accepted the advice: "Give yourself up!" He was prepared to pitch away the end of his life, as he pitched from him the fag-ends of his cigarettes. And the long sigh he had heaved, hearing of reprieve, had been only half-relief. Then, with incredible swiftness, there had rushed through him a feeling of unutterable joy and hope. Clean away—into a new country, a new life—the girl and he! Out there, he wouldn't care, would rejoice even to have squashed the life out of such a noisome beetle of a man. Out there—under a new sun, where blood ran quicker than in this foggy land, and people took justice into their own hands! For it had been justice

on that brute, even though he had not meant to kill him. And, then, to hear of this arrest! They would be charging the man to-day. He could go and see the poor creature accused of the murder he himself had committed! And he laughed. Go and see how likely it was that they might hang a fellow man in place of himself! He dressed, but, too shaky to shave himself, went out to a barber's shop. While there, he read the news that Keith had seen. In this paper the name of the arrested man was given: "John Evan, no address. To be brought up on the charge at Bow Street." Yes; he must go! Once, twice, three times he walked past the entrance of the court before, at last, he entered and screwed himself away among the tag and bobtail.

The court was crowded; and, from the murmurs around, he could tell that it was that particular case which had brought so many there. In a dazed way he watched charge after charge disposed of with lightning quickness. Were they never going to reach his business? And then, suddenly, he saw, between two policemen, the little scarecrow-man of last night advancing to the dock more ragged and miserable than ever by light of day, like some shaggy, wan, gray animal surrounded by sleek hounds.

A sort of satisfied purr was rising all around, and, with horror, Laurence perceived that this—*this* was the man accused of what he himself had done, accused instead of him—this queer, battered unfortunate to whom he had shown friendliness. Then all feeling merged in the appalling interest of listening. The evidence was

very short. Testimony of the hotel-keeper where Walenn had been staying, identifying his body and a snake-shaped ring he had been wearing at dinner that evening. Testimony of a pawnbroker that this same ring was pawned with him the first thing yesterday morning by the prisoner. Testimony of a policeman that he had noticed the man Evan several times in Glove Lane and twice moved him on from sleeping under that arch. Testimony of another policeman that, when arrested at midnight, Evan had said: "Yes; I took the ring off his finger. I found him there dead. I know I oughtn't to have done it. I'm an educated man; it was stupid to pawn the ring. I found him with his pockets turned inside out."



"Put them back in your pocket, Keith, or I'll put them in the fire. Come on; take them!"

Fascinating and terrible to sit staring at the man in whose place he should have been, to wonder when those small, bright-gray, bloodshot eyes would spy him out, and how he would meet that glance. Like a baited raccoon, the little man stood, screwed back into a corner, mournful, cynical, fierce, with his ridged, obfuscous yellow face, and his stubbly gray beard and hair, and his eyes wandering, now and again, among the crowd. But, with all his might, Laurence kept his face unmoved. Then came the word, "Remanded," and, more like a baited beast than ever, the man was led away.

Laurence sat on, a cold perspiration thick on his forehead. Some one else, then, had come on the body and turned the pockets inside out before John Evan took the ring. A man such as Watenn would not be out at night without money. Besides, if Evan had found money on the body, he would never have run the risk of taking that ring. Yes; some one else had come on the body first. It was for that one to give himself up first. He clung to that thought; it seemed to make him less responsible for the little man's position, to remove him and his own deed one step further back. If they found the person who had taken the money, it would prove Evan's innocence. He came out of the court in a sort of trance. And a craving to get drunk attacked him. One could not go on like this without the relief of some oblivion. If he could only get drunk, keep drunk till this business was decided and he knew whether he must give himself up or no! He had now no fear at all of people suspecting him—only fear of himself, fear that he might go and give himself up. Now he could see the girl; the danger from that was as nothing compared with the danger from his own conscience. He had promised Keith not to see her. Keith had been decent and loyal to him—good old Keith! But he would never understand that this girl was now all he cared about in life, that he would rather be cut off from life itself than be cut off from her. Instead of getting less and less, she was getting more and more to him—experience strange and thrilling! Out of deep misery she had grown happy through him; out of a sordid, shifting life recovered coherence and bloom through devotion to him—*him*—of all people in the world! It was a miracle! She demanded nothing of him, adored him as no other woman ever had.

It was this that had anchored his drifting bark—this, and her truthful, mild intelligence, and that burning warmth of a woman who, long treated by men as but a sack of sex, now loves at last.

And, suddenly, mastering that craving to get drunk, he made toward Soho. He had been a fool to give those keys to Keith. She must have been frightened by his visit and, perhaps, doubly miserable since, knowing nothing, imagining everything. Keith was sure to have terrified her. Poor little thing!

Down the street where he had stolen in the dark with the dead body on his back, he almost ran for the cover of her house. The door was opened to him before he knocked; her arms were round his neck, her lips pressed to his. The fire was out, as if she had been unable to remember to keep warm. A stool had been drawn to the window, and there she had evidently been sitting, like a bird in a cage, looking out into the gray street. Though she had been told that he was not to come, instinct had kept her there, or the pathetic, aching hope-against-hope that lovers never part with.

Now that he was there, her first thoughts were for his comfort. The fire was lighted. He must eat, drink, smoke. There was never in her doings any of that "I am doing this for you, but you ought to be doing that for me!" which belongs to most mariages, to some *liaisons*. She was like a devoted slave, so in love with the chains that she never knew she wore them. And to Laurence, who had so little sense of property, this served only to deepen tenderness and the hold she had on him. He had resolved not to tell her of the new danger he ran from his own conscience. But resolutions with him were but the opposites of what was sure to come, and, at last, the words, "They've arrested some one," escaped him.

From her face he knew that she had grasped the danger at once, had divined it, perhaps, before he spoke. But she only twined her arms round him and kissed his lips. And he knew that she was begging him to put his love for her above his conscience. Who would ever have thought that he could feel as he did to this girl? The stained and suffering past of a loved woman awakens in some men only chivalry; in others, more respectable, it rouses a tigerish itch, a rancorous jealousy of what in the

past was given to others. Sometimes it will do both. When he had her in his arms, he felt no remorse for killing the coarse, handsome brute who had ruined her. He savagely rejoiced in it. But when she laid her head in the hollow of his shoulder, turning to him her white face with the faint color staining the parted lips, the cheeks, the eyelids, when her dark, wide-apart, brown eyes gazed up in the happiness of her abandonment—he felt only tenderness and protection.

He left her at five o'clock, and had not gone two streets' length before the memory of the little gray vagabond, screwed back in the far corner of the dock like a baited raccoon, of his dreary, creaking voice, took possession of him again; and a kind of savagery mounted in his brain, against a world where one could be so tortured without having meant harm to anyone.

At the door of his lodgings, Keith was getting out of a cab. They went in together, but neither of them sat down—Keith standing with his back to the carefully shut door, Laurence with his back to the table. And Keith said:

"There's room on that boat. Go down and book your berth before they shut. Here's the money."

"I'm going to stick it out, Keith."

Keith stepped forward and put a roll of notes on the table.

"Now look here, Larry; I've read the police-court proceedings. There's nothing in that. Out of prison or in prison for a few weeks, it's all the same to a night-bird of that sort. Dismiss it from your mind—there's not nearly enough evidence to convict. This gives you your chance. Take it like a man and make a new life for yourself."

Laurence smiled; but the smile had a touch of madness and a touch of malice. He took up the notes.

"Clear out and save the honor of brother Keith? Put them back in your pocket, Keith, or I'll put them in the fire. Come on; take them!" And, crossing to the fire, he held them to the bars.

Keith took back the notes.

"I've still got some kind of conscience, Keith. If I clear out I shall have none—not the rag of any—left. It may be worth more to me than that—I can't tell yet; I can't tell."

There was a long silence before Keith answered.

"I tell you you're mistaken; no jury will convict. If they did, a judge would never hang on it. A ghoul who can rob a dead body *ought* to be in prison. What he did is worse than what you did."

Laurence lifted his face.

"Judge not, brother," he said; "the heart is a dark well."

Keith's yellowish face grew red and swollen, as though he were mastering the tickle of a bronchial cough.

"What are you going to do, then? I suppose I may ask you not to be entirely oblivious of our name; or is such a consideration unworthy of your conscience?"

Laurence bent his head. The gesture said more clearly than words, "Don't kick a man when he's down."

"I don't know what I'm going to do—nothing at present. I'm awfully sorry, Keith, awfully sorry."

Keith looked at him, and, without another word, went out.

VI

To any, save philosophers, reputation may be threatened almost as much by disgrace to name and family as by the disgrace of self. Keith's instinct was to deal actively with danger. But this blow, whether it fell on him by discovery or by confession, could not be countered. As blight falls on a rose from who knows where, the scandalous murk would light on him. No repulse possible! Not even a wriggling from under! Brother of a murderer hanged or sent to penal servitude! His daughter—niece to a murderer! His dead mother—a murderer's mother! And, to wait day after day, week after week, not knowing whether the blow would fall, was an extraordinarily atrocious penance, the injustice of which, to a man of rectitude, seemed daily the more monstrous.

The remand had produced evidence that the murdered man had been drinking heavily on the night of his death, and further evidence of the accused's professional vagabondage and destitution. It was shown, too, that, for some time, the archway in Glove Lane had been his favorite night-haunt. He had been committed for trial in January. At the remand, despite misgivings, Keith had attended the police court. To his great relief, Larry was not there. But the policeman who had come up while

he was looking at the archway and given him, afterward, that scare in the girl's rooms, was chief witness to the fact that the accused man haunted Glove Lane. Though Keith held his silk hat high, he still had the uncomfortable feeling that the fellow had recognized him.

His conscience suffered few, if any, twinges for letting this man rest under the shadow of the murder. He genuinely believed that there was not evidence enough to convict; nor was it for him to appreciate the tortures of a vagabond shut up. The scamp deserved what he had got for robbing a dead body; and, in any case, such a scarecrow was better off in prison than sleeping out under archways in December. Sentiment was foreign to Keith's character, and his justice that of those who subordinate the fates of the weak and shiftless to the needful paramountcy of the strong and well-established.

His daughter came back from school for the Christmas holidays. It was hard to look up from her bright eyes and rosy cheeks and see that shadow hanging above his calm and ordered life, as, in a glowing room, one's eye may catch an impending patch of darkness drawn, like a huge spider-web, across a corner of the ceiling.

On the afternoon of Christmas eve, they went, by her desire, to a church in Soho, where the Christmas oratorio was being given, and, coming away, passed, by chance of a wrong turning, down Borrow Street. Ugh! How that startled moment, when the girl had pressed herself against him in the dark, and her terror-stricken whisper: "Oh! Who is it?" leaped out before him! Always that business—that ghastly business! After the trial he would have another try to get them both away. And he thrust his arm within his little daughter's, hurrying her on—out of that street.

But that evening, when she had gone to bed, he felt uncontrollably restless. He had not seen Larry for weeks. What was he about? What desperations were hatching in that disorderly brain? Was he very miserable; had he, perhaps, sunk into a stupor of debauchery? And the old feeling of protectiveness rose up in him—a warmth born of old Christmas eves, when they had stockings hung out in the night stuffed by a Santa Claus whose hand never failed to tuck them up, whose kiss was their nightly waft into sleep.

Stars were sparkling out there over the river, the sky frosty clear and black. Bells had not begun to ring as yet. And, obeying that obscure, deep impulse, Keith wrapped himself once more into his fur coat, pulled a motoring-cap over his eyes, and sallied forth. In the Strand he took a cab to Fitzroy Street. There was no light in Larry's windows, and, on a card, he saw the words, "To Let." Gone! Had he, after all, cleared out for good? But how—without money? And the girl? Bells were ringing now in the silent frostiness. Christmas eve! And Keith thought: "If only this wretched business were off my mind! Monstrous that one should suffer for the faults of others!"

He took a route that led him past Borrow Street. Solitude brooded there, and he walked resolutely down on the far side, looking hard at the girl's window. There was a light. The curtains just failed to meet, so that a thin gleam shone through. He crossed and deliberately peered in.

He only stood there perhaps twenty seconds; but visual records gleaned in a moment sometimes outlast the visions of hours and days. The electric light was not burning; but, in the center of the room, the girl was kneeling in her nightgown before a little table on which were four lighted candles. Her arms were crossed on her breast; the candle-light shone on her fair cropped hair, on the profile of cheek and chin, on her bowed white neck. For a moment he thought her alone; then, behind her, saw his brother in a sleeping-suit, leaning against the wall, with arms crossed, watching. It was the expression on his face that burned the whole thing in; so that always afterward he was able to see that little scene—such an expression as could never have been on the face of one even faintly conscious that he was watched by any living thing on earth. The whole of Larry's heart and feeling seemed to have come up out of him. Yearning, mockery, love, despair! The depth of his feeling for this girl, his stress of mind, fears, hopes, the flotsam good and evil of his soul, all transfigured there, exposed and unforgettable! The candle-light shone upward on to his face, twisted by the strangest smile; his eyes, darker and more wistful than mortal eyes should be, seemed to beseech and mock the white-clad girl, who, all unconscious, knelt without movement, like a carved



Keith, looking from one to the other, knew that he had never had more need for wariness

figure of devotion. And suddenly Keith saw her stretch out her arms and lift her face with a look of ecstasy, and Laurence starting forward. What had she seen beyond the candle-flames? It is the strange that invests visions with poignancy. Nothing more strange could Keith have seen in this nest of the murky and illicit. But in sheer panic, lest he might be caught thus spying, he drew back and hurried on.

So Larry was living there with her! When the moment came, he could still find him.

Before going in, he stood full five minutes leaning on the terrace parapet before his house, gazing at the star-frosted sky, and the river cut by the trees into black

pools, oiled over by gleams from the Embankment lamps. And, deep down, behind his mere thought, he ached—somehow, somewhere ached. Beyond the cage of all that he saw and heard and thought, he had perceived something he could not reach. But the night was cold, the bells silent, for it had struck twelve. Entering his house, he stole upstairs.

VII

IF, for Keith, those six weeks before the Glove Lane murder-trial came on were fraught with uneasiness and gloom, they were, for Laurence, almost the happiest since his youth. From the moment when he

left his rooms and went to the girl's to live, a kind of peace and exaltation took possession of him. Not by any effort of will did he throw off the nightmare hanging over him. Nor was he drugged by love. He was in a sort of spiritual catalepsy. In face of fate too powerful for his will, his turmoil, anxiety, and even restlessness had ceased; his life floated in the ether of "what must come, will." Out of this catalepsy, his spirit sometimes fell headlong into black waters. In one such whirlpool he was struggling on the night of Christmas eve. When the girl rose from her knees, he asked her, "What did you see?"

Pressing close to him, she drew him down on to the floor before the fire; and they sat, knees drawn up, hands clasped, like two children trying to see over the edge of the world.

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"It was the Virgin I saw. She stood against the wall and smiled. We shall be happy soon."

"When we die," he said suddenly, "let it be together. We shall keep each other warm, out there."

Huddling to him, she whispered:

"Yes, oh, yes! If you die, I could not go on living."

It was this utter dependence on him, the feeling that he had rescued something, which gave him sense of anchorage—that, and his buried life in the retreat of these two rooms. Just for an hour in the morning, from eight to nine, the charwoman would come, but not another soul all day. They never went out together. He would stay in bed late, while she bought what they needed for the day's meals; lying on his back, hands clasped behind his head, recalling her face, the movements of her slim, rounded, supple figure, robing itself before his eyes; feeling again the kiss she had left on his lips, the gleam of her soft eyes, so strangely dark in so fair a face. In a sort of trance he would lie till she came back, then get up, to breakfast, about noon, off things which she had cooked, drinking coffee. In the afternoon he would go out alone and walk for hours, anywhere, so long as it was east. To the east there was always suffering to be seen, always that which soothed him with the feeling that he and his trouble were only a tiny part of trouble; that while so many other sorrowing and shadowy creatures lived, he was not cut off. To go west was to encourage dejection. In the west all was like Keith, successful, immaculate, ordered, resolute. He would come back tired out, and sit watching her cook their little dinner. Queer trance of an existence, that both were too afraid to break! No sign from her of wanting those excitements which girls who have lived her life, even a few months, are supposed to need. She never asked him to take her anywhere; never, in word, deed, look, seemed anything but almost rapturously content. And yet he knew, and she knew, that they were only waiting to see whether Fate would turn her thumb down on them. He did not drink, these days. Out of his quarter's money, when it came in, he had paid his debts—their expenses were very small. He never went to see Keith, never wrote to him, hardly thought of him. And from those dread apparitions—Walenn lying

with the breath choked out of him, and the little, gray, driven animal in the dock—he hid as only a man can who must hide or be destroyed. But daily he bought a newspaper and feverishly scanned its columns.

VIII

COMING out of the Law Courts on the afternoon of the twenty-eighth of January, at the triumphant end of a desperately fought will case, Keith saw on a poster the words, "Glove Lane Murder: Trial and Verdict," and with a rush of dismay, he thought, "Good God, I never looked at the paper this morning!" The elation that had filled him a second before, the absorption he had felt for two days, now, in the case so hardly won seemed suddenly quite sickeningly trivial. What on earth had he been doing to forget that horrible business, even for an instant? He stood quite still on the crowded pavement, unable, really unable, to buy a paper. But his face was like a piece of iron when he did step forward and hold his penny out. There it was!

Glove Lane Murder. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. Sentence of death was passed.

His first sensation was simple irritation. How had they come to commit such an imbecility? Monstrous! The evidence! Then the futility of even reading the report, of even considering how they had come to record such a verdict struck him with savage suddenness. There it was, and nothing he could do or say would alter it; no condemnation of this idiotic verdict would help reverse it. The situation was desperate indeed! That five minutes' walk from the Law Courts to his chambers was the longest he had ever taken.

Men of decided character little know beforehand what they will do in certain contingencies. For the imaginations of decided people do not endow mere contingencies with sufficient actuality. Keith had never really settled what he was going to do if this man were condemned. Often, in those past weeks, he had said to himself, "Of course, if they bring him in guilty, that's another thing!" But, now that they had, he was beset by exactly the same old arguments and feelings, the same instincts of loyalty and protection toward Laurence and himself, intensified by the fearful imminence of the danger. And yet, here was

this man about to be hanged for a thing he had not done! Nothing could get over that. But, then, he was such a worthless vagabond, a ghoul who had robbed a dead body. If Larry were condemned in his stead, would there be any less miscarriage of justice? To strangle a brute who had struck you by the accident of keeping your hands on his throat a few seconds too long, was there any more guilt in that—was there even as much—as in deliberate theft from a dead man? Reverence for order, for justice and established fact will often march shoulder to shoulder with Jesuitry in natures to whom success is vital.

In the narrow stone passage leading to his staircase, a friend had called out: "Bravo, Darrant! That was a squeak! Congratulations!" And with a bitter little smile, Keith thought: "Congratulations! I!" At the first possible moment he hurried back to the Strand, hailed a cab, and told the man to put him down at a turning near to Borrow Street.

It was the girl who opened to his knock. Startled, clasping her hands, she looked strange to Keith in her black skirt and blouse of some soft, velvety stuff, the color of faded roses. Her round, rather long throat was bare; and Keith noticed fretfully that she wore gold earrings. Her eyes, so pitch dark against her white face, and the short, fair hair that curled into her neck seemed both to search and to plead.

"My brother?"

"He is not in, sir, yet."

"Do you know where he is?"

"No."

"He is living with you here now?"

"Yes."

"Are you still as fond of him as ever?"

With a movement, as though she despaired of words, she clasped her hands over her heart. And he said,

"I see."

He had the same strange feeling as on his first visit to her, and when, through the chink in the curtains, he had watched her kneeling—of pity mingled with some faint sexual emotion. And, crossing to the fire, he asked,

"May I wait for him?"

"Oh, please! Will you sit down?"

But Keith shook his head. And with a catch in her breath, she said:

"You will not take him from me. I should die."

He turned round on her sharply.

"I don't want him taken from you. I want to help you keep him. Are you ready to go away at any time?"

"Yes; oh, yes!"

"And he?"

She answered almost in a whisper,

"Yes; but there is that poor man."

"That poor man is a graveyard thief, a hyena, a ghoul, not worth consideration." And the rasp in his own voice surprised him.

"Ah!" she sighed. "But I am sorry for him. Perhaps he was hungry. I have been hungry—you do things then that you would not. And perhaps he has no one to love. If you have no one to love, you can be very bad. I think of him often in prison."

Between his teeth, Keith muttered,

"And Laurence?"

"We do never speak of it. We are afraid."

"He's not told you, then, about the trial?"

Her eyes dilated.

"The trial? Oh, he was strange last night! This morning, too, he got up early. Is it—is it over?"

"Yes."

"What has come?"

"Guilty."

For a moment, Keith thought she was going to faint. She had closed her eyes and swayed so that he took a step and put his hands on her arms.

"Listen!" he said. "Help me; don't let Laurence out of your sight. We must have time. They can't be going to hang this man. I must have time, I tell you. You must prevent his giving himself up."

She had opened her eyes at his words, and now stood stone-still, staring in his face, while he still held her arms, gripping into her soft flesh through the velvety sleeves.

"Do you understand?"

"Yes; but if he has already?"

Keith felt the shiver that ran through her. And the thought rushed into his mind: "My God! Suppose the police come round while I'm here!" He let go her arms. If Larry had indeed gone to them—no reason for himself to be involved more than he must be, anyway! If that policeman who had seen him here the night after the murder should find him here again, just after the verdict! He said almost fiercely:

"Can I trust you not to let Larry out of your sight? Quick! Answer!"

Clasping her hands to her breast, she answered humbly, "I will try."

He could not afford to be affected, and, still more brusquely, said:

"If he hasn't already done this, watch him like a lynx! Don't let him go out without you. I'll come to-morrow morning early. You're a Catholic, aren't you? Swear to me that you won't let him do anything till he's seen me again."

She did not answer, looking past him at the door. Keith heard a key in the latch. There was Laurence himself, holding in his hand a great bunch of pink lilies and white narcissus. His face was pale and haggard. He said quietly,

"Hallo, Keith!"

The girl had not moved. Her eyes were fastened on Larry's face; and Keith, looking from one to the other, knew that he had never had more need for wariness.

"Have you seen?" he said.

Laurence nodded. His expression, as a rule so telltale of his emotions, baffled Keith utterly.

"Well?"

"I've been expecting it."

"The thing can't stand—that's certain. But I must have time to look into the report. I must have time to see what I can do—d'you understand me, Larry?—I must have time." He knew he was talking at random. The only thing really was to get them clean away at once, out of reach of confession; but he dared not say so.

"Promise me that you'll do nothing, that you won't go out even till I've seen you to-morrow morning."

Again Laurence nodded. And Keith looked at the girl. Would she, could she see that he did not break that promise? Her eyes were still fixed immovably on Larry's face. And with the feeling that he could get no further, Keith turned to go.

"Promise me," he said.

Laurence answered,

"I promise."

He was smiling. Keith could make nothing of that smile or-of the expression in the girl's eyes. And saying, "I have your promise; I rely on it," he went.

IX

To keep from any woman, who loves, knowledge of her lover's mood is as hard as to keep music from moving the heart.

But when that woman has lived in suffering and for the first time knows the comfort of love, then let the lover try as he may to disguise his heart—no use! Yet, by virtue of subtler abnegation, she will often succeed in keeping it from him that she knows. For the nature of a man, no matter how unstable and outcast, is to be lost in his own resolves, and unconscious that his heart is being read.

When Keith was gone, the girl made no outcry, asked no questions, managed that Larry should not suspect her intuition; all that evening she acted as if she knew of nothing preparing within him and, through him, within herself.

His words, caresses, the very zest with which he helped her to prepare the feast, the flowers he had brought, the wine he made her drink, the avoidance of any word that could spoil their happiness, all—all told her. He was too inexorably gay and loving. Not for her—to whom every word and every kiss had uncannily the desperate value of a last word and kiss—not for her to deprive herself of these by any sign or gesture that might betray her prescience. Poor soul—she took all, and would have taken more, a hundredfold! She did not want to drink the wine he kept tilting into her glass, but, with the pathetic acceptance learned by women who have lived her life, she did not refuse. She had never refused him anything. So much had been required of her by the detestable, that anything required by the loved one was but an honor.

Laurence drank deeply; but he had never felt clearer, never seen things more vividly. The wine gave him what he wanted—an edge on these few hours of pleasure, an exaltation of energy. It dulled his sense of pity, too. It was pity he was afraid of—for himself and for this girl. An itch for beauty possessed him—to make even this poor, tawdry room look beautiful, with fire-light and candle-light, dark-amber wine in the glasses, tall, pink lilies spilling their saffron, exuding their hot perfume—an itch that she and even himself might look their best. And, with a weight as of lead on her heart, she managed that for him, letting him strew her with flowers and crush them together with herself. Not even music was lacking to their feast. Some one was playing a pianola across the street, and the sound, very faint, came stealing when they were silent, swelling, sinking, festive, mourn-



DRAWN BY ARTHUR L. WELLEN

And such a shudder shook Keith that he had to grasp the brass rail above their heads

ful—having a far-off life of its own, like the flickering fire-flames or the delicate lilies between the candles. Listening to that music, he lay like one recovering from a swoon. No parting—none! But sleep, as the firelight sleeps when flames die, as music sleeps on its deserted strings! And the girl watched him.

It was nearly ten when he bade her go to bed. And after she had gone, obedient, into the bedroom, he brought ink and paper down by the fire. It was strange to himself that he—the drifter, the unstable, the good-for-nothing—did not falter. One would have thought, when it came to the point, he would fail himself. A sort of rage bore him on. They would take from him the one thing he loved, cut him off from her, sand up his only well in the desert. Curse them! And he wrote, cross-legged in the firelight that mellowed the white sheets of paper; while against the dark curtain, the girl, in her night-dress, unconscious of the cold, stood watching.

Men, when they drown, remember their pasts. Like the lost poet, he had "gone with the wind." Now it was for him to be true in his fashion. Not really so very strange that he did not falter! A man may falter for weeks and weeks, consciously, subconsciously, even in his dreams, till there comes that moment when the only thing impossible is to go on faltering. The black cap—the little, driven, gray man looking up at it with a sort of wonder—faltering had ceased!

He had finished now, and was but staring into the fire.

No more, no more, the moon is dead
And all the people in it;
The poppy-maidens strew the bed,
We'll come in half a minute.

Why did doggerel start up in the mind like that? A weed-flower—become so rare—to part from the world were easier! The fire, the candles, and the fire—no more the flame and flicker!

And, by the dark curtain, the girl watched.

X

KEITH went, not home but to his club, and, in the room devoted to the reception of guests, empty at this hour, he sat down and read the report of the trial. The fools had made out a case that looked black enough! And, for a long time, on the thick

soft carpet that let out no sound of footfall, he paced up and down, thinking. He might see the defending counsel, might surely do that as an expert who thought there had been miscarriage of justice. They must appeal; a petition, too, might be started in the last event. The thing could—must be—put right yet, if only Larry and that girl did nothing!

He had no appetite, but the custom of dining is too strong. And while he ate, he glanced with irritation at his fellow members. They looked so at their ease. Unjust! Unjust—that this black cloud should hang over one as blameless as any of them! Friends, connoisseurs of such things—a judge among them—came specially to his table to express their admiration of his conduct of that will case. To-night he had real excuse for pride, but he felt none. Yet, in that well-warmed, quietly glowing room, filled with decorously eating, decorously talking men, he gained insensibly some comfort. This, surely, was reality; that shadowy business out there but as the drear sound of a wind that one could and did keep out, but as the poverty and grime that had no real existence for the secure and prosperous. He drank champagne. It helped to fortify reality, to make shadows seem more shadowy. And, down in the smoking-room, he sat before the fire, in one of those chairs that embalm after-dinner dreams. He had earned rest. He grew sleepy there, and at eleven o'clock rose to go home. But when he had once passed down the shallow marble steps, out through the revolving door that let in no drafts, he was visited by fear, as if he had drawn it in with the breath of the January wind. Larry's face, and the girl watching it! Why had she watched like that? Larry's smile, and the flowers in his hand! Buying flowers at such a moment! The girl was his slave. Whatever he told her, she would do. But she would never be able to stop him. At this very moment he might be rushing to give himself up!

His hand, thrust deep into the pocket of his fur coat, came in contact suddenly with something cold. The keys Larry had given him two months ago! There they had lain forgotten ever since. That chance touch decided him. He turned off toward Borrow Street, walking at full speed. He could but go again and see. He would sleep better if he knew that he had left no stone unturned.

At the corner of that dismal street he had to wait for solitude before he made for the house that he now loathed with such deadly loathing. He opened the outer door and shut it to behind him. He would not make that mistake a second time. The same dim gaslight in the passage, the same smell of oilcloth! He knocked, but no one came. Perhaps they had gone to bed. Again and again he knocked, then opened the door, stepped in, and closed it carefully. Candles lighted, the fire burning, cushions thrown on the floor in front of it strewn with flowers! The table, too, covered with them, and with the remnants of a meal. Through the half-drawn curtain he could see that the inner room was also lighted. Had they gone out, leaving everything like this? Gone out! To do—what? His heart beat sickeningly. Bottles! Larry had been drinking!

Had it really come? Must he go back home with this murk on him—knowing that his brother was a confessed and branded murderer? He went quickly to that half-drawn curtain and looked in. In the corner against the wall he saw a bed, and those two in it, asleep. And he recoiled in sheer amazement and relief. Asleep! Asleep with curtain undrawn, lights left on? Asleep through all his knocking? They must both be drunk. The blood rushed up in his neck, and he stood shivering. Asleep! And, suddenly, rushing forward again, he called out, "Larry!" beating on the woodwork loudly. With a gasp he went toward the bed and cried again, "Larry!" No answer! No movement! Seizing his brother's shoulder, he shook it violently. It felt cold. They were lying in each other's arms, breast to breast, lips to lips, their faces livid in the electric light shining above the dressing-table by the foot of the bed. And such a shudder shook Keith that he had to grasp the brass rail above their heads. Then he bent down, and wetting his finger, placed it close to their joined lips. A swoon? No two could ever swoon so utterly as that; not even a drunken sleep could be so fast. His wet finger felt not the faintest stir of air, nor was there any movement in the pulses of their hands. No breath! No life! Dead? The eyes of the girl were closed. How strangely innocent she looked! Larry's open eyes seemed to be gazing at her shut eyes; but Keith saw that they were sight-

less. With a sort of sob he drew down the lids. Then, by an impulse that he could never have explained, he laid a hand on his brother's head, and a hand on the girl's fair hair. The clothes had fallen down a little from her shoulder; he pulled them up, as if to keep her warm, and caught the glint of metal; a tiny gilt crucifix, no longer than a thumb nail, on a thread of steel chain, had slipped down from her breast into the hollow of the arm that lay round Larry's neck. Keith buried it beneath the clothes. Then, for the first time, he noticed an envelop pinned to the coverlet, and, bending down, read: "Please give this at once to the police. Laurence Darrant!" Snatching, he thrust it into his pocket. And, like elastic stretched beyond its uttermost, his reason, will, faculties of calculation and resolve snapped to within him. He thought with incredible swiftness: "I must know nothing of this! I must go!" And almost before he knew that he had moved, he was out again in the street.

He could never have told of what he thought while he was walking home. He did not really come to himself till he was in his study. There, with a trembling hand, he poured himself out whisky and drank it off. If he had not chanced to go there, the charwoman would have found them when she came in the morning, and given that envelop to the police! He took it out. He had a right—a right to know what was in it! He broke it open.

I, Laurence Darrant, about to die by my own hand, declare that this is a solemn and true confession. I committed what is known as the "Glove Lane murder" on the night of November the twenty-seventh last in the following way—

On and on to the last words:

We didn't want to die; but we could not bear separation, and I couldn't face letting an innocent man be hanged for me. I do not see any other way. I beg that there may be no post-mortem on our bodies. The stuff we have taken is some of that which will be found on the dressing-table. Please bury us together.

LAURENCE DARRANT.

January 28th, about ten o'clock P.M.

Full five minutes Keith stood with those sheets of paper in his hand, while the clock ticked, the wind moaned a little in the trees outside, the flames licked the logs with the quiet click and ruffle of their intense far-away life down there in the hearth. Then he roused himself and sat down to read the whole again. There it was, just as Larry

had told it to him—nothing left out, very clear, even to the addresses of people who could identify the girl as having once been Walenn's wife or mistress. It would convince. Yes; it would convince.

The sheets dropped from his hand. Very slowly he was grasping the appalling fact that on the floor beside his chair lay the life or death of yet another man; that, by taking this confession, he had taken into his own hands the fate of the vagabond lying under sentence of death; that he could not give him back his life without incurring the smirch of this disgrace, without even endangering himself. If he let this confession reach the authorities, he could never escape the gravest suspicion that he had known of the whole affair during these two months. He would have to attend the inquest, and be recognized by that policeman as having come to the archway to see where the body had lain, as having visited the girl the very evening after the murder. Who would believe in the mere coincidence of such visits on the part of the murderer's brother? But apart from that suspicion, the fearful scandal that so sensational an affair must make would mar his career, his life, his little daughter's life. Larry's suicide with this poor girl would make sensation enough as it was—but nothing to that other! Such a death had its romance, involved him in no way save as a mourner, could, perhaps, even be hushed up. The other—nothing could hush that up, nothing prevent its ringing to the housetops.

He got up from his chair in sheer agitation, and, for many minutes, roamed up and down the room, unable to get his mind to bear on the issue at all. Images kept starting up before him. The face of the man who handed him wig and gown each morning, puffy and curious, with a sort of leer on it that he had never noticed before; his young daughter's face, with lifted eyebrows, mouth drooping, eyes troubled; the tiny gilt crucifix glinting in the hollow of the dead girl's arm; the sightless look in Larry's unclosed eyes; even his own thumb and finger pulling the lids down. And then he saw a street and endless people passing, turning to stare at him. And, stopping in his tramp, he said aloud: "Let them go to hell! Seven days wonder!" Was he not trustee to that confession? Trustee! After all, he had done nothing to be ashamed of, even if he had kept knowledge dark. A

brother! Who could blame him? And he picked up those sheets of paper. But then, like a great, murky hand, the scandal spread itself about him; its coarse malignant voice seemed shouting: "Paiper! Paiper! Glove Lane murder. Suicide and confession of brother of well-known K. C.—well-known K. C.'s brother! Murder and suicide! Paiper!" Was he, who had done nothing, to smirch his own little daughter's life, to smirch his dead brother, their dead mother—himself, his own valuable, important future? And all for a rat, a sewer-rat! Let him hang; let the fellow hang if he must! And that was not certain. Appeal! Petition! He might—he should be saved! To have got thus far, and then, by his own action, topple himself down!

With a sudden, darting movement he thrust the confession in among the burning coals. And a smile licked at the folds in his dark face, like those flames licking the sheets of paper till they writhed and blackened. With the toe of his boot he dispersed their scorched and crumbling wafer. Stamp them in! Stamp in that man's life! Burnt! No more doubts, no more of this gnawing fear! Burnt? A man—an innocent—Sewer-rat! Poison! Recoiling from the fire, he grasped his forehead. It was burning hot and seemed to be going round.

Well, it was done! Only fools without will or purpose regretted. And, suddenly, he laughed. So Larry had died for nothing! Nothing! He had no will, no purpose, and he was dead! He and that girl might now have been living, away at the other end of the world, instead of lying dead in the cold night here! Fools and weaklings regretted, suffered from conscience and remorse. A man trod firmly, held to his purpose, no matter what!

He went to the window and drew back the curtain. What—what was that? A gibbet in the air—a body hanging? Ah! Only the trees—the dark trees! The winter skeleton-trees! But, recoiling, he returned to his arm-chair and sat down before the fire. Yes; it had been shining like that, the lamp turned low, his chair drawn up, when Larry came in that afternoon two months ago. Bah! He had never come at all! It was a nightmare. He had been asleep. And, leaping up, he looked at the calendar on his bureau. "January the twenty-eighth!" No dream! No dream! His face hardened and darkened. On! Not like Larry! On!

What's in a Name?

CARROLL McCOMAS has done her best to make up to her father, Judge C. C. McComas, for the disappointment she caused him in failing to be born a boy. When he insisted upon going through with his prepared program, notwithstanding her sex, and named her Charles Carroll McComas, her family history records that she dimpled sweetly and never whimpered. And later, as she grew up in her Los Angeles home, she learned to whistle better than any boy in the block, just as though she were determined to do her best to make the judge feel that there really was another man around the house.

As "Carroll the McComas was for credit to vaudeville, and then she went into musical comedy,

Whistler" Miss some years a deville, and

PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE



There was a reason for naming her Charles Carroll McComas



Carroll McComas, in the new war-time drama, "Inside the Lines"

where she continued to acquire a reputation on the same side of the public's ledger. And this season, as the smart little heroine of "Inside the Lines," she made a place for herself in the record of worthy performances.



Scene from
"Androcles
and the Lion"

Lavinia

Jennifer, in
"The Doctor's
Dilemma"



The
Dumb
Wife

KKNOWN professionally as Lillah McCarthy, a tall, straight, handsome, and talented woman, Mrs. Granville Barker has materially strengthened her husband's first campaign as a producing manager in America by playing the four leading feminine rôles in his productions—the wife, in "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife;" Lavinia, in "Androcles and the Lion;" Helena, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Jennifer, in "The Doctor's Dilemma."

Of the four she believes she gets the most fun out of the dumb wife, a twenty-minute romp with a bouncing, farcical finish.

"It is like a cocktail before dinner," she explains, "when we play it in front of 'Androcles.' It spurs us up for the evening. Lavinia, who follows in the Shaw play, is quite a serious young person, a philosophically heroic Christian martyr, ready to sacrifice herself for her faith as willingly as she would give her life to save her best beloved friend.

"Helena in 'The Dream' is my chocolate-and-flower girl. For some reason, when I put on her blond wig and fair coloring, she seems to inspire a great regard for her girlish virtues. Flowers and candy and prettily worded notes are very often Helena's portion.

"Jennifer I like, as I like all the Bernard Shaw



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY WHITE

and the Lion

women. She is wholesomely serious, splendidly maternal. And she has a delicate sense of humor that adds much to her attractiveness. She is the type of woman Mr. Shaw finds most persistently exasperating, he says, but the type before whose attack he probably would be the first to succumb."

We have with us to-day, also in pictorial prominence on this page, one lion. He is, outside the skin of his part, Mr. Philip Dwyer, and he plays opposite Androcles with such compelling humor in the Shaw play that he shares honors with the regular actors.

Mr. Dwyer, it happens, is not an importation of Mr. Barker's. He belongs to America, and he first found himself inside a lion's skin at the Hippodrome, in New York. Before he took up stage work he had been a jockey, and it was his skill as a rider that brought him to the attention of one who was staging a big



Lavinia and
the Lion

melodrama in which a troop of cavalry or something of the sort was featured.

Vivian in Wonderland

"WHAT would you most like to be when you are a grown-up actress?" asked the Walrus, looking as much like an interviewer as possible.

"I don't know, sir—not now," replied Alice, still in Wonderland. (She is really Vivian Tobin, aged twelve, but everyone around the theater calls her "Alice," so perfectly does she make Lewis Carroll's famous little heroine visible.) "I did think, when I was lots younger, that I should prefer to be a great emotional actress like Mrs. Leslie Carter. I was playing with her then in 'Zaza,' and after that I was with her in 'Kassa,' though first of all I was with Laurette Taylor in 'Yosemite.' But since then I have played so many parts and had so many ambitions, it is hard to choose. I guess I would like best to do a little bit of everything, even musical comedy."

"Tut, tut," said the Walrus impolitely; "you can't sing, too, can you?"

"Oh, yes, I can—a little."

"But I should



Vivian
Tobin, as
Alice

Trial of the Jack of Hearts.
"Alice in Wonderland"

think you would like most going on being yourself, just Alice. You do it so well," insisted the Walrus, with a crude attempt at gallantry.

"But I must grow up, mustn't I? I love playing Alice—she's so natural and so easy for me to understand. It isn't like work at all, except sometimes on Saturday, when we have three performances. Then I get a little tired."

"But," demanded the Walrus, "do you spend all

"And give up acting?"

"No, no; I couldn't do that. But, some day, perhaps——"

"Perhaps," said the Walrus, not wanting to be too pleasant, but feeling deep inside his blubbery heart that if she could go on being as sweet and gentle and convincing in other rôles as she is in

this one of the little girl who stepped through



So perfectly does she make Lewis Carroll's famous little heroine visible



your time in the theater and neglect your studies?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" answered Alice proudly. "I go to the public school every day. And on matinée days I am excused just in time to get to the theater. Oh, I wouldn't give up school for anything! That's what I'm saving for—so I can go on studying."

a looking-glass paradise of adventure there was little in of professional success would be denied

In the company there is brother my, who is the White Rabbit. For Tommy, Vivian says, the most important thing about the theater is his salary; but she really loves it.

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pany Tom- is the

Marjorie Toes the Mark

A VERY few years ago, Marjorie Bentley, now a fluffy bit of a ballet dancer in "Chin-Chin," was fourteen years old and addicted to the international repertoire any gracefully active young woman of fourteen acquires at dancing-school—Spanish

habañeras, Italian tarantellas, Teutonic waltzes, and sailors' horn-pipes. At which time, Marjorie's mother, convinced her child was headed for the professional stage, advised her to devote three years to study in the ballet school connected with the Metropolitan Opera, in New

York. Before the end of the second year, Miss Bentley had become a regular member of the Metropolitan ballet.

"Toward the end of this year," she says, "I danced at a benefit, and the manager of 'The Silver Slipper' company saw me. He offered me a position. I explained about my contract, but he arranged for my release. So I was with 'The Silver Slipper' all last season, and I've been with 'Chin-Chin' all this season. Haven't I been lucky?"



PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE

A fluffy bit of a ballet dancer in "Chin-Chin"

The Sleep-maker

Craig Kennedy, supreme expert in those subtle methods of crime which recent investigations and discoveries of scientists have made possible, and even—it is not too much to say—practical, scents a really new experience when the perturbed Broadhurst comes to him. And, as events prove, he is quite right. Little did the great scientist from Berlin think, when he gave the results of his research to the world, that such use would be made of his discovery. As Kennedy says, not even the most expert physician or chemist would ever suspect the cause of the death which his own detective insight and scientific knowledge enable him to uncover.

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Sixth Sense," "The Absolute Zero," and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

"**P**ERHAPS race-horses may be a little out of your line, Mr. Kennedy, but I think you will find the case sufficiently interesting to warrant you in taking it up."

Our visitor was a young man, one of the most carefully groomed and correctly dressed I have ever met. His card told us that we were honored by a visit from Montague Broadhurst, a noted society whip, who had lavished many thousands of dollars on his racing-stable out on Long Island.

"You see," he went on hurriedly, "there have been a good many strange things that have happened to my horses lately." He paused a moment, then continued: "They have been losing consistently. Take my favorite, Lady Lee, for instance."

"Do you think they have been doped?" asked Kennedy quickly, eager to get down to the point at issue, for I had never known Craig to be interested in racing.

"I don't know," replied the young millionaire, drawing his eyelids together reflectively. "I've had the best veterinary in the country to look my stable over, and he can't seem to find a thing that's wrong."

"Perhaps a visit out there might show us something," cut in Kennedy, as though he were rather favorably impressed, after all, by the novelty of the case.

Broadhurst's face brightened.

"Then you will take it up—you are interested?" he queried, adding, "My car is outside."

"I'm interested in anything that prom-

ises a new experience," returned Craig, "and I think this affair may be of that sort."

Broadhurst's stable was out on central Long Island, not far from the pretty and fashionable town of Northbury. As we passed down the main street, I could see that Broadhurst was easily the most popular of the wealthy residents of the neighborhood. In fact, the Broadhurst racing-stables were a sort of local industry, one of the show-places of Northbury.

As we swung out again into the country, we could see ahead of us some stable-boys working out several fine thoroughbreds on Broadhurst's private track, while a group of grooms and rubbers watched them.

The stable itself was a circular affair of frame, painted dark red, which contrasted sharply with the green of the early-summer trees. Broadhurst's car pulled up before a large office and lounging-room at one end, above which Murchie, his manager and trainer, had his suite of rooms.

The office into which Broadhurst led us was decidedly "horsy." About the place were handsomely mounted saddles, bridles, and whips, more for exhibition than for use. In velvet-lined cases were scores of glittering bits. All the appointments were brass-mounted. Sporting-prints, trophies, and Mission easy chairs made the room most attractive.

Before a desk sat Murchie. As I looked at him, I thought that he had a cruel expression about his eyes, a predatory mouth and chin. He rose quickly at the sight of Broadhurst.

The Sleep-maker

"Murchie, I would like to have you meet my friends, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Jameson," introduced Broadhurst. "They are very much interested in horses, and I want you to show them about the place and let them see everything."

We chatted a moment, and then went out to look at the horses.

In the center of the circular group of stalls was a lawn. The stalls of the racers in training were large box stalls.

"You have certainly trained a great horse in Lady Lee," remarked Kennedy casually, as we made our way around the ring of stalls.

Murchie looked up at him quickly.

"Until the last few races, I thought so," he replied, stopping before the stall of the famous racer and opening the door.

Lady Lee was a splendid three-year-old bay, a quivering, sensitive, high-strung animal. Murchie looked at her moment, then at us.

"A horse, you know," he said reflectively, "is just as ambitious to win a race as you are to win success, but must have hard training. I keep horses in training eight or nine months out of the year. I get them into shape in the early spring and am very careful what they eat. If they get a vacation, they may eat green foods, carrots, and grass in open field; but when we prepare them for the ring or a race, they must have grain, bran, and soft foods. They must have careful grooming to put the coats in first-class condition, must be kept exquisitely clean, with the best ventilation."

"How about exercise?" asked Kennedy.

"Well," replied Murchie, "I work out horses according to age, with the distance for fast work gradually increased."

Our trip through the wonderful stable over, we returned to the office, Murchie walking ahead with Broadhurst. As we reached the door, Broadhurst turned to us.

"I hope you will pardon me," he said, "but there is some business up at the house that I must attend to."

"Oh, Mr. Broadhurst," interjected Murchie, "before you go back to town, I want to talk over with you some of the changes that ought to be made about the boys here, as well as their food and quarters."

"All right," returned Broadhurst; "jump into the car and ride with me. We can talk on the way, and you can come right back. I'll pick you gentlemen up later."

Kennedy nodded, quick to perceive the cue that Broadhurst had given him to watch the stables without Murchie watching us.

We sat down in the office, and I looked about at the superb fittings.

"Do you think it is possible for an owner to make a financial success of racing without betting?" I asked Kennedy.

"Possible, but highly improbable," returned Craig. "I believe they consider that they have an excellent year whenever they clear expenses. I don't know about Broadhurst, but I believe that a good many owners don't bet on their horses. They have seen the glaring crookedness of the thing, especially if they have happened to be officers of jockey clubs or stewards of various race-meets. Personally, I should think a man of Broadhurst's stamp would not permit himself to be made a victim of the leeches of the turf—although he may wager a bit, just to give zest to the race. American racing has often been called a purely gambling affair, and I think, before we get through, that we shall see the reason for much of the public opposition to it."

Just then a small man entered the office, and, seeing us, asked for Mr. Murchie. His face was pinched and thin. He wore the latest cut of clothes, but was so very slight that his garments hung loosely on him. One could well imagine that he had tried all sorts of schemes to keep himself down toward the hundred-and-ten-or-twelve-pound mark. He was the very type of jockey. He introduced himself to us as Danny McGee, and I recognized at once the famous twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year rider who had so often successfully defended the Broadhurst colors.

"Mr. Murchie has gone up to the house," replied Kennedy to his inquiry.

McGee looked us over a minute.

"Friends of his?" he asked, in a confidential tone. Kennedy smiled.

"Of Mr. Broadhurst's," he said quietly.

There was a noticeable change in McGee's manner.

"Just out here to look the stable over," went on Kennedy; "a wonderful place."

"Yes; we think so," assented McGee.

"It seems strange," ventured Kennedy, "that, with all this care, Lady Lee should not be keeping up to her record."

McGee glanced at us keenly.

"I don't understand it myself," he said.

"I suppose lots of people must think it is the



DRAWN BY WILL FORSTER

The fellow who had been seated with Cecilie was struggling with him for the possession of a pistol

The Sleep-maker

fault of the jockey, but I have certainly earned my salary lately with that filly. I don't know what's the matter. I've done the best I can, but there's something wrong."

He spoke with an air of genuine worry, and, although I tried hard, I must confess that I found it impossible to fathom him.

"The filly," he added, "has her regular work-out and the regular feed, and yet she seems to be all tired out most of the time. Even the veterinaries can't seem to find out what's the matter."

An awkward silence followed, during which both Kennedy and myself endeavored to conceal our ignorance of horses by saying nothing about them. Finally, McGee rose and excused himself, saying that he would be back soon.

There were still a few minutes before Murchie would be likely to return. Without saying a word, Kennedy rose and opened the door which led into the stable. Across the lawn in the center we could see a man's figure rapidly retreating through the main entrance, and, somehow or other, I felt that at the sound of the opening of our door he hastened his pace.

Kennedy walked quickly around the circle of box stalls until he came again to Lady Lee. He entered the stall and looked the famous racer over carefully. I was wondering what, if anything, he expected to find, when, almost before I knew it, I saw him jab a little hypodermic needle into her neck and withdraw a few drops of blood.

Lady Lee reared and snorted, but Kennedy managed to quiet her. He returned the hypodermic, with these few drops of blood, carefully into its case again, and we made our way back to the office.

A few minutes later, the drone of Broadhurst's car told us that Murchie had returned. We resumed the talk about horses, up-stairs in Murchie's own apartment, which consisted of living-rooms, a library, and bath. It was a luxuriously appointed place, in keeping with the tastes of its occupant. We sat down in the library.

I was quite interested in looking about me. For one thing, Murchie's idea of art seemed to be a curious blending of horse and woman. There were pictures of all the string of Broadhurst winners, interspersed with Venuses and actresses.

On a little table I noticed, at length, a colored photograph in an oval gilt frame. It was of a very beautiful girl. She was

something over medium height, with a fine figure, golden hair, and deep-blue eyes. Somehow, I recalled that I had seen that face before, and when I caught Kennedy looking at it from time to time, I was certain of it.

Suddenly it flashed over me that the picture had been published in the *Star*. It was Cecilie Safford. I remembered having read of Murchie's escapades, one of which was his elopement with a pretty young stenographer whom he had met at the horse show a couple of years before.

The talk ran along about horses still, but I noticed that Kennedy was even more interested in Murchie's pictures, now, than in his conversation. In the place of honor, over the mantel, hung a portrait, in an artistic panel, of a slender girl with dark hair and hazel eyes, with a soft, swanlike throat and neck, and a somewhat imperious manner of carrying her head.

I followed Craig's glance across the room. There, in a frame upon the wall in a corner, hung an enlargement of a group-photograph. It was of a middle-aged woman, a little boy, and a little girl. Then I remembered the whole story.

At the time of his elopement, Murchie had a wife living. Since then he had been divorced. Although he had promised to marry Cecilie when the divorce was obtained, he was now engaged to marry a wealthy girl, Amélie Guernsey.

Broadhurst returned shortly for us, and we made another tour of the stable, on the outside, including the quarters of the innumerable employees. Finally, at a hint from Kennedy that we had seen enough for the present, Broadhurst motored back to the city with us. That night, instead of going to the laboratory, we walked down Broadway until we came to a hotel much frequented by the sporting fraternity.

"Let's go in here," said Kennedy.

We entered the restaurant, which was one of the most brilliant in the white-light region, took a seat at a table, and Kennedy proceeded to ingratiate himself with the waiter, and, finally, with the head waiter. At last, I saw why Kennedy was apparently wasting so much time over dinner.

"Do you happen to know that girl, Cecilie Safford, that Broadhurst's trainer, Murchie, eloped with?" he asked.

The head waiter nodded.

"I used to know her," he replied. "She

used to come in here a good deal, but you won't find her in the Broadway places any more these days. She's more likely to be over on Eighth Avenue." He mentioned the name of a cabaret saloon.

Kennedy paid the check and again we started out. We finally entered a place, down in a basement, and once more Kennedy began to quiz the waiter.

This time he had no trouble. Across the room, the waiter pointed to a girl, seated with a young fellow at a round table. I could scarcely believe what I saw. The face had the same features as that of the photograph in the oval gilt frame in Murchie's apartment, but it was not the same face.

As I studied her, I could imagine her story without even hearing it. The months of waiting for Murchie to marry her and his callous refusal had been her ruin. Cecilie had learned to drink, and from that had gone to drugs.

Her mirror must have told her that she was not the same girl who had eloped with Murchie. Her figure had lost its slim, beautiful lines. Her features were bloated. Her eyes were smaller, and her lips were heavy. Her fresh color had disappeared. She had a gray, pasty look. All she had—her beauty—had vanished.

Murchie had been divorced, and was about to marry—but not Cecilie. It was to a young and lovely girl, with such a face of innocence as Cecilie had when Murchie had first dictated a letter to her in the office at the horse show, and had fascinated her with his glittering talk of wealth and ease. The news of his engagement had driven her frantic.

Curiously enough, the young fellow with her did not seem to be dissipated in the least. There was, on the contrary, an earnestness about him that one was rather sorry to see in such a place. In fact, he was a clean-cut young man, evidently more of a student than a sport. He reminded me of some one I had seen before.

I was getting rather interested in an underworld cabaret when, suddenly, Kennedy grasped my arm. At the same moment, a shot was fired.

We jumped to our feet in time to see a young tough, with a slouch like that of the rubbers and grooms at Broadhurst's. The fellow who had been seated with Cecilie was struggling with him for the possession of a pistol, which had been discharged

harmlessly. Evidently the tough had been threatening him with it.

The waiters crowded around them, and the general *mêlée* about Cecilie's table was at its height when a policeman came dashing in on the run.

The arrest of the gunman and his opponent, as well as of Cecilie as a witness, seemed imminent. Kennedy moved forward slowly, working his way through the crowd, nearer to the table. Instead of interfering, however, he stooped down and picked up something from the floor.

"Let's get out of this as quickly as possible, Walter," he whispered, turning to me.

When we reached the street, he stopped under an arc-light, and I saw him dive down into his pocket and pull out a little glass vial. He looked at it curiously.

"I saw her take it out of her pocketbook and throw it into a corner as soon as the policeman came in," he explained.

"What do you think it is?" I asked. "Dope? That's what they all do if they get a chance when they are pinched—throw it away."

"Perhaps," answered Kennedy. "But it's worth studying to see what drug she is really using."

Late as it was, Craig insisted on going directly to the laboratory to plunge into work. First, he took the little hypodermic needle with which he had drawn several drops of blood from the race-horse, and emptied the contents into a test-tube.

Finding that I was probably of more use at home in our apartment asleep than bothering Kennedy in the laboratory, I said good-night. But when I awoke in the morning, I found that Kennedy had not been in bed at all.

It was as I expected. He had worked all night, and, as I entered the laboratory, I saw him engaged in checking up two series of tests which he had been making.

"Have you found anything yet?" I asked.

He pointed to a corner where he kept a couple of guinea-pigs. They were sound asleep, rolled up in little fluffy balls of down. Ordinarily, in the morning, I found the little fellows very frisky.

"Yes," he said; "I think I have found something. I have injected just a drop of blood from Lady Lee into one of them, and I think he's good for a long sleep."

"But how about the other one?" I asked.

"That's what puzzles me," ruminated

Kennedy. "Do you remember that bottle I picked up last night? I haven't finished the analysis of the blood or of the contents of the bottle, but they seem to contain at least some of the same substances. Among the things I find are monopotassium phosphate and sarcolactic acid, with just a trace of carbon dioxide. I injected some of the liquid from the bottle into the other fellow, and you see the effect—the same in both cases."

The telephone-bell rang excitedly.

"Is there a Mr. Kennedy there?" asked Long Distance, adding, without waiting for an answer, "Hold the wire, please."

I handed the receiver to Kennedy. The conversation was short, and as he hung up the receiver, Craig turned to me.

"It was Broadhurst at the Idlewild Hotel," he said quickly. "To-day is the day of the great Interurban Handicap at Belmore Park with stakes of twenty-five thousand dollars. Usually they take the horses over to the track at least a week or two before the race, but as Broadhurst's stable is so near, he didn't do it—hoping he might keep a better watch over Lady Lee. But she's no better. If the horse is being tampered with, he wants to know who is doing it and how."

Kennedy paused a moment, then went over to a cabinet and took from it a bottle and a very large-sized hypodermic.

We must have been among the first on the field at Belmore Park that day. Lady Lee had been sent over there after we left Northbury the day before, under the care of Murchie and McGee, and had been stabled in the quarters on the track assigned to Broadhurst.

With Broadhurst, who was waiting for us, we lounged across the field in the direction of the stables. There was no doubt about it, Lady Lee was not in prime condition. It was not that there was anything markedly wrong, but to the trained observer the famous race-horse seemed to lack just a trifle of the *elan* which meant a win.

While Murchie and the jockey were talking outside to Broadhurst, Kennedy slipped into the stall to look at the racer.

"Stand over by that side of the door, Walter," he muttered. "I'll be through in just a minute. I want you to act as a cover."

Quickly he jabbed the hypodermic into the horse and pressed down the plunger.

Lady Lee reared and snorted as she had done before when he extracted the blood, and instantly Murchie and McGee were crowding past me. But the instant had been long enough for Kennedy. He had dropped the hypodermic into his pocket and was endeavoring to soothe the horse.

"I guess she's not very much used to strangers," he remarked coolly. No one thought any more of it, apparently.

A few minutes later, Broadhurst rejoined Kennedy and myself. I could see that his face showed plainly he was greatly worried.

"I don't understand it," he kept repeating. "And what is worse, the news seems to have leaked out that Lady Lee isn't fit. The odds are going up."

Kennedy looked at him fixedly a moment.

"If you want to win this race, Mr. Broadhurst," he remarked, in a low tone, "I should advise you to watch Lady Lee every minute from now until the start."

"What do you mean?" whispered Broadhurst hoarsely.

"I can't say yet—only watch."

While Broadhurst and Kennedy hovered about the stall on one pretext or another, watching both Murchie and McGee as they directed the rubbers and others who were preparing for the race, I watched the trainer and the jockey minutely. They certainly did nothing, at least now, to excite suspicion. But might not the harm have already been done? Was it too late?

When the bell sounded the paddock call, McGee led the racer out of the stall and to the paddock. Presently the field, Lady Lee at the fore, walked past the grand stand and cantered slowly down the course to the starting-post.

Meanwhile, following Broadhurst, we had already made our way over to the clubhouse enclosure.

It was not like the old days when there was money everywhere, thousands of dollars in plain sight, in the cash-boxes of the book-makers, when men rushed wildly about with handfuls of bills of large denomination and bets were made with frequent rapidity. And yet there was still a certain maelstrom of the betting-ring left; but the book-makers had to carry everything in their heads instead of setting it down on paper. I knew the system, and knew that, in spite of the apparent ease with which it seemed possible to beat it, welshing was almost unheard of.



Lady Lee suddenly shot through the field. A mighty shout rose from the entire grand stand

The grand stand was crowded, although it was quite a different crowd from that at race-meets of former times and on other tracks. Belmore Park lay within motor-ing-distance of the greatest aggregation of wealth and fashion in the country. It was a wonderful throng. The gay dresses of the women mingled kaleidoscopically with the more somber clothing of the men.

Every eye in that sea of moving human-ity seemed to be riveted on Lady Lee and her rider. It was a pretty good example of

how swiftly inside news at the race-track may become public property. Ill news, on this occasion, seemed to have traveled apace. Field-glasses were leveled at the horse which should have been the favorite, and one could tell, by the buzz of conversation, that this race was the great event of the season. As the jockeys maneuvered for position, one could almost feel that some wonderful feats of memory were being performed by the book-makers. The odds, during the morning, had gradually lengthened against Lady Lee.

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Like all thoroughbreds, Lady Lee had a most delicate organism, and the good rider, in such a case, was the one who understood his mount. McGee had, in the past at least, that reputation. He had reached pretty near the top of his profession by knowing how to deal with horses of all types. All this and more I had picked up from the gossip of the track.

The barrier was sprung and the flag dropped. They were off! The grand stand rose in a body.

For a moment, it seemed to me that McGee had lost his nerve. Alertness at the post is an important factor. He had not got away from the barrier ahead of the field. Another rider, too, had got the rail, and hence the shortest route. I wondered whether, after all, that had been the trouble all along, for nothing can win or lose a race quicker or better than those little failures of the jockey himself.

Lady Lee, I had heard it said, was one of those horses that do not require urging but go to the front naturally. Just now, it did not seem that she was beaten but that she lacked just the power to lead the field. Did McGee figure that the horses ahead of him were setting such a fast clip that they would drop back to him before the race was over?

Cleverly, however, he avoided being pocketed, as those ahead of and beside him tried to close in and make him pull up.

Around they went until the horses looked to the naked eye like toys strung on wires. Only the tension of the crowd made one feel that this was no play; it was deadly serious sport. On they sped, watched in a lull of deathly stillness. Surely, I felt, this was indeed a great sight—this acid test of the nerves of men and animals pitted against one another.

They were coming into the stretch now!

Suddenly, it seemed that, by some telepathic connection, both the horse and the rider caught the electric tension which swayed us in the club-house enclosure.

I myself was carried away by the frenzied spirit of the race. Broadhurst was leaning forward, oblivious of everything else in the world, straining his eyes through a field-glass. Murchie was watching the race with a supercilious air, which I knew was clearly assumed.

On they came!

I could not help wondering whether Mc-

Gee had not really planned to throw the race. Would he, perhaps at the last moment, lose his nerve?

Lady Lee suddenly shot through the field. A mighty shout rose from the entire grand stand.

It was over in a matter of seconds. She had finished first by a half-length! She had won the classic and the rich stakes.

Pandemonium seemed to reign in the club-house enclosure. Broadhurst slapped Murchie over the back with a blow of congratulation that almost felled him. As for McGee, they nearly carried him off the field on their shoulders. Only Kennedy seemed to be calm. The race had been won—but had the problem been solved?

Broadhurst seemed to have forgotten all about his previous appeal to Kennedy in the unexpected joy of winning.

We paused awhile to watch the frantic crowd, and once, I recall, I caught sight of a stunning, dark-haired woman grasping Murchie's both hands in an ecstasy of joy. Instantly I recognized Amélie Guernsey.

As Kennedy and I motored back to the city alone, he was silent most of the way. Only once did he make a remark.

"The Belmore Inn," he said, as we passed a rather cheap road-house some distance from the track. "That's where I heard one of the rubbers say the former Mrs. Murchie was living."

That night, Craig plunged back again into work in the laboratory, and I, having nothing else to do, wrote a feature-story of the great race for the *Star*.

Kennedy made up for the rest he had lost and the strain of the day by a long sleep; but early in the morning the telephone-bell rang insistently. Kennedy bounded out of bed to answer it.

I could gather nothing from the monosyllables which he uttered, except that the matter under discussion was profoundly serious. Finally, he jammed down the receiver.

"Good God, Walter," he exclaimed, "Murchie's been murdered!"

He gave me no time for questions, and I had no ability to reconstruct my own theory of the case as we hustled into our clothes to catch the early-morning train.

"Broadhurst is at the Idlewild Hotel," Kennedy said, as we left the apartment, "and I think we can make it quicker by railway than by motor."

The turfman met us at the station.

"Tell me just what happened," asked Kennedy.

"No one seems to understand just what it was," Broadhurst explained, "but, as nearly as I remember, Murchie was the lion of the Idlewild grill-room all the evening. He had 'come back.' Once, I recall, he was paged, and the boy told him some one was waiting outside. He went out, and returned, considerably flushed and excited.

"By George," he said, 'a man never raises his head above the crowd but that there's somebody there to take a crack at it! There must have been some crank outside, for before I could get a look in the dark, I was seized. I managed to get away. I got a little scratch with a knife or a pin, though,' he said, dabbing at a cut on his neck."

"What then?" prompted Kennedy.

"None of us paid much attention to it," resumed Broadhurst, "until just as another toast was proposed to Lady Lee and some one suggested that Murchie respond to it, we turned to find him huddled up in his chair, absolutely unconscious. The house-physician could find nothing wrong apparently—in fact, said it was entirely a case of heart-failure. I don't think any of us would question his opinion if it had not been for Murchie's peculiar actions when he came back to the room that time."

Murchie's body had been removed to the local undertaking establishment. As Broadhurst drove up there and we entered, Kennedy seemed interested only in the little jab and a sort of swelling upon the neck of the dead man. Quickly he made a little incision beside it, and about ten or a dozen drops of what looked like blood-serum oozed out on a piece of gauze which Craig held.

As we turned to leave the undertaker's, a striking, dark-haired girl, with the color gone from her cheeks, hurried past us and fell on her knees beside Murchie's body. It was the woman who had congratulated him the day before, the woman of the panel—Amélie Guernsey.

I had not noticed, up to this point, another woman who was standing apart in the crowd, but now I happened to catch her eye. It was the woman whose picture with the two children hung in Murchie's apartment. Kennedy drew me back into the crowd, and there we watched the strange tragedy of the wife that was and the wife that was to have been.

Craig hurried back to the city after that, and, as we pushed our way up the ramp from the station, he looked hastily at his watch.

"Walter," he said, "I want you to locate Cecilie Safford and let me know at the laboratory the moment you find her. And perhaps it would be well to start at the police station."

It seemed to me as though the girl whom we had found so easily the evening before had now utterly disappeared. At the police station she had not been held, but had given an address which had proved fictitious. At the cabaret saloon no one had seen her since the incident of the fight.

As I left the place, I ran into Donovan, of the Tenderloin squad, and put the case to him. He merely laughed.

"Of course I could find her any time I wanted to," he said. "I knew that was a fake address."

He gave me the real address, and I hurried to the nearest telephone to call up Craig.

"Have Donovan bring her over here as soon as he can find her," he called back.

When I arrived at the laboratory, I found Kennedy engrossed in his tests.

"Have you found anything definite?" I asked anxiously.

He nodded, but would say nothing.

"I've telephoned Broadhurst," he remarked, a moment later. "You remember that the former Mrs. Murchie was at Belmore Inn. I have asked him to stop and get her on the way down here in the car with McGee, and to get Amélie Guernsey at the Idlewild, too." He continued to work. "And, oh yes," he added; "I have asked Inspector O'Connor to take up another line, too."

It was a strange gathering that assembled that forenoon. Donovan arrived soon after I did, and with him, sure enough, was Cecilie Safford. A few moments later, Broadhurst's car swung up to the door, and Broadhurst entered, accompanied by Amélie Guernsey. McGee followed, with the former Mrs. Murchie.

"I don't want another job like that," whispered Broadhurst to Kennedy. "I'm nearly frozen. Neither of those women has spoken a word since we started."

"You can hardly blame them," returned Kennedy.

Mrs. Murchie was still a handsome woman. She now carried herself with an air of assumed dignity. Amélie Guernsey

The Sleep-maker

had regained her color in the excitement of the ride and was, if anything, more beautiful than ever. But, as Broadhurst intimated, one could almost feel the frigidity of the atmosphere as the three women who had played such dramatic parts in Murchie's life sat there, trying to watch and, at the same time, avoid each other's gaze.

The suspense was relieved when O'Connor came in in a department car. With him were the young man who had been seated with Cecilie at the table the night of the fight and also the gunman.

"The magistrate in the night court settled the case that night," informed O'Connor, under his breath, laying down two slips of paper before Kennedy, "but I have their pedigrees. That fellow's name is Ronald Mawson," he said, pointing to Cecilie's companion, then indicating the gunman, "That's Frank Giani—Frank the Wop."

I watched Mawson and Cecilie closely, but could discover nothing. They scarcely looked at each other.

McGee, however, glared at both Mawson and the gunman, though none of them said a word.

"They used to be out there as stable-boys at Broadhurst's," I heard O'Connor continue, in a whisper. "I think they had a run-in and were fired. Each says the other got him in wrong."

A moment later Kennedy began.

"When you came to my laboratory the other day, Mr. Broadhurst," he said, "you remarked that perhaps this case might be a little out of my line but that I might find it sufficiently interesting. I can assure you that I have not only found it interesting but astounding. I have seldom had the privilege of unraveling a mystery which was so cleverly rigged and in which there are so many cross-currents of human passion."

"Then you think Lady Lee was doped?" asked Broadhurst.

"Doped?" interjected McGee quickly. "Why, Mr. Broadhurst, you remember what the veterinary said. He couldn't find any signs of heroin or any other dope they use."

"That's the devilish ingenuity of it all," shot out Kennedy suddenly, holding up a little beaker in which there was some colorless fluid. "I am merely going to show you now what can be done by the use of one of the latest discoveries of physiological chemistry."

He took a syringe and, drawing back the

plunger, filled it with the liquid. With a slight jab of cocaine to make the little operation absolutely painless, he injected the fluid into the livelier of our two guinea-pigs.

"While you and Murchie were absent the first day that I went out to your stable, I succeeded in drawing off some of the blood of Lady Lee," Craig resumed, talking to Broadhurst. "Here, in my laboratory, I have studied it. Lady Lee, that day, had had no more than the ordinary amount of exercise, yet she was completely fagged."

By this time the little guinea-pig had become more and more listless and was now curled up sound asleep.

"I have had to work very hurriedly this morning," Craig continued, "but it has only been covering ground over which I have already gone. I was already studying a peculiar toxin. And from the fluid I obtained from Murchie's body, I have been able to calculate that a deadly dose of that same powerful poison killed him."

Kennedy plunged directly from this startling revelation into his proof.

"Perhaps you have heard of the famous German scientist, Weichardt, of Berlin," he resumed, "and his remarkable investigations into the toxin of fatigue. Scientists define fatigue as the more or less complete loss of the power of muscles to respond to stimulation due to their normal activity. An interval of rest is usually enough to bring about their return to some degree of power. But for complete return to normal condition, a long interval may be necessary."

"As the result of chemical changes which occur in a muscle from contraction, certain substances are formed which depress or inhibit the power of contraction. Extracts made from the fatigued muscles of one frog, for instance, when injected into the circulation of another frog bring on an appearance of fatigue in the latter. Extracts from unfatigued muscles give no such results. More than that, the production of this toxin of fatigue by the exercise of one set of muscles, such as those of the legs in walking, greatly diminishes the amount of work obtainable from other unused muscles, such as those of the arms."

Kennedy went on, looking at the sleeping guinea-pig rather than at us:

"Weichardt has isolated from fatigued muscles a true toxin of a chemical and physical nature, like the bacterial toxins, which, when introduced into the blood,

gives rise to the phenomena of fatigue. This is the toxin of fatigue—kenotoxin. Those who have studied the subject have found at least three fatigue-substances—free sarcolactic acid, carbon dioxide, and monopotassium phosphate, which is so powerful that, after the injection of one-fifteenth of a gram, the poisoned muscle shows signs of fatigue and is scarcely able to lift a weight easily lifted in normal conditions. Other fatigue-products may be discovered; but, if present in large quantity or in small quantity for a long time, each of the substances I have named will cause depression or fatigue of muscles.

"Further than that," continued Kennedy, "the depressing influence of these substances on what is known as striated muscle—heart-muscle—is well known. The physician at the Idlewild might very well have mistaken the cause of the relaxation of Murchie's heart. For German investigators have also found that the toxin of fatigue, when injected into the circulation of a fresh animal, may not only bring on fatigue but may even cause death—as it did finally here." Kennedy paused. "Lady Lee," he said, looking from one to the other of his audience keenly, "Lady Lee was the first victim of the fiendish cunning of this—"

A shrill voice interrupted.

"But Lady Lee won the race!"

It was McGee, the jockey. Kennedy looked at him a moment, then tapped another beaker on the table before him.

"Weichardt has also obtained, by the usual methods," he replied, "an antitoxin with the power of neutralizing the fatigue-properties of the toxin. You thought Lady Lee was not friendly with strangers that morning at the track. She was not, when the stranger jabbed a needle into her neck and pumped an extra large dose of the antitoxin of fatigue into her just in time to neutralize, before the race, the long series of injections of fatigue toxin."

Kennedy was now traveling rapidly toward the point which he had in view. He drew from his pocket the little bottle which he had picked up that night in the cabaret saloon.

"One word more," he said, as he held up the bottle and faced Cecilie Safford, who was now trembling like a leaf ready to fall: "If one with shattered nerves were unable to sleep, can you imagine what would be a

most ideal sedative—especially if to take almost any other drug would be merely to substitute that habit for another?"

He waited a moment, then answered his own question.

"Naturally," he proceeded, "it might be, theoretically at least, a small dose of those products of fatigue by which nature herself brings on sleep. I am not going into the theory of the thing. The fact that you had such a thing is all that interests me."

I watched the girl's eyes as they were riveted on Kennedy. She seemed to be fascinated, horrified.

"This bottle contains a weak solution of the toxin of fatigue," persisted Kennedy.

I thought she would break down, but, by a mighty effort, she kept her composure and said nothing.

"Some one was trying to discredit and ruin Murchie by making the horses he trained lose races—somebody whose life and happiness Murchie himself had already ruined.

"That person," pursued Kennedy relentlessly, "was defeated in the attempt to discredit Murchie when, by my injection of the antitoxin, Lady Lee finally did win. In that person's mind, Murchie, not the horse, had won.

"The wild excitement over Murchie's vindication drove that person to desperation. There was only one more road to revenge. It was to wait until Murchie himself could be easily overpowered, when an overwhelming dose of this fatigue toxin could be shot into him—the weapon that had failed on the horses turned on himself. Besides, no one—not even the most expert physician or chemist—would ever suspect that Murchie's death was not natural."

"That—that bottle is mine—mine!" shouted a wild voice interrupting. "I took it—I used it—I—"

"Just a moment, Miss Safford," entreated Kennedy. "That person," he rapped out sharply, picking up the pedigrees O'Connor had handed him, "that person gave the toxin to a poor dope fiend as a sleeping-potion in one strength, gave it to Lady Lee in still another strength, and to Murchie in its most fatal strength. It was the poor and unknown pharmacist described in this pedigree whose dream of happiness Murchie shattered when he captivated Cecilie Safford—her deserted lover, Ronald Mawson."



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

Mrs. Connor came in, bearing a smoking cereal

Athalie

THE ROMANCE OF A GIRL WITH A STRANGE POWER

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Streets of Ascalon," "The Business of Life," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Craig

SYNOPSIS—Athalie is the youngest of the four children of Peter Greensleeve, an impractical man who had failed as a school-teacher, failed as a farmer, and has finally been reduced to keeping a road-house on the south shore of Long Island. As a child, she is recognized by her family and companions as being "different," and her strangeness is due to the fact that she is possessed of very pronounced clairvoyant power. When she is about twelve her mother dies, and her broken father survives his wife but a few months. On the day of his sudden death, just before Christmas, there is staying at the Hotel Greensleeve a party of duck-hunters, among whom is a boy, Clive Bailey, Junior, the son of a wealthy and socially prominent New York family. Clive evinces a tender interest in Athalie, and is most sympathetic over her loss. When leaving, he fastens a strap-watch upon her wrist and says that he will return the following summer. But he does not come.

Several years later, they meet accidentally in New York. Athalie is now a stenographer in a department store, and Clive is at Harvard. The girl is still wearing the old wrist-watch. Clive promises a new one and says that he will go to see her. He does not do this, but sends the watch and an apologetic letter at Christmas. Both are returned through the dead-letter office. Four years pass. The Greensleeve sisters are living in a cheap apartment. Doris is a chorus girl and Catharine is employed in a millinery and dressmaking establishment. Athalie, very pretty and attractive, has managed by careful self-culture to place herself upon a plane of refinement far above that of her sisters. One evening, while alone, she is astounded at the appearance of young Bailey. He has found her name among the tenants of his father's real-estate company, and has come with a beautiful wrist-watch. This visit lays the foundation of a very sincere and perfectly innocent friendship between the two young people, which, in spite of parental opposition, Clive refuses to renounce.

He furnishes an apartment very charmingly and insists that Athalie and her sisters live in it, rent free. But, before long, the young man finds his bank-account overdrawn, and the frankness and cynicism of his father in discussing this misfortune chills, for a time, his desire to see Athalie. So he begins to circulate once more in the social world of his family and, to the great satisfaction of his mother, seems to take a sentimental interest in a girl named Winifred Stuart. Athalie meets other men; one of these, Captain Dane, an explorer, shows her marked attention, and Clive meets her with him in a restaurant after a theater-party. Then the longing for Athalie's company returns to him, and he goes to see her that very night. While he is with her, Athalie has a clairvoyant vision of Clive's father, and sends the young man home in haste. The elder Bailey is dead. Clive and his mother go abroad immediately, where they are joined by Miss Stuart and her mother.

Misfortunes now crowd upon the Greensleeve sisters. Athalie declines an offer of marriage from her employer, who, shortly after, dies suddenly; the attitude of his partner causes her to give up her position, and she cannot find a new one. Her sisters are also out of work and fail in a vaudeville venture. Athalie's sole comfort is Hafiz, an Angora cat that Clive has given her. She refuses the hand of Captain Dane, and then reads of Clive's engagement to Miss Stuart. She gives up the apartment at once and takes the top floor of a shabby lodging-house, which she gets very cheaply because the former occupant, a trance medium, had been murdered in it. All the medium's paraphernalia are still there. On the appeal of one of the medium's clients, Athalie tries crystal-gazing, and is singularly successful. She becomes famous, and earns a good income.

Meanwhile, Clive marries Miss Stuart. His mother dies. He and his uncongenial wife soon separate. She remains in England. He wanders over the face of the earth the prey of self-reproach over his weakness in giving up Athalie, and, after three years, in South America, meets Dane, who is seeking a lost ancient city in the jungle, guided by Athalie's clairvoyant location of it. Clive joins the expedition. In another year he is back in New York. Athalie then learns from him that he is really in love with her. She then explains her own feelings frankly. She cares for him deeply but not sentimentally. But she gives Clive permission to win her, saying that if he does so she has no idea what she will do, but whatever it is it will be done with a complete realization of her own responsibility for her actions. But she knows that, as things stand, she cannot become his wife, and she does not want to be his mistress. Clive returns to his real-estate business. This displeases his wife, and she demands, on threat of separation or divorce, that he live a part of the time in England. This he declines to do, and soon is aware that he is being watched. He buys the old Greensleeve tavern for Athalie, has the place remodeled, and takes her there one day in July. She is completely surprised at the improvements, and her delight knows no bounds.

MRS. JIM CONNOR had come to help; and now, at high noon, she sought them where they were standing in the garden—Athalie in ecstasy before the scented thickets of old-fashioned rockets massed in a long, broad border against a background of trees.

So they went in to luncheon, which was more of a dinner; and Mrs. Connor served them with apology, bustle, and not too garulously for the humor they were in.

High spirits had returned to them when

they stepped out of doors, and they came back to the house for luncheon in the gayest of humor, Athalie chattering away, blithe as a linnet in a thorn-bush, and Clive not a whit more reticent.

"Hafiz is going to adore this!" exclaimed the girl. "My angel pussy, why was I mean enough to leave you in the city! I'll have a dog, too—a soft, roly-poly puppy, who shall grow up with a wholesome respect for Hafiz. And, Clive, I shall have a nice fat horse, a safe and sane old Dobbin—so I can poke about the countryside at my

leisure, through byways and lanes and disused roads."

"You need a car, too."

"No, no; I really don't. Anyway," she said airily, "your car is sufficient, isn't it?"

"Of course," he smiled.

"I think so, too. I shall not require or desire a car unless you also are to be in it. But I'd love to possess a Dobbin and a double buckboard. Also, I shall, in due time, purchase a sailboat—" She checked herself, laughed at the sudden memory, and said, with delightful malice, "I suppose you have not yet learned to sail a boat."

He laughed, too.

"How you scorned me for my ignorance, didn't you? Oh, but I've learned a great many things since those days, Athalie!"

"To sail a boat, too?"

"Oh, yes; I had to learn. There's a lot of water in the world, and I've been very far afield."

"I know," she said. There was a subtle sympathy in her voice—an exquisite recognition of the lonely years which now seemed to lie far, far behind them both.

She glanced down at her fresh plate, which Mrs. Connor had just placed before her.

"Clive!" she exclaimed, enchanted. "Do you see? Peach turnovers!"

"Certainly. Do you suppose this housewarming could be a proper one without peach turnovers?" And, to Mrs. Connor, he said: "That is all, thank you. Miss Greensleeve and I will eat our turnovers by the stove in the sun-parlor."

And there they ate their peach turnovers, seated on the old-time rush-bottomed chairs beside the stove—just as they had sat, so many years ago, when Athalie was a child of twelve and wore a ragged cloak and hood of red.

Sometimes, leisurely consuming her pastry, she glanced demurely at her lover; sometimes her blue eyes wandered to the sunny picture outside where roses grew and honeysuckle trailed, and the blessed green grass enchanted the tired eyes of those who dwelt in the monstrous and arid city.

Presently she went away to the room he had prepared for her; and he lay back lazily in his chair, and lighted a cigarette and watched the thin spirals of smoke mounting through the sunshine. When she returned to him, she was clad in white from crown to toe, and he told her she was enchanting,

which made her eyes sparkle and the dimples come.

"Mrs. Connor is going to remain and help me," she said. "All my things are unpacked, and the bed is made very nicely, and it is all going to be too heavenly for words! Oh, I *wish* you could stay!"

"To-night?"

"Yes. But I suppose it would ruin us if anybody knew."

He said nothing as they walked back into the main hallway.

"What a charming old building it is!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it odd that I never before appreciated the house from an esthetic angle? I adore the simplicity of the rooms; don't you? I shall have some pretty silk curtains made, and, in the bedrooms, chintz. And maybe you will help me hunt for furniture and rugs. Will you, dear?"

"We'll find some old mahogany for this floor and white enamel for the bedrooms. What do you say?"

"Enchanting! I adore antique mahogany. You know how crazy I am about the furniture of bygone days. I shall squander every penny on things Chippendale and Sheraton and Hepplewhite. Oh, it is going to be a darling house, and I'm the happiest girl in the world! And you have made me so—dearest of men!"

She caught his hand to her lips as he bent to kiss hers, and their faces came together in a swift and clinging embrace. Which left her flushed and wordless for the moment, and disposed to hang her head as she walked slowly beside him to the front door.

Out in the sunshine, however, her self-possession returned in a pretty exclamation of delight, and she called his attention to a tiny rainbow formed in the spray of the garden hose, where Connor was watering the grass.

"Symbol of hope for us," he said, under his breath. She nodded, and stood inhaling the fragrance of the garden.

"I know a path—if it still exists—where I used to go as a child. Would you care to follow it with me?"

So they walked down to the causeway bridge spanning the outlet to Spring Pond, turned to the right amid a tangle of milkweed in heavy bloom and grape-vines hanging in festoons from rock and sapling.

The path had not changed; it wound along the wooded shore of the pond, then

sloped upward and came out into a grassy upland, where it followed the woods' edge under the cool shadow of the trees.

And, as they walked, she told him of her childhood journeys along this path until it reached the wooded and pebbly height of land beyond, which is one of the vertebræ in the back-bone of Long Island.

To reach that ridge was her ultimate ambition in those youthful days; and when, on one afternoon of reckless daring, she had attained it, and, far to the northward, she saw the waters of the great sound sparkling in the sun, she had felt like Balboa in sight of the Pacific, awed to the point of prayer by her own miraculous achievement.

On the brink of the slope, but firmly embedded, there had been a big, mossy log. She discovered it presently, and drew him down to a seat beside her, taking possession of one of his arms and drawing it closely under her own. Then she crossed one knee over the other and looked out into the magic half-light of a woodland, which, to her childish eyes, had once seemed a vast and depthless forest. A bar of sunlight fell across her slim shoe and ankle clothed in white, and across the log, making the moss greener than emeralds.

From far below came pleasantly the noise of the brook; overhead, leaves stirred and whispered in the breezes; shadows moved; sun-spots waxed and waned on tree-trunk and leaf and on the brown ground under foot.

From somewhere came the mellow tinkle of cow-bells, which moved Athalie to speech; and she poured out her heart to Clive on the subject of domestic kine and of chickens and ducks.

"I'm a country girl; there can be no doubt about it," she admitted. "I do not think a day passes in the city but I miss the cock-crow and the plaint of barnyard fowl and the lowing of cattle and the whimper and coo of pigeons. And my country eyes grow weary for a glimpse of green, Clive—and for wide horizons and the vast flotillas of white clouds that sail over pastures and salt meadows and bays and oceans. Never have I been as contented as I am at this moment—here—under the sky, alone with you."

"That, also, is all I ask in life—the open world and you."

"Maybe it will happen."

"Maybe."

"With everything—desirable——"

She dropped her eyes and remained very still. For the first time in her life she had thought of children as her own—and his. And the thought which had flashed unbidden through her mind left her silent and a little bewildered by its sweetness.

He was saying,

"You should, by this time, have the means which enable you to live in the country."

"Yes."

Cecil Reeve had advised her in her investments. The girl's financial circumstances were modest, but adequate and sound.

"I never told you how much I have," she said. "May I?"

"If you care to."

She told him, explaining every detail very carefully; and he listened, fascinated by this charming girl's account of how, in four years, she had won from the world the traditional living to which all are supposed to be entitled.

"You see," she said, "that gives me a modest income. I could live here very nicely. It has always been my dream. But, of course, everything now depends on where you are."

Surprised and touched, he turned toward her. She flushed and smiled, suddenly realizing the naïveté of her avowal.

"It's true," she said. "Every day I seem to become more and more entangled with you. I'm wondering whether I've already crossed the bounds of friendship, and how far I am outside. I can't seem to realize any longer that there is no bond between us stronger than preference. I was thinking—very unusual and very curious thoughts about us both." She drew a deep, unsteady, but smiling, breath. "Clive, I wish you could marry me."

"You wish it, Athalie?" he asked, profoundly moved.

"Yes."

After a silence she leaned over and rested her cheek against his shoulder.

"Ah, yes," she said, under her breath; "that is what I begin to wish for—a home, and you—and—children."

He put his arm around her.

"Isn't it strange, Clive, that I should think about children—at my age—and with little chance of ever having any. I don't know what possesses me suddenly to want them. Wouldn't they be wonderful in that house? And they'd have that darling garden to play in. There ought to be a boy

—several, in fact, and some girls. *I'd* know what to do for them. Isn't it odd that I should know exactly how to bring them up? But I do. I know I do. I can almost see them playing in the garden. I can see their dear little faces—hear their voices——”

Suddenly she sat upright, resting one slender hand on his shoulder, and her gaze became steady and fixed.

Presently he noticed it and turned his head.

“What is it, Athalie?” he asked.

She said, in a curiously still voice,

“Children.”

“Where?”

“Playing in the woods.”

“Where?” he repeated. “I do not see them.”

She did not answer. Presently she closed her eyes and rested her face against his shoulder again, pressing close to him as though lonely.

“They went away,” she said, in answer to his question. “I feel a little tired, Clive. Do you care for me a great deal?”

“Can you ask?”

“Yes; because of the years ahead of us. I think there are to be many—for us both. The future is so bewildering—like a tangled and endless forest, and very dim to see in. But sometimes there comes a rift in the foliage—and there is a glimpse of far skies shining. And for a moment one—sees clearly—into the depths—a little way, and surmises something of what remains unseen. And imagines more, perhaps— I wonder if you love me—enough.”

“Dearest—dearest——”

“Let it remain unsaid, Clive. A girl must learn one day. But never from the asking. And the same sun shall continue to rise and set, whatever her answer is to be; and the moon, too, and the stars shall remain unchanged—whatever changes us.”

She lifted her head, looked at him, smiled, then, freeing herself, sprang to her feet and stood a moment, drawing her slim hand across her eyes.

“I shall have a tennis-court, Clive. And a canoe on Spring Pond. What kind of puppy was that I said I wanted?”

“One which would grow up with proper fear and respect for Hafiz,” he said smilingly, perplexed by the rapid sequence of her moods.

“A collie?”

“If you like.”

“I wonder,” she murmured, “whether they are safe for children.” She looked up laughing. “*Isn't* it odd! I simply cannot seem to free my mind of children whenever I think about that house.”

As they moved along the path toward the new home, he said,

“What was it you saw in the woods?”

“Children.”

“Were they—real?”

“No.”

“Had they died?”

“They have not yet been born,” she said, in a low voice.

“I did not know you could see such things.”

“I am not sure that I can. It is very difficult for me, sometimes, to distinguish between vividly imaginative visualization and—other things.”

Walking back through the soft afternoon light, the girl tried to tell him all that she knew about herself and her clairvoyance—strove to explain, to make him understand, and, perhaps, to understand herself.

But, after a while, silence intervened between them, and when they spoke again they spoke of other things. For the isolation of souls is a solitude inviolable; there can be no intimacy there, only the longing for it—the craving, endless, unsatisfied.

XXIII

OVER the garden a waning moon silvered the water in the pool and picked out from banked masses of bloom a tall lily here and there.

All the blossom-spangled vines were misty with the hovering wings of night-moths. Through alternate bands of moonlight and dusk, the jet from the pool split into a thin shower of palely flashing jewels, sometimes raining back on the water, sometimes drifting with the wind across the grass. And through the dim enchantment moved Athalie, leaning on Clive's arm, like some slim sorceress in a secret maze, silent, absent-eyed, brooding magic.

Already into her garden had come the little fantastic creatures of the night as though drawn thither by a spell to do her bidding. Like a fat sprite, a speckled toad hopped and hobbled and scrambled from their path; a tiny snake, green as the grass blades that it stirred, slipped from a pool of moonlight into a lake of shadow. Some-

where, a small owl, tremulously melodious, called and called, and from the salt meadows, distantly, the elfin whistle of plover answered.

Like some lost wanderer from the moon itself, a great moth with Nile-green wings fell flopping on the grass at the girl's feet. And Clive, wondering, lifted it gingerly for her inspection. Then, at Athalie's request, he tossed the angelic creature into the air; and there came a sudden blur of black wings in the moonlight, and a bat took it. But neither he nor she had seen in allegory the darting thing with devil's wings that dashed the little spirit of the moon into eternal night. And out of the black void above, one by one, flakes from the frail wings came floating.

To and fro they moved—she, with both hands clasped and resting on his arm, peering through darkness down at the flowers, as one perfume, mounting, overpowered another—clove-pink, rocket, lily, and petunia, each in its turn dominant, triumphant.

"I must go back to town," he said irresolutely.

He heard her sigh, felt her soft clasp tighten slightly over his arm. But she turned back in silence with him toward the house, passed in the open door before him, her fair head lowered, and stood so, leaning against the newel post.

"Good-night," he said, in a low voice, still irresolute.

"Must you go?"

"I ought to."

"There is that other bedroom. And Mrs. Connor has gone home for the night."

"I told her to remain," he said sharply.

"I told her to go."

"Why?"

"Because I wanted you to stay—this first night here—with me—in the home of my youth you have given me again."

He came to her and looked into her eyes, framing her face between his hands.

"Dear, it would be unwise——"

"Because you love me?"

"No." He added, with a forced smile: "I have put on armor in our behalf. No; that is not the reason."

"Then—may you not stay?"

"Suppose it became known? What would you do, Athalie?"

"Hold my head high—guilty or not."

"You don't know what you are saying."

"Not exactly, perhaps. But I know that

I have been changing. This day alone with you is finishing the transformation. I'm not sure just when it began. I realize, now, that it has been in process for a long, long while." She drew away from him, leaned back on the banisters. "I may not have much time; I want to be candid; I want to think honestly. I don't desire to deny, even to myself, that I am now become what I am—a stranger to myself."

He said, still with his forced smile,

"What pretty and unknown stranger have you so suddenly discovered in yourself, Athalie?"

She looked up, unsmiling.

"A stranger to celibacy. Why do you not mate with me, Clive?"

"Do you understand what you are saying?"

"Yes; and now I can understand anything *you* may say or do. I couldn't yesterday." She turned her face away from him and folded her hands over the newel post. And, not looking at him, she said: "Since we have been here alone together, I have known a confidence and security I never dreamed of. Nothing now matters; nothing causes apprehension; nothing of fear remains—not even that ignorance of fear which the world calls innocence. I am what I am; I am not afraid to be and live what I have become. I am capable of love. Yesterday I was not. I have been fashioned to love, I think. But there is only one man who can make me certain. My trust and confidence are wholly his—as fearlessly as though he had become this day my husband."

"And if he will stay, here under this roof which is not mine unless it is his also, here in this house where, within the law or without it, nevertheless everything is his, then he enters into possession of what is his own. And I at last receive my birthright—which is to serve where I am served, love where love is mine—with gratitude, and unafraid——"

Her voice trembled, broke; she covered her face with her hands, and he took her in his arms.

"Oh, Clive, I can't deny them! How can I deny them—the little flowerlike faces, pleading to me for life? And their tender arms—around my neck—there in the garden, Clive! The winsome lips on mine, warm and heavenly sweet, and the voices calling, calling from the golden woodland, calling from meadow and upland, height



DRAWN BY FRANK CHAD

Suddenly she sat upright, resting one slender hand on his shoulder, and her gaze became steady and in a curiously still voice, "Children." "Where?" "Playing



fixed. Presently he noticed it and turned his head. "What is it, Athalie?" he asked. She said, in the woods." "Where?" he repeated. "I do not see them"

and hollow! And sometimes, like far echoes of wind-blown laughter they call me—gay little voices, confident and sweet, and sometimes winning and shy, they whisper close to my cheek: 'Mother!' 'Mother!'"

His arms fell from her, and he stepped back, trembling. She lifted her pale, tear-stained face. And, save for the painted Virgins of an ancient day, he never before had seen such spiritual passion in any face—features where nothing sensuous had ever left an imprint, where the sensitive, tremulous mouth curved with the loveliness of a desire as innocent as a child's.

And he read there no taint of lesser passion, nothing of less noble emotion—only a fearless and overwhelming acknowledgment of her craving to employ the gifts with which her womanhood endowed her—love and life and service never ending.

In her mother's room they sat long talking, her hands resting on his, her fresh and delicate face a pale-white blur in the dusk. It was very late before he went to the room allotted him, knowing that he could not hope for sleep. Seated there by his open window, he heard the owls' tremolo rise, quaver, and die away in the moonlight; he heard the murmuring plaint of marsh-fowl, and the sea-breeze stirring the reeds.

Now, in this supreme crisis of his life, looking out into darkness, he saw a star fall, leaving an incandescent curve against the heavens which faded slowly as he looked.

Into an obscurity as depthless, his soul was peering, now, naked, unarmored, claspings hands with hers. And every imperious and furious tide that sweeps the souls and bodies of men now mounted overwhelmingly and set toward her. It seemed, at moments, as though their dragging was actually moving his limbs from where he sat; and he closed his eyes, and his strong hand fell on the sill, grasping it as though for anchorage.

Now, if there were in him anything higher than the mere clay that clotted his bones—now was the moment to show it. And if there were a diviner armor within reach of his unsteady hand, he must don it now, and rivet it fast in the name of God.

Darkness is a treacherous counselor; he rose heavily and turned the switch, flooding the room with light, then flung himself across the bed, his clenched fists over his face. In his ears he seemed to hear the dull roar of the current which, so far through

life, had borne him on its crest, tossing, hurling him whither it had listed.

It should never again have its will of him. This night, he must set his course forever.

"Clive!"

But the faint, clear call was no more real, and no less, than the voice which was ringing always in his ears, now—no softer, no less winning.

"Clive!"

After a moment, he raised himself to his elbows and gazed, half blinded, toward the door. Then he got clumsily to his feet, stumbled across the floor, and opened it.

She stood there in her frail chamber-robe of silk and swan's-down, smiling, forlornly humorous, and displaying a book as symbol of her own insomnia.

"Can't you sleep?" she asked. "We'll both be dead in the morning. I thought I'd better tell you to go to sleep when I saw your light break out. So I've come to tell you."

"How could you see that my window was lighted?"

"I was leaning out of my window listening to the little owl, and suddenly I saw the light from yours fall criss-cross across the grass. Can't you sleep?"

"Yes; I'll turn out the light. Will you promise to go to sleep?"

"If I can. The night is so beautiful——"

With a gay little smile and gesture she turned away; but half-way down the corridor she hesitated and looked back at him.

"If you are sleepless," she called softly, "you may wake me, and I'll talk to you."

There was a window at the end of the corridor. He saw her continue on past her door and stand there, looking out into the garden. She was still standing there when he closed his door and went back to his chair.

The night seemed interminable, its moonlit fragrance unendurable. With sleepless eyes he gazed into the darkness, appalled at the future—fearing such nights to come—nights like this, alone with her; and the grim battle to be renewed, inexorably renewed until that day should come—if ever it was to come—when he dared take in the name of God what destiny had already made his own and was now clamoring for him to take.

After a long while he rose from the window, went to his door again, opened it, and looked out—and saw her still leaning against the window at the corridor's dim end.

She looked around, laughing softly as he came up.

"All this—the night, the fragrance, and you have hopelessly bewitched me. I can't sleep; I don't wish to. But you, poor boy, haven't even undressed. You look very tired and white, Clive. Why is it you can't sleep?"

He did not answer.

"Shall I get my book and read aloud to you? It's silly stuff—love and such things."

"No; I'm going back," he answered curtly.

She glanced around at him curiously. For, that day, a new comprehension of men and their various humors had come to enlighten her; she had begun to understand, even, where she could not feel.

And so, tenderly, gently, in shy sympathy with the powerful currents that swept this man beside her, but still herself ignorant of their power, she laid her cool cheek against his, drawing his head closer.

"Dearest; dearest!" she murmured.

His head turned, and hers turned instinctively to meet it; and her arms crept up around his neck.

Then, of a sudden, she had freed herself, stepped back, one nervous arm outflung as if in self-defense. But her hand fell, caught on the window-sill and clung there for support; and she rested against it, breathing rapidly and unevenly.

"Athalie—dear!"

"Let me go now——"

Her lips burned for an instant under his, were wrenched away.

"Let me go, Clive!"

"You must not tremble so."

"I can't help it. I am afraid. I want to go now. I—I want to go——"

There was a chair by the window; she sank down on it and dropped her head back against the wall behind her. And, as he stood there beside her, over her shoulder through the open window he saw two men in the garden below, watching them. Presently she lifted her head. His eyes remained fixed on the men below, who never moved. She said, with an effort,

"Are you displeased, Clive?"

"No, my darling."

"It was not because I do not love you. Only—I——"

"I know," he whispered, his eyes fixed steadily on the men.

After a silence, she said, under her breath:

"I understand better now why I ought to wait for you—if there is any hope for us

—as long as there is any chance. And after that—if there is no chance for us—then nothing can matter."

"I know."

"To-night, earlier, I did not understand why I should deny myself to myself, to you, to *them*. I did not understand that what I wished for so treacherously masked a—a lesser impulse——"

He said, quietly:

"Nothing is surer than that you and I, one day, shall face our destiny together. I really care nothing for custom, law, or folk-way, or dogma, excepting only for your sake. Outside of that, man's folk-ways, man's notions of God mean nothing to me; only my own intelligence and belief appeal to me. I must guide myself."

"Guide me, too," she said. "For I have come into a wisdom which dismays me."

He nodded and looked down calmly at the two men, who had not stirred from the shadow of the foliage.

She rose to her feet, hesitated, slowly stretched out her hand, then, on impulse, pressed it lightly against his lips.

"That demonstration," she said, with a troubled laugh, "is to be our limit. Good-night. You will try to sleep, won't you? And if I am now suddenly learning to be a little shy with you—you will not mistake me, will you? Because it may seem silly at this late date. But, somehow, everything comes late to me—even love, and its lesser lore and its wisdom and its cunning. So, if I ever seem indifferent—don't doubt me, Clive! Good-night!"

When she had entered her room and closed the door he went down-stairs swiftly, let himself out of the house, and moved straight toward the garden.

Neither of the men seemed very greatly surprised; both retreated with docile alacrity across the lawn to the driveway gate.

"Anyway," said the taller man, good-humoredly, "you've got to hand it to us, Mr. Bailey. I guess we pinch the goods on you all right, *this* time. What about it?"

But Clive silently locked the outer gates, then turned and stared at the shadowy house as though it had suddenly crumbled into ruins there, under the July moon.

XXIV

WHEN the first cock-crow rang, cow-bells had been clanking for an hour or more; the

rising sun turned land and sea to palest gold; every hedge and thicket became noisy with birds; baymen stepped spars and hoisted sail, and their long sweeps dripped liquid fire as they pulled away into the blinding glory of the east.

And Clive rose wearily from his window-chair, care-worn and haggard, with nothing determined, nothing solved of this new and imminent peril which was already menacing Athalie with disgrace and threatening him with that unwholesome notoriety which men usually survive, but under which a woman droops and perishes.

He bathed, dressed again, dully uneasy in the garments of yesterday, uncomfortable for lack of fresh linen and toilet requisites—little things, indeed, to add such undue weight to his depression. And only yesterday he had laughed at inconvenience and had still found charm to thrill him in the happy unconventionality of that day and night. Connor was already weeding in the garden when he went out; and the dull surprise on the Irishman's sunburned visage sent a swift and painful color into his own pallid face.

"Miss Greensleeve was kind enough to put me up last night," he said briefly.

Connor stood silent, slowly combing the soil from the claw of his weeder with work-worn fingers. Clive said,

"Since I have been coming down here to watch the progress on Miss Greensleeve's house, have you happened to notice any strangers hanging about the grounds?"

Connor's gray eyes narrowed and became fixed on nothing. Presently he nodded.

"There was inquiries made, sorr, I'm minded, now that ye mention it."

"About me?"

"Yes, sorr. There was strangers askin' f'r to know was it you that owns the house or what."

"What was said?"

"I axed them would they chase themselves—it being none o' their business. 'Twas no satisfaction they had of me."

"Who were they, Connor?"

"I jist disremember now. Maybe there was a big wan and a little wan. Yes, sorr; there was two of them hangin' about on and off these six weeks past, like they was minded to take a job and then again not minded."

Clive nodded.

"Keep them off the place, Connor. Keep

all strangers outside. Miss Greensleeve will be here for several days alone, and she must not be annoyed."

"Divil a bit, sorr."

"I want you and Mrs. Connor to sleep in the house for the present. And I do not wish you to answer any questions from anybody concerning either Miss Greensleeve or myself. Can I depend on you?"

"You can, sorr."

"I'm sure of it. Now, I'd like to have you go to the village and buy me something to shave with and to comb my hair with. I had not intended to remain here overnight, but I did not care to leave Miss Greensleeve entirely alone in the house."

"Sure, sorr, Jenny was fixed f'r to stay—"

"I know. Miss Greensleeve told her she might go home. It was a misunderstanding. But I want her to remain hereafter until Miss Greensleeve's servants come."

So Connor went away to the village, and Clive seated himself on a garden-bench to wait.

Nothing stirred inside the house; the shades in Athalie's room remained lowered.

He watched the chimney-swifts soaring and darting above the house. A faint dun-colored haze crowned the kitchen chimney. Mrs. Connor was already busy over their breakfast. When the gardener returned with the purchases, Clive went to his room again and remained there busy until a knock on the door and Mrs. Connor's hearty voice announced breakfast.

As he stepped out into the passageway, he met Athalie coming from her room in a soft morning negligée and still yawning.

She bade him good-morning in a sweet, sleepy voice, linked her white, lace-clouded arm in his, glanced sideways at him, humorously ashamed.

"I'm a disgrace," she said; "I could have slain Mrs. Connor when she woke me. Oh, Clive, I am so sleepy!"

"Why did you get up?"

"My dear, I'm also hungry; that is why. I could scent the coffee from afar. And you know, Clive, if you ever wish to alienate my affections hopelessly, you have only to deprive me of my breakfast. Tell me, did you get any sleep?"

He forced a smile.

"I had sufficient."

"I wonder," she mused, looking at his somewhat haggard features.



DRAWN BY FRANK GRAHAM

Clive said, "Since I have been coming down here to watch the progress on Miss Greensleeve's house, have you happened to notice any strangers hanging about the grounds?"

They found the table prepared for them in the sun-parlor. Athalie presided at the coffee-urn, but became a trifle flushed and shy when Mrs. Connor came in, bearing a smoking cereal.

"I made a mistake in allowing you to go home," said the girl, "so I thought it best for Mr. Bailey to remain."

"Sure I was that worried," burst out Mrs. Connor, "I was minded to come back—what with all the thramps and dagos hereabout, and no dog on the place, and you alone; so I sez to my man Cornelius, 'Neil,' sez I, 'it's not right,' sez I, 'f'r to be lavin' th' young lady——'"

"Certainly," interrupted Clive quietly, "and you and Neil are to sleep in the house until Miss Greensleeve's servants arrive."

"I'm not afraid," murmured Athalie, looking at him with lazy amusement over the big, juicy peach she was preparing. But when Mrs. Connor retired, her expression changed.

"You dear fellow," she said, "you need not ever be worried about me."

"I'm not, Athalie."

"Oh, Clive, aren't you always going to be honest with me?"

"Why do you think I am anxious concerning you, when Connor and his wife——"

"Dearest!"

"What?" He looked across at her where she was serenely preparing his coffee; and when she had handed the cup to him, she shook her head gravely, as though in gentle disapproval of some inward thought of his.

"What is it?" he asked uneasily.

"You know already."

"What *is* it?" he repeated, reddening.

"Must I tell you, Clive?"

"I think you had better."

"You should have told me, dear. Don't ever fear to tell me what concerns us both. Don't think that leaving me in ignorance of unpleasant facts is any kindness to me. If anything happens to cause you anxiety, I should feel humiliated if you were left to endure it all alone."

He remained silent, troubled, uncertain as yet how much she knew of what had happened in the garden the night before.

"Clive, dear, don't let this thing spoil anything for us. I know about it. Don't let any shadow fall upon this house of ours."

"You saw me last night in the garden."

Between diffidence and candor that characterized her, she hesitated—then:

"Dear, a very strange thing has happened. Until last night, never in all my life, try as I might, could I ever 'see clearly' anything that concerned you. Never have I been able to 'find' you anywhere—even when my need was desperate—when my heart seemed breaking——"

She checked herself, smiled at him; then her eyes grew dark and thoughtful, and a deeper color burned in her cheeks.

"I'll try to tell you," she said. "Last night, after I left you, I lay thinking about—love. And the—the new knowledge of myself disconcerted me. There remained a vague sense of dismay and—humiliation—" She bent her head over her folded hands, silent until the deepening color subsided. Still with lowered eyes she went on, steadily enough: "My instinct was to escape—I don't know exactly how to tell this to you, dear—but the impulse to escape possessed me, and I felt that I must rise from the lower planes and free myself from a—lesser passion, slip from the menace of its control, become clean again of everything that is not of the spirit. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"So I rose and knelt down and said my prayers. And asked to be instructed because of my inexperience with—these new and deep emotions. And then I lay down, very tranquil again, leaving the burden with God. All concern left me—and the restless sense of shame. I turned my head on the pillow and looked out into the moonlight. And, gently, naturally, without any sense of effort, I left my body where it lay in the moonlight and found myself in the garden. Mother was there. You, also, there—and two men with you." His eyes never left her face; and now she looked up at him with a ghost of a smile. "Mother spoke of the loveliness of the flowers. I heard her, but I was listening to you. Then I followed you where you were driving the two men from the grounds. I understood what had happened. After you went into the house again, my mother and I saw you watching by your window. I was sorry that you were so deeply disturbed, because what had occurred did not cause me any anxiety whatever."

"Do you mean," he said hoarsely, "that the probability of your name coupled with mine and dragged through the public mire does not disconcert you?"

"No."

"Why not? Is it because your clairvoyance reassures you as to the outcome?"

"Dear," she said gently, "I know no more of the outcome than you do. I know nothing more concerning our future than do you—excepting, only, that we shall journey toward it together, and through it to the end, accomplishing the destiny which links us each to the other. I know no more than that."

"Then why are you so serene under the menace of this miserable affair?"

"Where is the shame, Clive? The real shame, I mean. In me there are two selves: neither has, as yet, been disgraced by any disobedience of any law framed by men for women. Nor shall I break men's laws—under which women are governed without their own consent—unless no other road to our common destiny presents itself for me to follow." She smiled, watching his intent and somber face. "Don't fear for me, dear. I have come to understand what life is, and I mean to live it, wholesomely, gloriously, uncrippled in body and mind, unmaimed by folk-ways and by laws as ephemeral—" she turned toward the open windows—"as those frail winged things that float in the sunshine above Spring Pond yonder, born at sunrise and at sundown dead." She laughed, leaning there on her dimpled elbows, stripping a peach of its velvet skin. "The judges of the earth—and the power of them! What are they, dear, compared to the authority of love? To-day, men have their human will of men, judging, condemning, imprisoning, slaying, as the moral fashion of the hour dictates. To-morrow, folk-ways change; judge and victim vanish along with fashions obsolete—both alike—their brief reign ended."

She rose, signed him to remain seated, came around to where he sat, and perched herself on the arm of his chair. She touched his hair lightly with her lips.

"We are great sinners," she murmured, "are we not, my darling?" She drew his head against her breast. "Of what am I robbing *her*, Clive? Of the power to humiliate you, make you unhappy. It is an honest theft. What else am I stealing from her? Not love, not gratitude, not duty, nothing of tenderness or of pride or sympathy. I take nothing, then, from her. She has nothing for me to steal—unless it be the plain gold ring she never wears. And I prefer a new one—if I am to wear one."

He said, deeply troubled,

"How do you know she never wears a ring?" And he turned and looked up at her over his shoulder. The clear azure of her eyes was like a wintry sky.

"Clive, I know more than that. I know that your wife is in New York."

"What!" he exclaimed, astonished.

"I have been aware of it for weeks," she said tranquilly. He remained silent.

"Your wife," she went on thoughtfully, "will learn much when she dies. There is a compulsory university course which awaits us all—a school with many forms and many grades and many, many pupils. But we must die before we can be admitted. I have never before spoken to you as I have spoken to-day—perhaps I never shall again. The world is a blind place—lovely but blind.

"As for the woman who wears your name but wears no ring of yours, she has been moving through my crystal for many days. I would have made no effort to intrude on her had she not persisted in the crystal, haunted it—I can not tell you why—only that she is always there now. And last night I knew that she was in New York, and why she had come here. Shall you see her to-day?"

"Where is she?"

"At the Regina."

"Are you sure?"

The girl calmly closed her eyes. After a brief silence she opened them.

"She is still there. She will awake in a little while and ring for her breakfast. The two men you drove out of the garden last night are waiting to see her. There is another man there. I think he is your wife's attorney. Have you decided to see her?"

"Yes."

"You won't let what she may say about me trouble you, will you?"

"What will she say?" he asked, with the naive confidence of absolute and childish faith.

Athalie laughed.

"Darling, I don't know. I'm not a witch or a sorceress. Did you think I was—just because I can see a little more clearly than you?"

"I don't know what your limit might be," he answered, smiling slightly, in spite of his deep anxiety.

"Then let me inform you at once. My eyes are better than many people's. Also, my *other* self can see. And with so clear a

vision and with intelligence—and with a very true love and reverence for God—I seem to visualize what clairvoyance, logic, and reason combine to depict for me.

"I used to be afraid that a picturesque and vivid imagination, coupled with a certain amount of clairvoyance, might seduce me to trickery and charlatanism.

"But if it be charlatanism for a paleontologist to construct a fish out of a single fossil scale, then there may be something of that ability in me. For truly, Clive, I am often at a loss where to draw the line between what I see and what I reason out—between my clairvoyance and my deductions. And if I made mistakes I certainly should be deeply alarmed. But I don't," she added, laughing. "And so, in regard to those two men last night, and in regard to what *she* and they may be about, I feel not the least concern. And you must not. Promise me, dear."

But he rose, anxious and depressed, and stood silent for a few moments, her hands clasped tightly in his.

For he could see no way out of it now. His wife, once merely indifferent, was beginning to evince malice. And what further form that malice might take, he could not imagine.

As for Athalie, it was now too late for him to step out of her life. He might have been capable of the sacrifice if the pain and unhappiness were to be borne by him alone—or even if he could bring himself to believe, or even hope, that it might be merely a temporary sorrow to Athalie.

What was he to do? The woman he had married had rejected his loyalty from the very first, suffered none of his ideas of duty to move her from her aloofness. She cared nothing for him, and she let him know it; his notions of marriage, its duties and obligations merely aroused in her contempt. And when he finally understood that the only kindness he could do her was to keep his distance, he had kept it. And what was he to do now? Granted that he had brought it all upon himself, how was he to combat what was threatening Athalie?

His wife had so far desired nothing of him, not even divorce. He could not leave Athalie, and he could not marry her. And now, on her young head, he had, somehow, loosened this avalanche, whatever it was—a suit for separation, probably—which, if granted, would leave him without his lib-

erty and Athalie disgraced. And even suppose his wife desired divorce for some new and unknown reason. The sinister advent of those men meant that Athalie would be shamefully named in any such proceedings.

What was he to do? An ugly, hunted look came into his face, and he swung around and faced the girl beside him.

"Athalie," he said, "will you go away with me and let them howl?"

"Dearest, how silly! I'll stay *here* with you and let them howl."

"I don't want you to face it."

"I shall not turn my back on it. Oh, Clive, there are so many more important things than what people may say about us!"

"You can't defy the world."

"I'm not going to, darling. But I may possibly shock a few of the more orthodox parasites that infest it."

"No girl can maintain that attitude."

"A girl can try. And if law and malice force me to become your mistress, malice and law may answer for it, not I."

"I shall have to answer for it."

"Dearest," she said, with smiling tenderness, "you are still very, very orthodox in your faith in folk-ways. That need not cause *me* any concern, however. But, Clive, of the two pictures which seems reasonable—your wife who is no wife; your mistress who is more and is considered less? Don't think that I am speaking lightly of wifedom. I desire it, as I desire motherhood. I was made for both. If the world will let me, I shall be both wife and mother. But if the world interferes to stultify me, then, nevertheless, I shall still be both, and the law can keep the title it refuses me. I deny the right of man to cripple, mar, render sterile my youth and womanhood. I deny the right of the world to forbid me love and its expression as long as I harm no one by loving. Clive, it would take a diviner law than man's notions of divinity to kill in me the right to live and love and bring the living into life. And if I am forbidden to do it in the name of the law, then I dare do it in the name of One who never turned his back on little children—" She ceased abruptly, and he saw her eyes suddenly blinded by tears. "Oh, Clive, if you only could have seen them—the little flowerlike faces and pleading arms around — my — neck — warm — oh, sweet — sweet against my breast!"

The conclusion of *Athalie* will appear in the August issue.

THE MAN FROM GARY

By Vance Thompson



A lesson in carpentry in a public school at Gary, Indiana

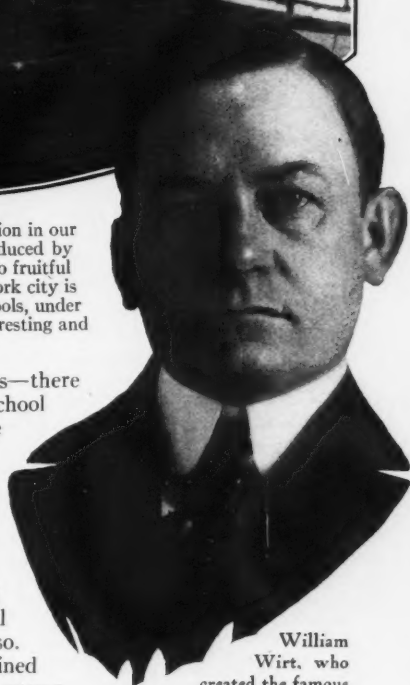
EDITOR'S NOTE—Unquestionably the most valuable innovation in our system of public instruction in recent years has been that introduced by William Wirt, superintendent of schools at Gary, Indiana. So fruitful of results has it proved, that the Board of Education of New York city is now giving the Gary plan a trial in several of the city's schools, under Mr. Wirt's active supervision. The chief features of this interesting and important idea are given in the following article.

IN the last few years—notably in the last ten years—there has grown up a new ideal of what the public school should be. But the difficulty, especially in the cities, has been to create a school organization capable of meeting new needs and responsibilities. According to the old plan, the school-hours were used exclusively for text-book teaching. So the children sat in school-seats for five hours a day for one hundred and ninety days, and no heed was given to what they did the rest of the time. There would seem to be something wrong in such a plan. At all events, a young man out in the Middle West thought so.

You have heard of William Wirt. He was not a trained pedagogue. No traditions hampered him. He was a young and aggressive lawyer, skilled in the affairs of great cities and in the practical business of life. What he said to himself was,

"The tremendous energy expended for the education of the city child is short-circuited through the wasted life of the city street."

Gradually, after many experiments, he built up a system of education which is intended to eliminate the wasted hours and meet the new demand for organized work, study, and



William Wirt, who created the famous Gary school-system

The Man from Gary

play. I shall describe his plan as succinctly as may be; but, first, you should meet this man.

Not tall; a shortish, square-built, powerful man, with a direct and business-like manner—just such a man as you would imagine William Wirt to be, had you heard of him only as the reformer who created the famous school-system of Gary, in Indiana. It was in his New York hotel that he made a remark which has haunted me:

"You have heard it said that a city is not a good place for bringing up children; why isn't it? It has everything that makes for wholesome and happy child life. A few years ago our city thought was dominated by men and women reared in the country. To-day our city thought is shaped by men and women who were themselves city children. They know the city home cannot provide a sufficient quantity of wholesome activity at work and play, and they desire a public institution that shall be a study, work, and play school."

Mr. Wirt is now carrying on his plan experimentally at public schools in three of the boroughs of New York city.

The principal features of his system are:

The educational capacity of the school is doubled by the introduction of the "two-unit" school. Two duplicate schools occupy,



Children using themselves the industrial resources of a public school in New York city, where the Gary system is being tried

alternately, the same classrooms, auditorium, shops, library, playground. While one class is busy with academic lessons, another spends the hour in the manual-training department, on the playground, in the library.

All the child-welfare agencies of the city are called upon to cooperate with the school. And it is Mr. Wirt's theory that only when every classroom, laboratory, shop, studio, playground, gymnasium, swimming-pool, library, museum, church, social settlement, and home are working at maximum efficiency all the time may one hope to teach all children the art of right living.

The child is permitted to participate in the real industrial activities of the school. The school carpenter, painter, plumber, electrician, cabinetmaker, machinist, and such employees all serve as teachers in this work, study, and play school.

And it has been found that one way of making children happy at school is to provide real work corresponding with life experience.

Instead of telling the child to work hard on his arithmetic and language because he will need them when he enters the real life of industry and commerce, the teachers show how one and the other are immediately applicable to his work and play.



When he felt unusually keen and ready to grapple with Details, he would dictate crisp Letters beginning thus: "Yours received, and in reply would say"

New Fables in Slang

By George Ade

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

The Fable of What the Best People are Not Doing

IN one of the countless Honeycombs of an Office Building shaped like an Obelisk sat a General Manager.

He had a tasteful Rug spread under him. His Finger Nails were shiny. The Desk Ornaments were in the Mission Style. One would have said, after a quick size-up of this well-groomed Executive, that here was a Ganook for whom Luck was breaking very nicely, thank you.

It is true that he received a peachy Check every Month. He earned it by sitting in a Swivel Chair and answering the 'Phone. When he felt unusually keen and ready to grapple with Details, he would dictate crisp Letters beginning thus: "Yours received, and in reply would say."

The pale-faced Subs in the outer Room trembled at sight of him and the Elevators waited for him. The Chief should have been Content with his Lot; but was he?

Not so that you could notice it. He was bleeding inwardly.

In the first place, his name was Elmer Floozey, which is not an easy thing to live down. Also, he had a Past. He had come to his present Exalted Station from a Tank Town via the Shorthand College and a ratty Boarding House.

Mr. Floozey could, at a Moment's Notice, take an ordinary Lead Pencil and make a List of at least 40 Blood Relatives who wore Suspenders in the Summer-time and inhaled from the Saucer.

He had toiled to the grass-crowned summit of the Long Hill, but his Shoes were still congested with the Gravel he had scuffed through in the barren Valley.

Elmer had an aching Desire to be a Regular Fellow.

No one had tipped it off to him that a steel-blue Gentleman of the Beacon Hill

Type has to be evolved by a laborious Burbank Process through several Generations.

He believed that any Prune could, by Concentration and Perseverance, make himself a Prince. He hugged the delusion that he could cut across Lots and catch up with the Drum-Major.

The prize he sought was the privilege of sitting down on terms of Equality with the Bashaws and the Hidalgos.

In order to qualify, he had his Eyes wide open, his Fingers crossed, and his Muscles set, and was trying to refrain from doing anything that was not being done by our Best People.

He had a moderate hunger for Wealth and a laudable willingness to splurge in a Commercial Way, but the solemn and consecrated resolve which governed every Move related to membership in a Club.

It was not a large Club and it was housed in a made-over Mansion of the darkest Mansard Period, but Mr. Floozey wanted to be seen lolling in a leather Chair by the Window; for then he would know that he had acquired Class.

Most of the Lollers exhibited at the Windows represented what a Society Gusheress would call the Old Families, or the Hoop-

teree. Their remote Ancestors had trapped Muskrats on the site of the present City Hall. Also, these revered Forefathers had traded with the Indians, after getting them Stewed.

Mr. Floozey's father had kept a Hardware Store with Agricultural Implements as a Side Line, so Mr. Floozey knew that he would have to step a Bit to overtake a bunch of Patricians tracing their Pedigrees right back to the time when four City Blocks could be secured for a cannikin of Medford Rum.

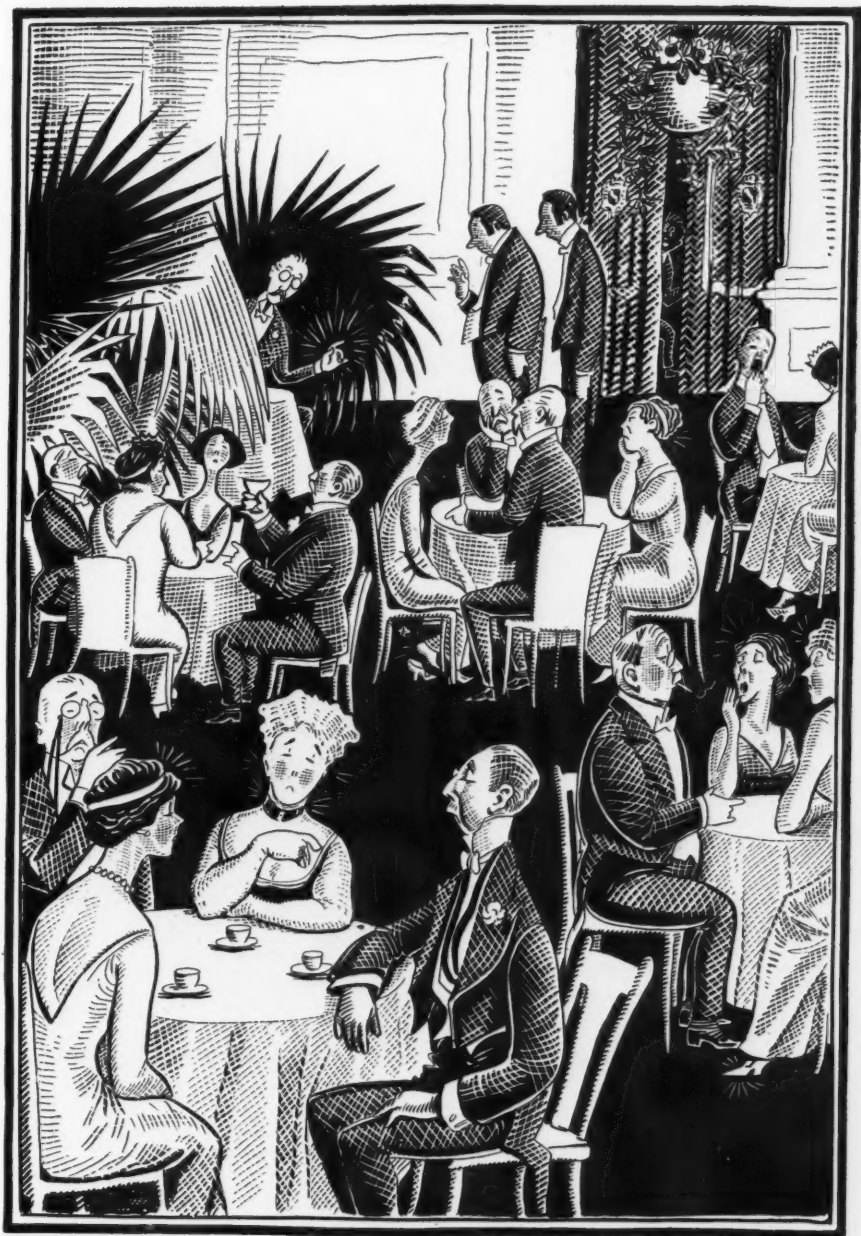
Elmer was crafty. He observed that the Climber and the Pusher never had a look-in. It was possible for the Self-Advertiser or the Spender to butt into one kind of Club Life and dapple the fair pages of the Evening Paper with pleasant mention of Himself, but these crude Methods cut no Asparagus with the Landed Gentry.

The one chance for a poor Gink of the Floozey Species was to keep on doing the Correct Thing and comport himself after the manner of a Chevalier and wait for Merit to be Discovered. So the General Manager was straining himself to do only the Things that were being Done.

We find him at his massive desk, trying



It was not a large Club and it was housed in a made-over Mansion of the darkest Mansard Period, but Mr. Floozey wanted to be seen lolling in a leather Chair by the window; for then he would know that he had acquired Class



— McCUTCHEON —

After the Head Waiter had secreted him behind a Palm, he compared himself with the
Thoroughbreds placed along the Windows. All of them wore an air of being
Bored, but not one of them was bedecked with expensive Gems

to hold back the salty Tears. He had just concluded a brief Business Talk with a Gentleman of the deepest dye whose Grandfather put the Scenery along the Erie Canal.

When the Caller affixed his proud Signature to a Contract, Mr. Floozey observed that his Nails had been done in the Dull Finish. The Visitor departed, and Mr. Floozey was left alone with his own Finger-Nails, which had been burnished until they fairly twinkled.

He was In Wrong again.

It was proving to be a long and slow Battle.

No wonder. For Mr. Floozey had started with a two-ton Handicap.

Mr. Floozey could remember the early Hick period of his Genesis, when he oiled his Hair and wore Cameos.

He had come a long Way since then, undoubtedly, but he still had a lingering Suspicion that he was merely a veneered Rube. The Finger Nail Episode helped to confirm this Suspicion.

Back in the Boarding House days he had entered manfully on his Life Work of eliminating the Hereditary Instincts.

First, he conquered the Perfumery Habit, and then, by an Effort, he gave up the silk Handkerchief with the vivid Border.

While he was still a Menial, he tried to pass himself off in the Street Cars as a Harvard Man home on a Vacation.

In those days he had longed to wear Socks with zigzag Patterns peeping saucily from under the reefed Trousers, but he took notice that the Lads who lived in the Big Houses of the Frigid Zone went in for Somber Effects.

In the effort to acquire the quiet and unobtrusive Elegance which would distinguish him from the ordinary Charleys of the Quick-Lunch Route, he was compelled to shed his Jewelry.

He had signalized the arrival on Easy Street by purchasing a swell Ring of several Carats and a Watch Charm which looked like the working model for a Memorial Window.

These glittering Ornaments seemed to impress the Newsboys and were quite apropos when he stood in front of a Soda Fountain.

But one day he took Dinner at a Place frequented by the Élite. After the Head Waiter had secreted him behind a

Palm, he compared himself with the Thoroughbreds placed along the Windows.

All of them wore an air of being slightly Bored, but not one of them was bedecked with expensive Gems.

From that day he played Safe, assuming the garb of a *blasé* Undertaker rather than queer himself by making up as a prosperous Liquor Merchant on his way to a Chowder Party.

He became a mere Copy-Cat, but he chose for his Models the acknowledged Head-liners of the ice-bound Elect.

By constant practise he learned to speak softly to a Waiter without incidentally giving the Waiter any License to regard himself as a Human Being. So he was allowed to come out from behind the Palms and sit among the Socially Prominent, who were still 8000 Miles distant, to all intents and purposes.

He did not seem to be getting any closer to them as regards letting them know that he was in the Room. But he was getting farther away from the Waiter all the time; so, naturally, he felt heartened.

He had his Wardrobe built by a whispering Tailor who had held the Tape Measure against all the Pinks of Fashion.

He took an apartment in a highly refrigerated Hotel, peopled by X-Ray Notables, so-called because they could look right through Mr. Floozey at something beyond.

Although he had been brought up as a Shouting Methodist, he attended Services at a Church frequented by successful Bridge Players. The Rector looked like a Leading Man with one of the Frohman Shows and had a Marmalade Accent.

Elmer thought he was forging ahead somewhat when he became a Regular at this Temple of Deportment. He carried a closely wrapped Umbrella to help convince the Hity-Titys that he was Some Cuss, but the only Parishioner who came near him was an elderly Nicodemus with a Contribution Basket.

By standing on the outside and peeking through a Knot-Hole at the Hallowed Reservation, he became wise to the Fact that the Best People made a specialty of being interested in Things that did not appeal to the Strap-Hangers or those occupying Benches in the Public Squares.

Mr. Floozey was very keen on Kelly Pool, but he gave it up when he learned that it was not being Done.



He writhed in Mortification and choked with Excuses when two Maiden Aunts, who had put the first Swaddles on him, reappeared on Earth one day and asked him to point out the House in which the Prominent Society Girl had been murdered by a well-known Clubman

New Fables in Slang

His early Training in a Center of Sociability prompted him to discuss the Weather with total Strangers and likewise get a little Choice Scandal now and then from the Bell-Boys, but he learned that anyone wishing to be approximately English should treat a member of the Serving Class as if he were Linoleum, while Conversation should be stored up and expended only on those who have been Met.

In other words, better be Lonesome than Common.

Can you see Mr. Floozey at a Symphony Concert? His Musical Ear had been trained by listening to the Silver Cornet Band of Squantumville. Regular Music sounded to him as if the Boys had started to play something and then disagreed.

Just the same, he would put on the extreme Terrapin-and-Duck Regalia, with the Pearl Studs and the snowy Mittens, and occupy a seat on the Aisle. He suffered, but he stuck.

To show how carefully he had planned his Campaign, he had the extreme foxiness to refrain from giving liberally to gilt-edge Charities.

It seems that the Outsider who crowds into the Charmed Circle and makes a Grand-Stand Play with the Bank Roll is thanked effusively and listed as a vulgar Pretender.

Mr. Floozey was surcharged with a passionate Longing to ring in with the *Haute Monde*, but under the Rules of the Game he didn't dare to let on.

His policy was to acquire the Poise and the Chesterfield Manner and the gentle Dignity which would qualify him. He felt that if he continued to obey the League Rules, some day the Drawbridge would be lowered over the Moat, and the huge Gates would be opened and he would pass into Glory.

In order to get the right Dope on Dress, Decorum, and the regular order of Business in Drawing Rooms, he read all the Books which were being Read.

He wanted to get Tips on the Line of Talk he would be expected to pull after his arrival in the Promised Land.

In the Novels dealing with High Life, he would follow Sir Geoffrey and the Lady Barbara into the Formal Garden, and try to get them when they were devoting a long Chapter to a discussion of certain elusive Moods of the Soul.

It is doubtful if any student of Current Fiction ever read more Chapters and muffed more Points than Mr. E. Floozey.

It will be recalled that we first met Our Hero in his hard-wood Lair, enduring Mental Anguish on account of the Finger Nails.

For twenty years he had worked overtime at being Refined. He had shunned unimportant People, trained his rude Vocal Cords to a faint imitation of the Massachusetts Dialect, frequented such Places of Amusement as bore the O. K. of the Drama League, and rubbed his Escutcheon with a Chamois Skin every blessed Morning.

What could he show for all these years of Purification by Fire?

Well, he had been admitted to a League for Civic Betterment, and he had a nodding acquaintance with at least eight Touch-me-Nots whose undergarments were supposed to be Royal Purple.

He had rehearsed until he was Letter Perfect, but the date for his Début among the Dinner-Givers still glimmered in the uncertain Future.

Every few days his Past would rise up and swat him.

He knew too many People with Good Memories.

That's the Curse of having *Hoi Polloi* Antecedents and a Record involving Coffee and Sinkers.

Some one said, somewhere, once, in a gush of Originality, that the World is Small. To an eager Aspirant for Vanity Fair who went barefooted every Summer until he was 14, the dear old Bromide goes Double with a Side Bet.

The threads of Memory connecting Elmer Floozey with his humble Origin and impossible Kin-Folk were about the size of Log Chains.

What was the good of acquiring Courtly Graces and looking like a registered Knickerbocker, if a Boob from the Home Town could walk in at any moment and spring a forgotten Nickname?

Can you imagine how Mr. Floozey suffered when Cousins in Mail-Order Suits came to his exclusive Hotel and requested him to take them to the Zoo?

Mr. Floozey could not go to the Zoo. Neither could he ride on a Rubberneck Auto. Such things were not being Done.

He writhed in Mortification and choked



He looked across the room one day and caught Orlando taking Luncheon with three eminent Railway Officials whom Mr. Floozey had worshiped from afar for upward of fifteen years

with Excuses when two Maiden Aunts, who had put the first Swaddles on him, reappeared on Earth one day and asked him to point out the House in which the Prominent Society Girl had been murdered by a well-known Clubman.

Sometimes it seemed to him that all of the corn-fed *Canaille* of the obscure Birthplace had moved up to the City and were in a conspiracy to joggle him every time he tried to stand on a Pedestal.

One Chap in particular nettled him to the very subcuticle.

Away back in the hateful days of the Pin Hooks and the Stone Bruises, he had consorted with an unwashed Kid named Orlando.

Fain would Mr. Floozey have chiseled the name of Orlando from the tablets of Memory, but he could not get the right kind of Chisel.

However, he felt a half-way Sense of Security so far as Orlando was concerned, believing that his Boyhood Friend probably was serving a Long Term somewhere in the Middle West.

Conceive the Dismay which chilled the Heart of General Manager Floozey when Orlando blew into the office one day and

greeted his former Playmate with blatant Enthusiasm.

Within five minutes, Orlando had the Premises festooned with grinning Skeletons of the ignoble Past.

It seemed that he had sidestepped all the Penal Institutions and jammed his way into the Railway Supply Business and was getting away with it.

He had his own Office, the same as Mr. Floozey, and was forcing himself upon Directors and Purchasing Agents, who never suspected that he was the only son of a Horse Doctor.

According to all the Standards which Mr. Floozey had set up, this Orlando Person was a Cad and a Bounder and a Boor. He was ineffably *Bourgeois*, even if he did pull down a fat Salary and show himself at Public Resorts intended for the choicest grade of Men About Town.

Mr. Floozey had to be diplomatic in order to escape Orlando and his boisterous Hospitality. He figured that the Strategy and Finesse of his deep-laid Plans for acquiring Social Recognition would certainly get balled up and skyfugled if he became identified with a cheap and noisy Element.

Even while the remaining section of his Conscience rebuked him for turning down one with whom he had slept Spoon-Fashion, the higher Necessity prompted him to give Orlando the Go-By.

But it was no easy matter to eliminate Orlando. The latter had a way of being Among those Present when there was aught Stirring. And he never felt at home in the Background.

Theoretically, Orlando was due to come an awful Cropper if he ever pulled any of that fresh Guff on the hard-faced Aristocrats.

Mr. Floozey could hardly believe his Eyes when he looked across the Room one day and caught Orlando taking Luncheon with three eminent Railway Officials whom Mr. Floozey had worshiped from afar for upward of fifteen years.

Instead of effacing himself and sitting back subdued and reverential, as became one of inferior Rank, the audacious Orlando had taken charge of the Conversation. His Manner was one of jaunty Superiority.

He was joshing the Heavyweights.

No doubt about it. He was bawling out the Graybeards—kidding the Millionaires.

Instead of calling the Head Waiter and having him removed, the Colossi were laughing their heads off.

Mr. Floozey felt the Theories of a Lifetime toppling about him and settling into Ruin.

He made terrified Inquiries and learned that Orlando had been taken up by the Best People because he was Breezy and never had learned to be awestricken.

The Great Men would go home and tell the Women Folks what Orlando had said at a Luncheon given to the President of the Trunk Line, and the Women would insist on having Orlando brought up to the House sometime, because they knew he must be Killing.

Then Orlando would call them up on the 'Phone and string them scandalous and tell them to leave him alone because he was an unprotected Bachelor with a spotless Reputation. So it was generally known that any Queen of the Tiara Tribe who snared Orlando for one of her Dinners was certainly playing in Great Luck.

In the mean time, Mr. Floozey, so blamed

Genteel that it hurt, moved sadly along the Side Lines.

He would have given any Vital Organ that you might select for just one of the scraggly Invitations littering the desk of Orlando.

The whole Situation was very baffling to him. It seemed that Polite Society not only lacked the Sense of Justice but operated without particular Method.

Mr. Floozey had schooled himself until he was as cold and glossy as a Dress Shirt fresh from the Laundry.

He was just as particular as could be about his Vocabulary, giving the Preference to Words that were worth from Eighty Cents to One Dollar each.

He seldom smiled, and then only at some Sally made by a Person above the grade of Employee. He was exceedingly Fromage.

For lo these many Snows he had done nothing but Prep himself for a sweeping Entrance into the Sanctum Sanctorum of the Select Minority, and he could not understand why he was kept waiting.

There came a day when he lifted a furtive glance toward the Windows of the Club which meant to him the Ultimate in all things worth having.

Orlando was sprawled among the Magnificos, acting like a Charter Member.

A generous Impulse came upon Mr. Floozey. He decided that one should never pass up old and tried Friends.

So he sought out Orlando and almost kissed him.

That is how it came about that Orlando appeared before the Board of Governors and worked his Drag.

He asked them to admit a certain Applicant, who would be attaining the Acme of Bliss if he could sit quietly in a corner of the library and read the *London Times*.

He said that Mr. Floozey was so Correct that he was Colorless, and therefore would be in Harmony with any Background.

Inasmuch as Orlando was the Life of the Card Room, the Governors strained a Point and admitted the Unknown.

As you pass the Windows, you may identify Mr. Floozey as the one with the Rapt Expression, sitting over by Himself.

Moral: A cultivated Gentleman may get Anywhere if he knows the right kind of a Rough-Neck.

The next *New Fable in Slang* will be *The Fable of the Film-Fed Family*.

The Family Boobs

A New Adventure of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

"Stung!" Not a pleasing sensation for the master stingers—J. Rufus Wallingford and Blackie Daw. And who do you suppose did the stinging? That is the hardest part of the situation, which contains also some alarming features. Are the families of these two adventurers in other people's fortunes about to assume the initiative, with scant respect for their feelings and pocketbooks? Here's a possibility that inspires one of the most brilliant strokes ever set to the credit of Wallingford and his partner.

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

AS the handsome son of J. Rufus Wallingford finished his glowing description of the property which the needy ladies were forced to sell, his cheeks were beaming and his eyes were sparkling. Toad Jessup, standing square and straight in the middle of the floor, with his fists jammed in his pockets and every freckle intense, surveyed young Jimmy sidelong most worshipfully.

"And you say they must have the two thousand dollars at once?" asked J. Rufus.

"Yes," replied Jimmy, with tremendous pity, such pity as only the voice of a child can express.

"Well, Blackie, I guess we'll have to buy," Wallingford concluded rather gruffly, to conceal the fact that his sympathies had been touched. He was pleased to see young Jimmy's kindness of heart; and he admired the boy's enthusiasm and his flowing command of language.

"Certainly we'll buy!" exploded Blackie Daw, who never cared whether or not anyone detected his emotions. "I'll sign up any minute."

"All we want is your promise," broke in Toad eagerly.

"If you don't mind, please, we'd like to have two hundred dollars of the money right away," urged Jimmy.

Very promptly the two men reached for their pocketbooks, and counted out a hundred dollars apiece for the needy ladies who were forced to sell their marvelously located property.

"Stung!"

The door burst open, and pandemonium broke loose as Violet Bonnie Daw and Fannie Wallingford rushed in. They grabbed the boys, and the four of them, yelling like Indians, did a hilarious fox-trot, while slow comprehension reddened the faces of big J. Rufus Wallingford and Blackie Daw.

"So you were the needy ladies!" sheepishly grinned Blackie.

"Great Scott!" And J. Rufus cast a look of wonder on his son, who was cavorting like a jumping-jack, with money in both hands. "You should have heard the bunk of that kid!"

"We did," laughed Violet Bonnie, swinging Jimmy clear off his feet. "He's a wonder!"

"Jim, when you retire, I'll take Jimmy as a partner," declared Blackie admiringly; but Wallingford surveyed his son with a troubled air. The boy was dangerously clever. Those lobeless ears! Did they mean anything?

"Boobs, Jim; boobs!" shouted Blackie, hugely enjoying the joke on himself. "Say, girls, tell us why you slipped us these lots."

"We got stung ourselves," admitted Violet Bonnie, plumping into a big leather chair and fanning herself with a handkerchief. "We let a poor old widower wring our hearts."

"And we've never lost on a single investment," slyly added Fannie Wallingford.

"There's no need to, with handy hicks

right in the family," snickered Violet Bonnie. "We're five hundred to the good, after taking out the agents' commissions of two hundred."

"The—" Wallingford turned to look at the boys, but they were out of the window and racing across the lawn toward the adjoining Daw estate, laughing at the tops of their voices and stuffing the money into their pockets as they ran.

"It's up to us, Jim," decided Blackie. "We'll have to get our money back."

The aggravating joy of Mrs. Daw and Mrs. Wallingford rose to even greater heights.

"You'd better go out to Devil's Dump and meet your property first," advised Violet Bonnie. "Come on; we'll take you to it."

The prospect was appalling! The lots purchased from the needy ladies towered gauntly on edge; one side slid down into a marsh and the other frowned upon a wilderness of rusty wire fences. They were remote and aloof from every point of the compass, and were utterly inaccessible, except to an especially nimble goat.

II

"DEVIL'S DUMP!" Wallingford's quick ear caught those words, in all the hubbub of the dining-room inside, and of Forty-second and Broadway outside; and he stepped on Blackie's foot so hard that Horace G. Daw almost swallowed his cigarette. At the table next to them, dallying with the luncheon demi-tasse, sat a big outdoors-looking man and a sallow, narrow-eyed, indoors-looking man, both of them with that sureness which comes from power and position.

"What does Tom say?" asked the outdoors-looking man—tall fellow, clear-red skin, clear-blue eyes, splendidly muscled under his blue-serge suit, about fifty. He told time from a thousand-dollar watch.

"To let the sucker wait for the condemnation price," replied the smaller man, the twitch of a smile at the corners of his thin lips. "It's the last piece of property on the list, and Tom won't stand for a hold-up."

He was a shifty-eyed man, long-faced, lean-cheeked, and secretive in every feature. His glance of roving suspicion found no one watching him at the corner table. J. Rufus Wallingford had the same secretive trick. He lounged negligently against the wall

on his cushioned bench, and puffed at his big black cigar. Blackie Daw gazed with nonchalant boredom over the motley collection of actresses, theatrical managers, merchants, and head men of every line of business; and he remarked upon the many kinds of New Yorkers to be found in this room at the luncheon-hour. To this, Wallingford gave his ready assent, his half-closed eyes turning sidewise to the corner mirror, in which were reflected the ruddy outdoors man and the sallow indoors one.

"Well," observed the large man, "I'm glad it's all closed, and we're ready to shoot. It's a five-year job." He tossed a bill on the waiter's plate without looking at the check.

"Yes." The other man bent his fingers and dipped them to the knuckles in his finger-bowl. "But we're not ready to shoot. This stuff has to simmer awhile first." And he indicated the newspaper which lay folded on the edge of the table.

"Oh, that!" The ruddy-mannered one smiled with jovial contempt at the noon edition. "That bunk's regular; it always works." He, too, glanced about him. No one in the vicinity seemed listening. Suppose one had been. He'd said nothing.

The waiter was right there with the change, having made it out of his own pocket. Both Wallingford and Blackie, with puzzled countenances, watched the men out of the room.

"I didn't hear anything," frowned Blackie.

"I did." Wallingford reached over for the newspaper which had been left behind. "There's some sort of a game out at Devil's Dump, and it's a big one. There's only two kinds of people in this room, and they're about fifty-fifty—top-notchers and thirty-second-degree pikers. These fellows—" He had opened the paper, and now he suddenly stopped. "Here it is! 'The route favored for the new boulevard which has been agitated to give access to Beulah Park is through the district known as Devil's Dump. Starting from—' Say, Captain!" The captain, his teeth the color of his expansive shirt-front, bent smilingly over the table. He knew well the liberal Mr. Wallingford and the liberal Mr. Daw. "Who were the gentlemen at the next table?"

"The tall gentleman, sir, was Mr. Carroll, the contractor—a very wealthy gentle-



Between cliff and hill there were alternate rocks and swamps, and at no point did the favored route come within half a mile of Goat Observatory!

"Why, it's the toughest place in New York to cut a boulevard!" wondered Wallingford, who was lost in perplexity.

"Don't name them," interposed Blackie hastily. "I've got a little

petition I want you to put into all the clubs of New York. If there's any you don't belong to, you know somebody who does"

man. The other was Mr. Peale. I do not know him so well."

"'Derrick' Johnny Carroll," chuckled Wallingford. "He never makes less than four profits out of a sewer-pipe."

"A boulevard through Devil's Dump, eh?" speculated Blackie, as the captain walked away. "Why, Jim, they're handing it to us ready-made! If we can unload Goat Observatory on this rise, we don't have to scheme off our heads to vindicate our honor at home."

"Let's go have a look," suggested J. Rufus, rising, and he paid the waiter on the way out. Wallingford's sense of chagrin at having been "boobed" by his own family was keener than Blackie's.

They drove out to the place where the favored route for the new boulevard was to start, and gazed blankly at a rocky cliff. They made a detour of an hour to get to the other end of the proposed route, and found themselves gazing at a rocky hill.

Blackie Daw laughed.

"What a pair of simps we are, outside our own calling!" he exclaimed. "Didn't you hear 'Derrick' Johnny say it was a five-year job? Why should a big contractor with a pull pick an easy place? Home, James! Goat Observatory might as well be in Mexico."

"Un-hunh!" J. Rufus was abstracted as he climbed into the car, and he glanced over in the general direction of Goat Observatory, where their recently purchased lots stood up-edged against the sky, a monument to their shame.

"Say, Jim, I heard those sure-thing experts mention a third party. Who's Tom?"

"Tom? A brother to Jerry, I guess," Wallingford was thoughtful. "Blackie, there's almost a natural road running diagonally across to Beulah Park, right past those lots."

"Oh, yes," agreed Blackie cheerfully; "but why yearn? The people who say where the boulevard is to be have bought every slab of the property where they're

The New Adventures of Wallingford

going to put their boulevard, and we're not in politics."

"The public is," slowly considered Wallingford. "They've striped a few grafters, and are looking for more. If they were put hep to this joke, they'd have that boulevard run past our lots. The gang behind Johnny Carroll hasn't the nerve to fight the public, if they see it hump its back. There's a difference of five million dollars between the two routes. Blackie, let's save the city some money!"

III

JOYOUSLY the owners of the vertical real estate set out to save the city money; and the first step in this public economy was to buy options on all the property along the Goat Observatory route, and name it Woodbine Boulevard. The next was to capture a bristle-haired press-genius, pump him full of adjectives, and chain him to a typewriting machine. The next was to send Blackie Daw down to the Thespian Club to see the wealthiest retired comedian in New York.

"Hello, Blackie!" called the actor, who had made a fortune because he looked like an undertaker, and he shook hands with the husband of the ex-queen of musical comedy. "How's my old pal, Vi?"

"She's a living poem, Billy!" returned Blackie enthusiastically.

"Well, give her my love, and have a drink."

Blackie flapped a leather manuscript-case on the bar.

"How many clubs do you belong to now?"

"Twenty-two. Let's see. There's——"

"Don't name them," interposed Blackie hastily. "I've got a little petition I want you to put into all the clubs in New York. If there's any you don't belong to, you know somebody who does."

The eyes of Billy gleamed with joy. If there was anything he loved it was to circulate a petition. He was never without one.

"With pleasure, old man," he agreed. "What's it about?"

"Oh, a public-improvement thing—a new boulevard to a park. Here it is." And Blackie opened the portfolio. It contained two hundred neatly mimeographed headings, requesting the city, in the name of

the taxpayers and the public, to build Woodbine Boulevard.

"Fine!" Billy glanced at the heading with a practised eye. "I'll start it right away." And he walked over to a table where five men were debating. "The English actor—curse him!" Billy slapped down the petition and a fountain pen. "Here, fellows, sign this."

"All right, Billy. What is it?"

"Oh, a petition!"

So they signed it, and worked backward to Henry Irving, then forward again, while Billy, putting this paper in the hands of a trustworthy assistant petition-passer, took up Blackie's portfolio, jumped into his limousine, and started out for his other clubs. After that, there was nothing to do but mark time. One fine morning the press of New York city blazoned the fact that there was a second possible route to Beulah Park, a non-blasting route, a direct route, a pleasant route, a route which could be completed in one-fifth the time and would cost the city five million dollars less than the favored all-blasting route. And a monster public petition was being circulated in favor of Woodbine Boulevard!

A week of this. The bristle-haired press-agent's choice titbits of gaudy information popped into the public prints every morning, noon, and night. Then, at last, a lean-cheeked, narrow-eyed, sallow-complexioned, indoors-looking man hunted up Messrs. Wallingford and Daw by the simple process of inquiring from any property-owner along Woodbine Boulevard, and said, "Gentlemen, Tom wants to see you."

IV

TOM! Any other Tom needed the rest of his name, Smith or Jones or whatever it might be; but if you said just "Tom," and were in public life at all, you could only mean one person—Tom Haggett! He was a heavy-jawed, heavy-shouldered, heavy-browed man with wiry gray hair, and he lived in Suite 782—3-4-5, tier F, southern exposure, lace curtains concealing the bars; and the warden was most polite.

Tom rose squarely, in his popular striped afternoon suit, and received his callers with the simple-heartedness so becoming in a man of fame; then he motioned the warden and Charley Peale out of his reception-cell.

"Say, what do you men mean?" he demanded, passing the cigars and sitting in the big chair by the window where the sunlight could fall on him. He was losing some of his pink.

Both Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Daw grinned pleasantly at him, and Mr. Wallingford added the insult of a chuckle.

"About what?"

A slight growl in the thick throat of Tom.

"Don't josh!" he objected. "You know why I sent for you, and I know why you're here."

I hope you men don't think you can get away with this boulevard?"

Blackie Daw, twirling at his pointed mustaches reflectively, smiled.

"Our money's up, old top!"

Tom followed out the reflected character of the meeting by studying both gentlemanly callers profoundly.

"Well," he finally observed, "I just sent for you to give you a friendly warning. Don't put up any more."

J. Rufus moistened down the edges of a loose leaf on his cigar.

"Thank you; but it's too late. We've spent all we could, and from here on the ride doesn't cost us a cent. I may say, with pardonable pride, that both press and public are highly interested in Woodbine Boulevard as against the rocky road to Beulah."

A monster petition——"

"I know all about it," grunted Tom.

"You're gambling that the public can make us change our mind; but you lose. All the public can do is bark."

Wallingford chuckled again.

"The public can bite," he corrected, and he glanced significantly from Tom's striped suit to the window, where the blessed sunshine came through in six perfectly equal rectangles.

Some of the pink came back to Tom, but it was not the pink of shame. It was the pink indignation of a misjudged man who was not at liberty to set himself right. The public hadn't picked Tom. It had merely put up a general howl so loud that somebody had to get a state hair-cut; so six of them played freeze-out for it one night, and Tom was the Patsy.

"Yes; it is a handicap to be here," he gravely admitted, looking up at the six rectangles, "but the works don't stop. This boulevard's going through just where it was meant.

"We'll have the conversation in writing," snarled J. Rufus, quite conscious of the snicker in the adjoining drawing-room



Blackie Daw looked at J. Rufus Wallingford. Mr. Wallingford rose and picked up his silk hat. Mr. Daw rose and picked up his silk hat.

"Very glad to have met you, Mr. Haggett," remarked J. Rufus, shaking hands cordially; "beautiful weather outside."

"I'm for you, old top," observed Mr. Daw, as he shook hands cordially. "It's been a pleasure to chat with you."

Tom sat stolidly in his big chair until they reached the door, his eyes following them for any trace of laxness in any line of their figures.

"Hold on!" he said. "What are you going to do about your Woodbine Boulevard?"

"Nothing," returned J. Rufus placidly. "Just let it ride while we golf a little and motor a little and enjoy life. Look here, Haggett"—and now Wallingford turned squarely around and faced the man who was handicapped in his efforts to do things for the public—"you can't bluff us. We've got you backed in a corner, and you know it. You sent for us to talk compromise. Now, say something."

For a moment, Tom eyed them with somber steadiness. Then he smiled blandly, and it was as if he had taken off a mask.

"Sit down, boys, and light a fresh cigar," he invited, with all the courtesy of a gracious host. "Wait till I ring for drinks, and we'll go into the figures."

V

"FANNY, look at the flower parade!" gasped Violet Bonnie Daw, as an automobile full of American Beauty roses whizzed up the drive of the Wallingford residence in Tarryville.

"Greetings, ladies!" chirruped Blackie Daw, emerging from amid the roses; and the beaming J. Rufus followed him out of the machine.

"A trifling tribute to the fairest of their sex," grinned Wallingford, as he grabbed a great arm-load of the blossoms and tossed them at the feet of the ladies on the porch.

"Where have you been?" inquired Violet Bonnie. "Funeral—or an opening?"

"Oh, just transacting a little city business in the official residence," returned Blackie airily, as the boys came racing around the corner of the house. "These exquisite floral offerings are out of the profits of our happy investment in Goat Observatory."

"Did you sell those lots?" wondered Toad, his blue eyes sparkling. Daddy Jim and Daddy Blackie were certainly smart business men!

"For more than two thousand dollars?" inquired young Jimmy, a puzzled knot in his smooth brows.

"Oh, a trifle more," chuckled J. Rufus, producing from the machine a calliope horn and a new search-light for the boys' automobile. "A trifle more. We sold those two marvelously located lots for—now get this—fifty thousand dollars!"

"Fifty—thousand—dollars!" repeated Blackie; and then he sang it. "Thus do we never lose on our investments. There may be boobs in the family who would sell such valuable real estate for the insignificant amount of two thousand dollars, but——"

"Oh, may there?" interrupted Violet Bonnie, bridleing instantly, and she powdered her nose. "Well, all I've got to say is, I didn't know it was legal to do business with the patients in a sanatorium."

"Oh, didn't you?" mocked Blackie, still bursting with triumph. "Well, by the revised statutes of the United States, Vi, it's legal to do business any place you can get the money. Be that as it may, however. Come on, Jim; let's laugh!"

Laugh they did. They stood side by side, like two fools, and opened their mouths and haw-hawed until no powder would conceal the violent color of Violet Bonnie Daw's nose, and even the mild and gentle Fannie Wallingford flushed with aggravation. The boys were strictly neutral. They didn't care who a joke was on, as long as it was a joke, and they gave lungful aid.

"So's you'll know how to handle your investments next time, we'll tell you how it was done," condescendingly explained Wallingford, as he sat like a conquering king in his favorite wicker chair. And he told them, in detail, just how he and Blackie had forced the rulers of the city to buy out Woodbine Boulevard. Tom, the great Tom, had already taken over their options at cost, and agreed to pay them fifty thousand dollars for Goat Observatory.

"Come on, Jim; let's laugh!" invited Blackie Daw, at the conclusion of this tale. So, sitting side by side, he and big J. Rufus favored the ladies with another sample of spontaneous hilarity.

Violet Bonnie let them laugh. There were no known circumstances in which she could sit supine under ridicule, and her mental processes were on the jump.

"So you pikers didn't have nerve enough to stick it out!" she finally charged. "You had them on the run, but they bought you up for cigarette money; and they'll make millions."

It was astonishing how quickly young Jimmy caught the force of that. He was on his feet, his brown eyes glowing, and a smile at the corners of his lips.

"And they're probably laughing at you, right now, dad and Uncle Blackie, just like you're laughing at mother and Aunt Vi!"

The men suddenly stopped their mirth.

"Come on, Fanny; let's laugh!" shrieked Violet Bonnie, and, side by side, the two ladies opened their mouths and gave a superior specimen of hysteria, aided and abetted by the juvenile Indians.

J. Rufus stood it as long as he could, and then he stamped into the library.

"Boobs!" was the shrill word he heard as he slammed the door.

J. Rufus was still smarting under his disgrace when Charley Peale called that afternoon to carry out Tom's instructions. About Charley Peale's secretive eyes the sensitive Wallingford suspected the glitter of sarcasm, and at the corners of Charley Peale's thin lips there seemed the trace of a sneer.

"Well, I've come around to make you millionaires," said Mr. Peale, taking the chair across the table from the boulevard promoters, and, with one shifting glance, estimating and cataloguing everything in Wallingford's library, from the statue of Minerva to the sample-book of stock-certificate blanks in the lower bookcase shelf.

"We'll have the conversation in writing," snarled J. Rufus, quite conscious of the snicker in the adjoining drawing-room. He got up and closed the door. A flicker of a smile at the corners of the thin lips.

"All right, gentlemen," returned Charley Peale, pulling papers from his pocket. "You put one over on us, didn't you?"

And the sarcasm, this time, was in the tone.

"It was a pipe!" flared Wallingford.

"Tom wasn't outside to protect you."

"Or himself," added Blackie.

J. Rufus, watching Charley Peale with sullen resentment, saw a slight gleam in

the narrowed eyes, and his own eyes widened. His resentment vanished immediately.

"Let me see, gentlemen," said Peale, pulling the cap from his fountain pen; "the amount is——"

"Forty thousand dollars," interrupted Wallingford pompously, and was aware of a slight start in the frame of Horace G. Daw.

"Forty—forty thousand," repeated Peale, catching his breath. He had lying before him Tom Haggett's check, made out to himself, and ready to endorse over to Messrs. Wallingford and Daw, in the sum of fifty thousand dollars—*fifty!* Now he turned it on its face, and carelessly slid it among his other papers. "Are you sure of the amount?"

"You bet your life we're sure of the amount!" snorted Blackie Daw. "Forty thousand dollars, and not a cent less! If you've come around here to spring any comeback play—" He exhibited a handful of bony knuckles.

"Forty thousand dollars is the amount," observed J. Rufus Wallingford quietly but sternly.

Charley Peale, who had bargained and haggled all his life, and taken advantage of every quiver of an eyelash, now sighed a sigh of resignation, the well-feigned sigh of a man who gives up a vain struggle.

"Very well," he said; "if you won't take any less for those worthless lots, I am commissioned to pay your price." And he drew over his check-book. "This is to be a dual check, I believe, made out to both, and to be endorsed by both." And he proceeded to write. The check signed, he prepared a receipt. He was quite painstaking about this.

When he had gone, with his deed and his receipt and the notary who had been called in, Blackie and Wallingford sat and looked at each other for a silent minute; then a slow grin spread on the faces of both. Conversation was unnecessary between them.

VI

Tom sat contentedly sipping at a high-ball, smoking a cigar, and posting himself on the welfare of his beloved city when callers were announced.

"Hello, boys!" he said cordially, as he shook hands with Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Daw. "Say, Mike, bring up some more

ice and a fresh bottle of seltzer. What can I do for you fellows?"

He was the picture of striped content as he sat in his big chair by the window and passed the cigars.

"You can give us a little info, Tom," remarked J. Rufus, putting his hat on the table. His face was particularly pink and glowing to-day, and he wore in his button-hole half a dozen violets, which were strongly redolent of outdoors. "How much did you pay us for Goat Observatory?"

There came a slight contraction in Tom's brow.

"Fifty thousand bucks."

"Got the receipt?"

"You're dead right I got it!" And Tom reached for his letter-files. "I don't know what your game is, but—"

"Tut!" soothed Wallingford—two tuts. "We don't want a cent, Tom. We take our medicine like little men."

"There ain't a holler in us anywhere, Tom," Blackie cordially assured him. "When we get ours, we know we got it, and we put on a little salve and let it go at that."

Tom, leafing through a letter-file, looked up at them ponderously, and studied first one and then the other with frowning thought; then he went on leafing through his letter-file, the frown still there.

"The only favor we ask is to know who dropped the bee inside our collar," quietly went on J. Rufus. "We'd like to have a peek at that receipt."

Tom produced the document in question, looked it over himself, and passed it on. He said nothing; but there was a smile of satisfaction on his thick lips.

"Says fifty," acknowledged Wallingford, looking admiringly at the receipt. "See where it was fixed, Blackie?"

Mr. Daw pulled the end of his watch-chain from the pocket opposite his watch, and held up a small reading-glass, with which he scrutinized the receipt.

"Nice work," he approved. "The 'o' in 'forty' was spread out so it could be turned into an 'i' and the loop of the 'r' is worked into the 'f.'"

"Two strokes," smiled Wallingford; "just two strokes."

"See here!" thundered Tom. "What are you men rigging on me?" And he jerked the receipt from them.

"Keep on your pajamas, old top!" ad-

vised Blackie kindly. "In two minutes you'll be borrowing this reading-glass and sending for the salve."

"Take a look at this!" And J. Rufus produced Charley Peale's check.

Tom Haggett stared at that forty-thousand-dollar check blankly for a moment, then, for the first time since his incarceration, the ashen-gray of indoors crept over his face. The lines of his lips and his nose and his jaws and his eyes seemed to grow stiff. With a steady hand he reached out for Blackie's reading-glass.

"Have you got your checks back from the bank this week?" inquired Wallingford softly.

"No." Tom's voice was tremendously quiet. "I'll telephone." He rang a bell. By the time the iron door swung open, he had his check-stubs out. "Say, Mike, telephone my personal-account bank and see who endorsed my fifty thousand dollar check number twelve-o-seven."

A deep silence fell within the neatly furnished reception-cell. Tom sat looking steadily out of the window away, away out, as far as he could see into the sky, his ponderous head motionless, his feet planted squarely on the floor, his elbows on the arms of his chair, his fingers interlaced—a picture of perfect repose. Wallingford quietly smoked, only the jovial wrinkles about his eyes twitching occasionally. Blackie Daw sat in funereal stillness as long as he could, then played "Simon says thumbs up" with himself, threw away his cigar and lit a cigarette, leafed over the afternoon papers, and finally settled into a miserable contemplation of the circlings of a fly up near the ceiling.

Mike poked his head in at the door, after two eons and an eternity.

"Charley Peale," he reported.

"Thanks, Mike." And for two solid minutes after the door clanged, Tom Haggett sat motionlessly staring out of the window, away, away into the sky, as far as he could see—an image of gray ice.

"Damn the hounds!" he suddenly exploded, and jumped to his feet. Then all the pent-up passion of this volcanic man burst forth. He cursed; he stormed; he raged; he strode up and down the narrow limits of his cell like a madman, and when he stopped, his face and neck enpurpled, and the veins standing out blue and corded on his hands, there were flecks of foam on



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

Tom sat contentedly sipping at a high-ball, smoking a cigar, and posting himself on the welfare of his beloved city when callers were announced

his lips. If he could only get out! *If he could only get out!*

There was silence again, in which Blackie Daw looked wonderingly at J. Rufus. They had moved to the corners up next to the windows to give Tom plenty of room, and Wallingford's face was pale. Violent emotion of any sort affected his heart.

"Suppose we talk a little business, Tom," said Blackie, handing J. Rufus some whisky and mixing himself a high-ball. "May I pour a little for you, old man?"

"No, thanks." Tom was hoarse, but he had hold of himself again. "What's the business?" He sat in his chair by the window and loosened the top button of his striped jacket.

"It's very simple," resumed Blackie, after a hesitation, in which he had waited for Wallingford to take the lead. "If you get out of here within a week or so——"

"Wait a minute!" Tom put his big hand to his throat. "Excuse me. If I get out of here within a week or so——"

"You'll want to tie a stone around the neck of your bunch and drop it into the bay." Wallingford speaking, serene, calm, smiling, pink-faced. "You hold our options on the Woodbine Boulevard properties. I suppose that Peale and Carroll and that crowd have all their money invested in the other boulevard properties."

"Along with a lot of mine," amended Tom.

"Can you get yours out?"

A grim grin on the face of Tom.

"In a minute."

"Then put through the Woodbine, and let us buy in again on those options, fifty-fifty."

Tom's eyes gleamed, and then the light faded and he shook his head.

"What's the use?" And a trace of oldness crept into his voice. "There's the best part of a five-stretch ahead of me, and no chance for anything off but good time. The governor's a friend of mine, but he dassn't open his head. He wants to be re-elected."

"Will you promise?" insisted Wallingford.

"Will I promise? Say, if I once get out and after that bunch of cheap feists that bite my withers because I'm muzzled, I'll do little short of murder. Will I promise?"

"That's all we ask," said Wallingford.

"It's enough," said Tom Haggett.

A month later, as the "family boobs" were exulting over the profits of the most lucrative investment they had ever made, Tom Haggett dropped out for a game of dominoes.

"Say, boys," he puzzled, as he tested Blackie's Scotch, in the Dutch library, "I had a pike to-day at the monster public petition that set me loose, and it was the size of a section of sewer-main. But I found on it the names of thirty-two men who would rather see me dead than out in the open air. How did you ever work it?"

Wallingford and Blackie looked at each other.

"Is he safe, Blackie?" asked J. Rufus.

"You got his promise," smiled Blackie.

"Well, Tom, that monster public petition was the one we got up to whoop through Woodbine Boulevard, but we didn't need it; so we just put a new head on it."

Tom Haggett's eyes glistened, and he mechanically raised his hand to his throat. Then he drank his drink.

"Say, boys, you fellows ought to be in politics."

The next *Wallingford* story, *Regular Money*, will appear in the August issue.

"Hey There!"

is the title of this month's **Harrison Fisher** picture. A glance at the cover will be sufficient to convince you that you want one. You may have it without lettering, printed on 14 x 11-inch pebbled paper, for 15 cents, post-paid. Twenty-five other pictures in the same series. *Send for free illustrated catalogue.*

"Tipperary"

Did you overlook the announcement in last month's issue of **Howard Chandler Christy's** latest picture, *"It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary"*? If you did, it is not yet too late to procure a copy. It is printed in colors, size 16 x 12 inches, and the price is 25 cents, post-paid.

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Shadows of Flames

A STUDY IN IMPERFECTION

By Amélie Rives

Author of "The Quick or the Dead," "World's End," etc.

Illustrated by George Gibbs

SYNOPSIS—Sophy Taliaferro, a girl from Virginia, has, when the story opens, in 1890, in London, been married over three years to Cecil Chesney, younger brother of Lord Wychote. The young wife finds little favor with Cecil's mother, the dowager Lady Wychote, who hates Americans and is also greatly displeased with her able and brilliant son because he has flouted the pronounced Toryism of the family and become a radical; he has, moreover, spent some time in India and in African exploration against his mother's wishes. Chesney, usually an affectionate husband and father (there is one child, a boy of two years), has become subject to ugly fits of temper, often followed by quite unaccountable illnesses. He declares that these attacks are due to the effects of jungle-fever, and he will have no physician called, depending entirely upon the ministrations of his faithful valet, Gaynor. Before long, the latter comes to Sophy and advises her to see a specialist. She, quite unknown to her husband, consults Doctor Carlew, a celebrated neurologist. He makes it plain that Chesney is a victim of both morphine and cocaine, and recommends a sanatorium, but Sophy knows that Cecil will never consent to this.

It is finally decided, after consultation with Lady Wychote and the family physician, to take Cecil to Dynehurst, the Wychote estate in the north of England, and attempt a cure with the aid of an experienced nurse. To this plan, Chesney, now in fear of Carlew and a sanatorium, consents. But it proves a failure. Chesney has an extra supply of morphine, and when deprived of this begins drinking and becomes very violent. Finally, the nurse, Anne Harding, declares that she will give up the case unless Carlew is sent for. He comes, and so frightens Chesney that he agrees to go to a sanatorium.

Just before this climax, little Bobby has a bad attack of croup, and the Dynehurst physician orders him to a warmer climate, recommending Lake Maggiore, in Italy. Sophy hears this with peculiar emotion, for here is the home of the Marchese Amaldi, an Italian nobleman whom she has met in London and deeply admired, and upon whom she knows that she has made a strong impression. The *marchese's* mother is an American, and he himself is separated from an unfaithful wife, there being no divorce-laws in Italy. Sophy leaves for the Continent as soon as Carlew arrives at Dynehurst. At Milan, on the way to the lake, she runs into Amaldi, who is in the city on account of his mother's visit to the dentist. The Amaldis take her in charge and accompany her, with her child and servants, to Maggiore, where Sophy rents Villa Clelia, near Ghiffa, on the Piedmont side of the lake, some miles above Le Vigne, the Amaldi estate, near Angera, on the Lombard shore. The Marchesa Amaldi, realizing the possible consequences of the propinquity of Sophy and her son, warns the latter that, under the circumstances—he, a married man, and Sophy, a wife and mother—there could be no honorable issue to a situation in which he would come to care too much for her, and this warning is not taken in very good part.

As might be expected, what the *marchese* fears comes to pass. Amaldi, tortured by repressed love, finds it insupportable to be near Sophy constantly, and leaves the lake for brief periods. Sophy, missing his company, admits to herself a warm affection for the man with no passion in the feeling. In spite of this situation, the summer passes happily. Early in September, Chesney arrives unexpectedly and unaccompanied. He is much better—both in health and spirits—and is at once on the most friendly terms with Amaldi. But one day he has a sharp attack of sciatica, the result of becoming chilled after a swim. He disdains the orders of Doctor Carlew, and with the excuse to himself that he must have sleep, obtains morphia and a hypodermic syringe from a local drug store. Now begins again the old habit. He also drinks brandy regularly. Sophy does not suspect. Chesney shows resentment at Amaldi's visits to his wife. A slight quarrel ensues over this, and Sophy leaves the room. Chesney goes to his own room, in considerable pain—for the sciatica has returned—and in two injections takes a half-grain of morphia.

CHESNEY was very much on his guard for two days after that. The pain in his leg was better. He took no more morphia until just before day on the third morning. The sciatica had again roused him with its fierce stabs. But he took a very moderate dose—only the eighth of a grain. A cup of black coffee before going down to breakfast steadied him. He lay on a wicker chair in the sunshine, reading between dozes. Sophy felt sorry for him, although she was still indignant at the way he had spoken to her about Amaldi.

He ate a light lunch and drank two more cups of lyelike coffee after it. He felt so much better that he asked her to come with him to Cerro.

"I'm going to hire a rowboat," he explained. "We'll go trolling together. Come along; it's a jolly day—not too hot."

But Sophy said that she had ordered a carriage to go shopping in intra for Bobby.

"I *must* get some autumn things ready for him," she said. "This warm weather won't last much longer."

Chesney felt a spurt of anger as she made this excuse for not going with him. He had taken a glass of cognac after Sophy had left the dining-room. The wearing-out of the morphia left him irritable, and the brandy whipped this irritation. He tried hard to keep himself in hand. He really wanted her to come with him very much.

"Do come," he said. "Let the Italian woman—let Rosa go for the boy's things."

She must know exactly what to buy for children. Do—there's a good girl!"

"No; really, Cecil, I couldn't explain to her. She's very stupid about such things."

"By George, I don't believe you want to come! I believe you're just putting me off with a lot of bally excuses, because you don't want to be with me," he said, glowering at her.

Sophy colored a little. It was true that she did not want to go with him. She saw too plainly the ugly mood that was gathering in him and would probably break into a storm of hectoring before night. But, on the other hand, she really felt it necessary to see at once about those warm things for Bobby. He caught cold so easily.

"Do you come, or do you not?" asked Chesney sharply, watching her.

"I can't to-day, Cecil," she said earnestly. "If you'll wait till to-morrow, I'll go with pleasure. It isn't kind of you to take it like this—as if I wanted to vex you."

"Oh, well, do as you like," he said, with his ugliest smile. "I've married a *femme mère*, it seems. Just as well, perhaps, that it wasn't a *femme courtesane*. There might have been ructions, sooner or later."

He turned and ran down the steps of the terrace. Sophy stood watching, while Luigi handed him his overcoat and steadied the launch at the little wharf while he got in. Then she saw him dart off at racing speed for Cerro. She drew a breath of relief to think she was not with him. It was then one o'clock. At three, she went upstairs to change her tea-gown for the drive to Intra. As she was putting on her hat, Luigi knocked at the door to say that the *marchese* was in the drawing-room. She went down at once, and found that Amaldi had come to bring a note from his mother, asking Cecil and herself to lunch at Le Vigne the next day. She said that they would be glad to come—if her husband were well enough. He had been suffering a good deal of late. While they were talking, Luigi came again to say that the carriage was waiting. Amaldi rose at once, but she said: "No; don't hurry away. I'm only going shopping. I can go just as well later."

But though Amaldi sat down again, they could not find pleasant, natural ease in their talk. There was a constraint on them both. Sophy asked about the *marchesa* and Cagnin and the autumn crops at Le Vigne. Amaldi told her of some of Cagnin's latest drolleries.

They were talking in this rather forced, desultory fashion when she heard Cecil's step coming fast up the terrace stairs.

He, in the mean time, had looked in vain at Cerro for the rowboat that he wanted. This, of course, put him in a still worse humor. He had also miscalculated the duration of that eighth of morphia taken in the early morning. Its effects had entirely worn off by two o'clock. This left him stranded at Cerro with that gone feeling of intense weakness. He went from the boat-yard to the little inn and asked for cognac. Of course there was none; but the *padrone*, who spoke a sort of bastard French, explained that they had the most excellent *grappa*. In his opinion, *grappa* was superior to all the cognac in the world.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est que ce sacré grappa?*" Chesney had growled. Then the *padrone* explained, and further illuminated his explanation by bringing a bottle of the clear, white, fiery liquor—one of the fieriest and most heady of all liquors—the native spirits of Italy, distilled from the must of grapes to almost pure alcohol. Chesney, not aware of its strength, drank several glasses. This made him feel so much more "fit" that he drank yet another before leaving. By the time he was half-way across the lake on his way back his brain was in flames from the ardent spirit. He found himself clenching his teeth till his jaw ached in a spasm of vague rage against everything—everyone. Then he recalled Sophy's refusal to go with him, and his anger concentrated on her.

When he ran up the terrace steps at Villa Clelia, fifteen minutes later, he was half-blind with unreasoning fury. Hearing voices in the drawing-room, he tore open the door and burst in on Sophy and Amaldi.

He was speechless for a second. Then he strode forward and took Sophy by the arm. "So you lied to me!" he said. "You wanted to stay here alone for your —"

Amaldi took a step forward. Chesney whirled on him, releasing Sophy's arm. She fell back against the wall, grasping at the window curtain for support. She seemed to press against the hard stone of the wall, as though trying to melt into it. Chesney, his head lowered between his shoulders, roared at Amaldi like the bull he resembled.

"You little sneak—get out of here—out of this house!" he shouted.

Amaldi looked him in the eyes.

"*Charbonnier est maître chez soi*" (A coal-heaver is master in his own house), he said icily. "I will go. But I will give you a gentleman's chance—I will send you my seconds."

Chesney vented a great "Ha!" of utter, insolent derision.

"Why, you little emasculated Don Juan, d'you think I'd fight one of your tin-soldier farces with you? Clear out!"

"Coward!" said Amaldi, in that same low, icy voice.

Then Chesney, inarticulate with rage, lifted his walking-stick and rushed on him. Amaldi was a master swordsman. With his own stick he parried the other's blows, then, suddenly, by a quick, sharp stroke across the wrist, disarmed him.

Chesney stood dazed, for an instant, by the unexpectedness of the thing. As he stood thus, Amaldi left the room. But even as he did so, Chesney broke from his trance and leaped after him. At once, Sophy had her arms about him. She clung desperately, swinging round in front of him, hanging upon him with all her weight and strength.

"You shall not! You shall not!" she kept saying through her set teeth.

It was impossible for him to move quickly with the weight of the frantic woman clinging to him, adapting herself to all his movements with supple instinct. He could not tear himself loose from her without hurting her brutally. He was not so lost as to do that. At last, he caught the folds of Sophy's blouse in a fierce grip, dragged her to her feet, and shook her to and fro.

"Be quiet!" he ground out. "Keep still! Your lover's safe—for this time——"

She panted, wordless, her frenzied eyes pouring loathing on him.

"Aye; look at me as if I were a toad—a horned toad!" He grinned convulsively. "You've made me one—you, with your dirty little lover!"

Sophy got her breath. She tore from his grasp, leaving some of the light trimming of her blouse in his clenched hand.

"I wish he were my lover," she panted; "I wish anyone were my lover. Oh, if I could only tell you that I had a lover! If I only could! Brute! Coward!"

The dementia of hatred in her wild eyes sobered Chesney for an instant.

"Cut that!" he said sullenly. "What you've got to do is to swear to me, by all

you hold sacred, that you'll never see that little skunk again. Come; out with it!"

She laughed.

"Swear," he cried furiously, "or I'll——"

She went on laughing.

"Oh, you brute!" she whispered, between spasms of laughter. "You great, helpless brute!"

He gazed at her villainously.

"Swear!" he mumbled. "Swear—or 'twill be worse for you!"

Her laughter renewed itself. Tears of laughter ran down her wild, working face.

"I laugh—" she stammered; "I laugh—because you think it could be—worse for me——"

He stood balked, humiliated, before this fierce laughter. Then cunning flashed into his look of sheer thwarted beast.

"I'll tame you—catamount!" he said, and, laughing himself now, turned and rushed from the room. A thrice of intuition gripped her. Bobby! He was going to wreak his spite against her on her boy. She was after him like the wind. But not fast enough—not fast enough. Just before her—just out of reach—as in a nightmare, he was leaping up the steps, three at a time.

The nursery was on the third floor. She had put the child there because it was the sunniest room in the house. It had two large windows, each with a little balcony before it. Yes; it was the nursery he was making for. She was just in time to see him plunge in. The light door clapped to behind him without latching. She fell against it. As she did so, she heard Rosa scream. At the same instant she saw! He was out on the light wooden balcony before the west window—with the child, grasped by its middle, in both hands. Then the great arms straightened. He was holding the boy out in the blinding sunshine—out in the empty air—above a drop of thirty feet sheer to the gravel drive below. She saw this red as though bathed with blood. The Italian woman had cast herself prone on the floor. She tore at her hair in a sort of fit. Sophy stood congealed. Even her eyes seemed stiffening. Her breath stopped—her heart. She saw the boy begin to writhe. Then her heart writhed in her, but she stood fast. Was the boy screaming? Deafness seemed to have smitten her. She could see the piteous round of the little mouth—wide open—but no sound reached her.

Over his shoulder the madman flung with a laugh,

"Perhaps *now* you'll do as I tell you!"

She heard a "Yes" go from her. It seemed like some faint, winged thing, fluttering from her mouth toward him. She was afraid it would not reach him. She sent another—another—"Yes! Yes!"

"You swear it?"

"Yes!"

"Never to see that little cur again?"

"Yes!"

"Then here's 'the pledge of love,'" he chuckled. He strode back and dropped the boy into her arms.

But the next instant, his face sobered into a scared look. The child was in spasms.

"I say," muttered the frightened man, "I've gone it a bit too thick—eh?"

She was gazing with blind eyes at her boy. All her face looked blind. She had sunk down on the floor with him. There was a dreadful, dulled, yet crazed look in the very way she held the jerking body. She kept whispering: "A doctor! A doctor! A doctor!" Neither she nor Chesney noticed the appalled group that had gathered at the nursery door, drawn there by Rosa's scream—Luigi, Maria, Tilda; the gardener's boy, Tibaldo. Rosa, now sitting up on the tiled floor, muttered and sobbed senselessly. She had lost her wits for a few moments, from sheer terror.

But when Sophy began her monotonous croak of "A doctor! A doctor!" this group vanished as by magic—all save Tilda, who came and crouched down by her mistress, helping her hold the struggling child. And all at once, Chesney, too, dashed from the room. When he reached the terrace, he saw Luigi, like a little black hare, scudding toward the boat-landing. At his heels ran Tibaldo and the two women. The huge man, in his day the fastest runner in England, overtook them in a few bounds. Now his head was clear. Now he knew what was needed and exactly how to get it. He leaped into the launch, Luigi after him. Within eight minutes they were at Intra. Claudio Mora, an intelligent young doctor from Turin, returned with them.

XLVII

MORA succeeded in checking the boy's spasms, but was much relieved when Sophy

asked to have Cesare Carmenis in consultation. There were things about the case that he could not understand. He said so frankly. That such a robust, sunburnt little fellow, past the age for teething, should have convulsions baffled him. Carmenis arrived at five o'clock. To him, Sophy told the whole truth. He was a quiet, gray man of about sixty whose own life had been tragic. The comprehension of dominated sorrow was in his face. Sophy felt that she could trust him. She could not have spoken to Mora. He was too young—and he was still encased in the hard shell of happiness. She could not have laid the wound of her life bare to him as she did to this quiet, sad-eyed man, whose only son was a cripple born and whose wife had left him for a singer.

After hearing her, Carmenis released his young *confrère* from further responsibility. He would stay himself that night, he said.

Bobby was very ill for some days. He had fever and was delirious. Sophy never left the nursery. Her meals, which she scarcely touched, were served there. Carmenis stayed with her till the crisis was past, being taken to and fro between Stresa and the villa during the day in the Norma, as the launch from Taroni's was called.

Chesney avoided being alone with the doctor. He had his meals served at different hours, also in his room, for the most part. When he could not avoid meeting Carmenis, he would halt awkwardly for a moment, and say, "Little chap going on well?" or, "Don't let Mrs. Chesney break down, will you?" or some such commonplace. He had slipped into the way of taking morphia pretty regularly ever since that fatal afternoon. To face the prospect of Bobby's possible death with clear, undrugged mind was too much for him. And Sophy would not see him—had sent him a sealed line, as soon as she could command herself enough to write, saying that she would not. "Do not try to see me," she had written; "it is all I ask of you."

It was the fourth day of Bobby's illness. The late-September evening was as warm as August. Chesney lay on his bed in the darkness, his hands under his head, staring out at the onyx wall of the Sasso di Ferro that rose against a sky pricked with stars. He was not undressed. He felt dead tired, soul and mind and body, and he had just taken his evening dose of morphia. He was so tired that he was not even



DRAWN BY GEORGE CLINE

"You little sneak—get out of here—out of this house!" he shouted

thinking his own thoughts. Émile Verhaeren was thinking for him—Verhaeren, the one poet that he had ever really cared for. The great Belgian's volcanic and almost demoniacally virile imagination had appealed to him from the first as no other had ever done. His own tempestuous, rebellious, intolerant nature echoed to these trumpets of anguish and defiance and exultation. Spirit writhing in the blast-furnace of untamed and primordial sensuality, the distorted religious instinct easing its throes with supernal blasphemies, a dark Prometheus thrusting with his defiant torch at the eye-torrents of the God from whom he had filched it—these things stirred him to the very depths. And, tonight, it was as if Verhaeren had written for him and him alone. Who but he and Verhaeren had ever felt what these words expressed?—these words that thundered and howled through his mind, translating himself to himself with such appalling fitness:

*Dites, suis-je seul avec mon âme,
Mon âme, hélas! maison d'ébène,
Ou s'est fendu sans bruit, un soir,
Le grand miroir de mon espoir?*

And again:

*Aurai-je enfin l'atroce joie
De voir, nuits après nuits, comme une proie,
La démence attaquer mon cerveau,
Et détraqué, malade, sorti de la prison
Et des travaux forcés de sa raison,
D'appareiller vers un lointain nouveau?*

He lay there thinking through the terrible, implacable mind of Verhaeren until midnight. Then a foot on the stair roused him—Sophy's! Was the boy worse? Was he dying, perhaps? He leaped to the door, jerked it open. His haggard, drug-ravaged face stared out between the cheap yellow wood of the newel post and the door. Sophy was coming down the stairs opposite. She looked like a sleep-walker in her long, white dressing-gown, with eyes fixed before her. She looked straight at him, but her face was blank of recognition.

"Sophy!" he muttered. There was anguish in his hoarse voice. "Sophy!"

For all response, she leaned over the banister.

"Dottore! Dottore!" she called.

"Vengo—vengo, signora," came at once the reply of Carmenis. As soon as he answered, she turned and ran fleetly up the

stairs again. She had not even glanced toward Chesney. Then Carmenis went by, also very quickly. Chesney wanted to ask what it was—he could not speak. Later, he waylaid the doctor coming back. Yes; the boy was conscious again. He would live. The crisis was past. Chesney hung so heavily on the door that it swung back a little with him.

"Can I do anything for you, signora?" said Carmenis, hesitating.

"No, thanks—the—shock!" Chesney mumbled. He retreated, closing the door. Carmenis stood a second looking at the closed door. Then he passed on to his own room. The next day he said to Sophy,

"Signora, now that the little one is out of danger, I feel that I must speak to you about your husband."

He saw her grow rigid.

"Signora," he pursued very gently, "one forgives much to illness. Your husband is an ill man, signora." He saw her eyes waver, but her nostrils were still set.

"You have been kind enough to trust me with your confidence, signora," Carmenis went on, in his flat, gentle voice, "and so I feel it my duty to speak."

"Yes," said Sophy mechanically. Carmenis looked at her with that tender pity which, from the wise eyes of a kindly priest or physician, does not hurt. She braced herself to meet what was coming.

"Then, signora," said Carmenis, "I will remind you that your husband came to me two weeks ago to consult me about a severe attack of sciatica. He asked for a palliative. I told him that I knew of none save opium—morphia—that I did not give it except in extreme cases. Now, signora, from what you have told me—about the unfortunate habit that your husband has only lately escaped from— You will pardon my perfect frankness, signora—"

He hesitated, and Sophy said, in a hard, clear voice,

"Do you mean that my husband is taking morphia again?"

"I fear so, signora."

Sophy sat looking down at her hand, which she clenched and unclenched as it lay on her knee.

"Yes; I think it's very likely," she said, at last, still in that hard, resonant voice.

Carmenis was silent for a time, then,

"I think your husband has suffered much for what he did the other day, signora."

Sophy's face flamed. Her eyes glittered. "Don't speak of it—don't speak of it!" she cried, as though suffocating.

Again Carmenis waited.

"Forgive me, *signora*," he then said, "but I must tell you that I think this is a crisis for your husband as well as for your son."

Sophy turned suddenly and hid her face against the back of her chair. The tired, kind eyes of Carmenis looked at the bent head compassionately. He said,

"I think—as a physician—if you could go to him—gently—he would confess and try once more to—to be what you would have him be, *signora*."

Then Sophy broke down.

"I can't; oh, I can't!" she sobbed. "You don't know—I can't bear even the memory of his face—his voice! How am I to go to him? I can't; I can't!"

The little doctor's face looked very worn as he sat watching her, while she clung to the big, ugly chair as to a rock of refuge, clutching it with her white hands, staining its gay chintz cover with her tears. Suddenly he rose and went over to her.

"*Bambina—bambina*," he said tenderly, "when you have saved him, you will love him. We always love what we have saved."

He just touched her hair softly, once, as a father would have done.

"*Coraggio—coraggio*," he murmured, in his kind, faded voice. Then he left her.

Chesney was filling his hypodermic syringe that evening, about seven, when there came a low knock at his door. He started, nearly dropping the instrument.

"Who's there?" he called sharply. He felt the need of this dose that he was preparing in every nerve—so soon does the tyrant morphia assert its sway. He was transfixed to hear Sophy's voice reply,

"It's I, Cecil."

Hurriedly, his hands shaking as with ague, he bundled everything into a drawer and closed it. Then he went to the door. He stood with it in his hand, staring at her as though just waked.

"May I come in?" she said, very low. "I—I want to talk with you."

He was still too overcome to speak. Silently he stepped aside.

She entered quickly, her head a little bent, her hands clasped nervously in front of her. The weather was still very warm. She had come from the nursery, and wore a

long *peignoir* of white India muslin. The soft, straight folds made her seem taller than ever.

"Will you sit here?" asked Chesney. His voice shook.

"Thanks!" she murmured, and took the chair that he pushed forward.

She didn't seem able to say what she had come for. He felt forced to speak.

"Is—is Bobby all right?" he faltered.

The color streamed across her cheek at these words, as though he had struck her.

"Forgive me," he said humbly; "I—I really care, you know."

"He is better," she managed to reply. Her lips moved stiffly. Then she lifted her head with a sort of desperation of resolve. Her eyes fixed on his. "Cecil," she said, "I've come—one last time—" she broke off, paling, then went on—"this one last time," she repeated, "to see if you—if we—if together—" Again words failed her. Looking firmly at him, she ended more quietly. "I've come to beg you to tell me the truth."

He could scarcely have grown paler, but his head drooped.

"Well," she whispered finally, "will you? It's our last—last chance."

With difficulty he articulated,

"Try me."

"Then," she went on, after a slight pause, "are you—taking morphine again?"

There was no pause before his answer.

"Yes," he said, his face still drooped away from her.

She caught one hand to her breast. She could not believe her own ears. Had he said, "Yes" at once—simply—outright like that, to such a question? Something fine and brave in her throbbled response to that unequivocal "Yes."

"Cecil—" she said. All at once he tossed up his hands to his bent face.

"O my God," he said, "my God! Don't be kind to me—don't be kind!" And dreadful sobs began heaving through him.

"Oh—*poor* Cecil!" came from her in a gasp. And then he fell forward on his knees before her, his face in her lap, his hands grasping the soft folds of her gown. As if torn up by bloody roots came the great sobs.

"Sophy—God—Sophy—I've suffered—I've suffered! If he'd died—yes—one shot—yes—one—"

And his passion of grief, torrential as his passion of love, flooded her, shook her with its cyclonic abandonment, until she

seemed one flesh with him in this unmeasured tragedy of wild remorse.

Through her thin gown she felt his tears soak to her very skin, a hot chrism baptizing her, once more his in this terrific rite of sorrow. She bent over him, her hands upon his head, her own tears falling.

"No—no!" she pleaded. "No—no, Cecil! Don't—don't despair like this. We will begin again. The truth—you have told the truth—" She began to sob herself now. "And the truth shall make you free—the truth shall make you free, dear!"

Now she had his head against her breast—her cheek pressed down on it. As she held Bobby to comfort him when he was frightened, so she held the great man. He was afraid now—afraid of himself—like a child. Close she held him to comfort him—close—close—

XLVIII

THAT night they talked things over quietly. Sophy was very gentle with him—almost incredibly generous, he thought. With his permission, she consulted Carmenis about the amount of morphia that he ought to have, to "tail off"—as he said humbly—in order to get him back to England without too much discomfort from the sciatic pains and the sudden snapping of the habit he had formed again—albeit to such a moderate extent. Carmenis gave his opinion, and Sophy undertook to give her husband the properly diminished doses. Chesney was almost pathetically humble. It hurt her in some subtle nerve to see the big, domineering man so subdued, so timidly anxious to conciliate her, to redeem himself in her opinion. It was beyond doubt that he had suffered excruciatingly over the boy's illness and his part in it.

"The little chap won't be able to bear the sight of me, I suppose," he had ventured once; and she saw his lips quiver.

She felt a submerging pity for him.

"Leave that to me," she answered gently.

Another thing that proved to her the depth of his self-humiliation and genuine regret was the fact that he wished to apologize to Amaldi.

"I shall tell him the brute fact," he said, "that I was drunk with that *grappa* stuff. He can accept my apology or not, as he chooses." He wrote the note of apology the morning after their talk.

"Shall I post it or send it by Luigi?" he asked. Sophy thought a moment; then she said:

"We are leaving Wednesday, and I ought to see the *marchesa* before I go. Let me take it. I can leave it with her."

"Do," he said, giving her the letter; then he took her hand in both his. "Thanks, Sophy," he added, under his breath. Thus they made *pax* over that hideous incident with Amaldi.

Sophy started for Le Vigne about ten o'clock. She took Luigi with her to run the Norma; he was, fortunately, cleverer as a mechanic than as a valet. The sky was colored like blue morning-glories, and the lake was like gentian. But the beauty of the day seemed cruel to Sophy. It was like the laughter of water in sunlight above the place where a ship has foundered. Carmenis had happened to mention the fact that Amaldi was in Milan, else she could not have gone for that farewell visit, onerous as she felt it to be.

And, even as it was, she shrank from seeing the *marchesa*. Had Amaldi told her? Her cheek tingled shame at the thought. But the next instant she felt that she knew him better than that. No; he would not have told anyone of that scene which had been so degrading for her.

But when she reached Le Vigne she found that the *marchesa* had gone to Belgirate for the day. Old Carlotto seemed deeply sorry for her disappointment.

"What a pity, *signora*!—what a pity!" he kept saying. The *signora marchesa* would be so sad, so very sad to miss the *signora*. Then he brightened up. "But the *marchesino* is here, *signora*!" he exclaimed. "The *marchesino* is very busy in his study—but he would wish me to disturb him on such an occasion. He will know how to find the *signora marchesa*."

Sophy had started for the landing-place again in real panic. She even forgot to leave Cecil's letter with the old butler.

"No—no; don't disturb the *marchese*," she called back. "I desire you not to do it!"

As she was speaking, Carlotto, who was following her as fast as his bent legs would amble, called out,

"But—here's the *marchesino, signora*!"

She hurried on, her head bent, the letter in the pocket of her gown seeming to scorch her. Amaldi overtook her just



DRAWN BY HARVEY LINDS

"You are tired," he said, speaking with an effort. "There is a seat here—among these
ilex shrubs. You must rest a moment"

Shadows of Flames

before she reached the launch. They murmured vague greetings. Both were very pale. A trembling had seized Sophy. She was not of those who faint easily; yet everything grew dim before her in that moment.

"You are tired," he said, speaking with an effort. "There is a seat here—among these ilex shrubs. You must rest a moment."

Walking giddily along the unstable, sliding earth, she allowed him to guide her to the old stone seat on the south terrace. Amaldi helped her to the seat and then went over to and leaned upon the balustrade.

The faintness passed, and Sophy sat thinking feverishly how she should act. The directness of her nature guided her. She drew the letter from her pocket and, rising, went toward Amaldi. He turned when he heard her footstep. As he turned, she stopped, holding out the letter to him.

"*Marchese*," she said, low but firm, "I had meant to leave this letter with your mother. I was told you were in Milan. It—it is from—my husband. Wait!" she cried, almost imperiously, as she saw the recoil of his whole figure. "You must listen—you must understand! He—my husband—has been very ill. This—this letter is an apology, *marchese*—to you."

Amaldi bowed formally and took the letter. His face was inscrutable. He started to put the envelop, unopened, into his pocket. Sophy, flushing deeply, murmured,

"Won't you even read it?"

Amaldi bowed again.

"There is no need," he said. "An apology offered in this manner"—his tone was rather bitter—"I accept without reading."

Sophy stood silent; then her head went down a little.

"I—I thank you!" she whispered.

A quick change came over Amaldi's face, but Sophy was looking down on the flagged walk and did not see it.

"Do you go soon, now?" he asked.

"Yes—on Wednesday."

"Do not forget us—entirely."

"No."

"You will not be forgotten."

There was in his voice such an intensity of pain with difficulty subdued that the trembling seized her again, despite all her will. He continued.

"This is farewell—is it not?" he said. She could not control her voice to answer.

She moved her head in assent, her eyes still downcast. "Then," said Amaldi, "will you not look at me—to say farewell?"

She lifted her eyes to his; it cost her much to lift them. But she looked up as he had desired, and it was into his bared soul that she looked. There was an instant's silence; then he spoke.

"It is my whole life that goes with you."

She stood gazing at him as though spell-bound; then she half lifted her hands like a suppliant. She was as white as her gown. But the flood-gates were open now. Neither of them could stay the flood.

"Yes," he went on; "I love you. I've loved you from the first—with all my soul, with all my life. Do you understand?"

He took a step toward her. They were both trembling now.

"If you would trust me—if you would let me shield you—with my whole life, with my love, with love that is worship!"

She found her voice at last, and cried out to him, as if for mercy.

"No, Amaldi, no! Oh, I implore you—stop! It can't be; it can't be!"

He wheeled where he stood, so that his face was hidden from her. It was the instinctive movement of the body that seeks to hide the bared soul. A moment passed. Then she said brokenly,

"I must go now; I must go back."

Now he turned to her again.

"You will go back?" he stammered.

"You will go back to that—that minotaur?" His teeth ground on the word. It was terrible to see the man, usually so still, so self-controlled, stripped of all reserve.

"I must—I must—for my boy's sake. Ah, don't look at me with such eyes! I can't bear your face—so different!"

She trembled still more violently, put up her hand to shut out the ghastly, devastated look of his face.

"You go back? You go back to him?" he kept muttering. "*Che orrore! Che orrore!*" All at once he gripped himself. He said, in a strange, level tone: "There is nothing I can do, then. I would give my life; yet there is nothing—no way that I can serve you?"

"Amaldi—Amaldi!" she murmured. She caught his hand in both her own. "Oh, forgive me," she said; "dear, dear Amaldi, forgive me!"

He bent and kissed the hands that clasped his. And he answered,

"There is nothing to forgive."

It seemed to Sophy afterward, when she came more to her usual self out there on the glee of blue waters, far from Le Vigne, that they two had been like actors moving through some pantomime during those last moments. In silence they had walked together to the landing-place; in silence he had assisted her into the Norma; in silence she had sat watching Luigi start the engine. No other farewell had passed between them.

They could not leave on Wednesday, as they had expected. Bobby's fever had culminated in a sharp attack of jaundice—the result of fright, Carmenis told her. But the little fellow recovered rapidly. Only his nerves seemed still taut from the shock. He would shriek out wildly in his sleep, and no one but his mother could soothe these paroxysms of terror. As he grew stronger, she began to pursue with him the course of which she had hinted to Chesney.

"My darling," she would coax, "dada was only showing you how strong he was—how safe he could hold you. Why, dada wouldn't hurt his little boy for all the world! He's so strong, so strong! He *couldn't* let Bobby fall. Don't you see, sweetheart?"

Thus she would coax him by the hour. At last it seemed to "seep" into his little brain. "Dada so st'ong," he would repeat. "Dada show Bobby 'ow st'ong. Good dada—not dwop Bobby."

At last, Sophy ventured to ask one day: "Don't you want to see poor dada? He's so afraid his little boy doesn't love him any more?" But Bobby began to tremble.

"Dada so st'ong," he pleaded, clinging hard to Sophy's breast. At last, however, he consented to let his father come.

Chesney entered, hesitating—stood near the door. Sophy, who had her arm about Bobby as he lay against the pillows in his crib, beckoned him to come forward.

"Now, now, my little man—my *brave* little man," she murmured in the child's ear, her cheek to his, encouraging, soothing him. Chesney came and got awkwardly on his knees beside the crib. He felt thankful to make himself smaller in the boy's eyes. Timidly he ventured to steal one of his great hands toward the little fist clutched in Sophy's laces.

"How are you, little man?" he said, "gentling" his voice as to some shy animal. "Won't you say, 'How d'ye do,' to dada?"

The boy, trying so hard to "be a man," regarded him with wide eyes and the most touching, wavering smile of courage on the verge of tears. Then he looked with desperate appeal up at his mother.

"Dada *too* st'ong," he said. "Bobby so little——"

Chesney put down his face upon the crib and wept.

XLIX

BOBBY's attack of jaundice was soon over. By the following Monday, he was quite fit to travel, Carmenis said.

They were going first to London, where Chesney would put himself again in Carfew's hands; then Sophy was to take a cottage in the Isle of Wight, near Lady Crewe.

Physically, Chesney was much better. Carmenis had succeeded in routing the sciatica. A strong tonic had somewhat restored his appetite. Altogether, he felt more fit than he had believed possible under the circumstances. At first, Carmenis had wanted him to take hot hip-baths mixed with sea salt. But here Chesney rebelled. He loathed hot baths. He demanded either a quick, cold tub in the morning or else his usual swim in the lake. Carmenis and he tussled for some hours over this question. Finally, it was agreed by the physician that, as this September was such an unusually warm one, Chesney might have a very short swim during the hottest hours of the morning, then, after drying himself, lie and bake in the sun on the scorching pebbles of the shore. Late in the season as it was, he acquired the most beautifully toned mahogany-brown back and chest. He was boyishly proud of this.

"The old boy'll think he's got a nigger chief to monkey with this time—eh, what?" he asked Sophy, turning about before her in his short bathing-trunks that she might see the full glory of his sunburnt torso. She smiled approval, saying that to her he looked more like a well-roasted turkey than a "nigger." And she thought what a boy the big man was at heart. It seemed pathetic and strange and very nice to her, all at the same time, that he could take such pleasure in such a thing after all that had passed.

Sunday evening she spent in having the last things packed away. The dismantled villa looked the picture of sordid cheerless-

ness. Scraps of paper and straw from the packing strewed the puncheon floors. From the whitewashed walls glared again the gaudy religious oleographs that she had removed on her arrival. Lamps and candlesticks, all but the rusty japanned tin ones leased with the villa, had disappeared. They dined by one virulent jet of acetylene gas, blazing in an iron loop from the middle of the ceiling. The crockery, also leased with Villa Clelia, was brown and broken; the cheap plated knives and forks left black stains on their hands. It was a dolorous meal, despite the glowing mound of yellow chrysanthemums with which Sophy had sought to enliven it.

"By George, this *is* funereal!" Chesney could not refrain from exclaiming, as Luigi set a heavy cup of nicked earthenware before him, full of Maria's ink-black coffee. "Two more meals like this—is it? Well, they'll give me melancholia."

"We needn't have two more," Sophy consoled him. "I've thought it out already. To-morrow morning we can breakfast on the terrace. Then we can go to the Hôtel Ghiffa for luncheon. Our boat doesn't leave until three." He looked at her with cordial appreciation.

"Clever girl—so we can!" he said. "Never crossed my porridge-brain. But I say"—his face fell—"what about my swim and sun-bath? It'll be the last, you know. I confess I'm rather keen on it, and I can't go in until noon. That would cut me short—lunching at Ghiffa, I mean."

"But there's a capital bathing-shore at the hotel," she reminded him.

He was delighted with this solution, so, about eleven o'clock next morning, they sauntered together along the white high-road to Ghiffa. The smaller luggage had already been sent to the hotel. Luigi was in charge of the rest. Bobby, Rosa, and Tilda had gone ahead in a *carozella*. The day was very mild.

"You will have a glorious swim," she said, looking at the lake.

"Yes," answered Chesney; "I'm in luck to have a sunny day for my last swim."

"Yes," she assented dreamily; "rain isn't becoming to Italy. She's like a beautiful woman who doesn't know how to cry."

"Sophy, how feminine! Do you know how to cry, pray?"

"No; I haven't the knack at all." She laughed a little. "I make horrid faces."

"Poor lass!" he said, in his abrupt way, suddenly gripped by this idea of her grimacing under sorrow. He had given her such a lot of it—by George! He grasped her hand with a quick gesture and frown of pain, drawing it through his arm.

"It's to be a clean slate, my girl!" he said, looking down at her. He felt the slight fingers pinch into his arm.

"Yes," she said, "yes, Cecil." But she looked in front of her—far in front of her—drawing her long lashes together as though the dazzle of the white road and clouds and walls along the way hurt her eyes.

Chesney fought off a great fog of depression that seemed suddenly to belly down on him.

"Cheerly! Cheerly!" he cried, putting a bluff note into his voice that he was far from feeling. "What's it the old chap in 'The Tempest' says? 'Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!' That's the 'barbaric yawp' for us, Sophy lass—eh? Don't you feel it so?"

"Yes; I do—I do, Cecil," she responded eagerly. Her gray eyes looked up at him now. The bright bravery of her face gave him another pang. He was glad that their next step brought them to the little Hôtel Ghiffa. Sophy ran up to see how Bobby was faring in the rooms that she had taken till the hour for leaving. She found him clamoring to go down and "p'ay ball wiv mens" in the garden. A game of *boccia* was going on there. She sent him down with Rosa to look on. Then she went out again to find Cecil. He met her at the door of the second bedroom. When he saw her, he stepped back into the room and signed her to come. He reached out and shut the door behind her.

"Sophy," he said, "don't think me a sentimental ass—but you've never told me—in so many words—that—well—that you forgive me."

He was gazing at her hungrily, with a look half shamed, half determined. She went straight to him and put her arms around him.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, so sorry that I've let you feel the need of words!" she said. "But, if you want them, I'll say them over and over—"

"No"—he stopped her—"I don't want them—now. Will you?" His arms held her painfully close. She turned her face to him and he kissed her—almost shyly. Her

eyes stung. She put up her hand and pressed his cheek to hers.

"Now I'll go order our luncheon," she said gaily.

But he knew well that there was no gaiety in her heart. And he got out his bathing-trunks and took his bath-sheet on his arm. Lines from Verhaeren began again to haunt him.

*Je m'habille des loques de mes jours
Et le bâton de mon orgueil il plie,
Mes pieds dites comme ils sont lourds
De me porter, de me traîner toujours
Au long du siècle de ma vie.*

Down to the sparkling hem of the lake, the somber voice accompanied him. He stood in a sort of muse, his bare feet wincing from the hot pebbles. Then he flung himself forward into the glittering blue and began to swim. After all, it was good to be alive, no matter what the odds. Perhaps the knowledge that this was his last swim for many months whetted his appreciation, but he had never felt more jocund a delight in the elastic clasp and purl of living water upon his naked flesh.

Sophy went out on the little terrace before the hotel to wait for his return. She had ordered luncheon served there, and a waiter was already throwing a fresh tablecloth over one of the iron tables. A late tea-rose nodded from the terrace railing in the languid wind. She went and leaned near it, watching her husband's splendid figure against the flickering, sunlit blue, before he plunged forward for his swim. The late, wistful rose, its petals slightly shriveled at the edges, kept tapping softly against her hand. She stroked it lightly with her finger-tips. If people had not been looking, she would have drawn it to her lips. The *padrone* bustled up.

"*Con permesso—con permesso, signora,*" he smiled, unctuously affable. And, with a table-knife, he detached the rose and presented it, bowing low.

"*Grazie!*" murmured Sophy. She was sorry that the poor, *passée* rose had been beheaded for her, but very kindly she fastened it in her belt. Then, leaning on the low railing, she watched the fine rhythm of Cecil's arm, as it rose and fell, shearing the blue water. He was only a few yards from shore. He swam in a big semicircle. Now he was returning—she was glad he was coming back. But now he seemed to have

stopped swimming—ah!—he was treading water. She felt a little vexed with him for lingering—but, then, she realized that this was to be his last free, vigorous pleasure for so long. Still, he really should be coming back. She stood up and called him:

"Cecil! Do come out!"

She could see his face plainly. All at once she gave a startled movement. He was answering her with grimaces—frightful grimaces. She knew his sardonic ideas of "fun," but this struck her as unnatural.

"Don't—don't!" she cried to him.

The *padrone* had approached again.

"*Il signore ama scherzare*" (The gentleman likes fun), he observed smiling. Sophy did not hear him. Half frightened, half indignant, she was staring at the grimacing face. Suddenly Cecil went under.

"*Che Ercole!*" (What a Hercules) observed the *padrone* admiringly.

But she was holding her breath with the man under water. It seemed to her as though he would never come up again. Then she saw him. And still he made those odious grimaces. But now he called something. What was it? Her heart checked. It seemed to her that he cried, "Help!" and, as he cried it, he went under the second time. All at once the *padrone* gave a howl of terror.

"He's drowning! He's drowning!" screamed the man.

In an instant, the terrace swarmed with shouting people. Sophy rushed blindly for the shore. The crowd pressed after her. The water for yards out was horribly smooth. No object broke its surface.

"Help! Help!" Sophy cried, strangling. She looked for men to plunge at once into the lake. Not one did so. A voice called: "A chair! Throw him a chair!" She dashed knee-deep into the water. Some one dragged her back. She was struggling with two cowards who dragged her back from that smooth, tranquil expanse under which Cecil was suffocating. A woman threw her arms around her. She fought wildly against the heaving, enveloping breast of this woman.

"Cowards!" she cried. The Italian word came to her. "*Vigliacchi! Vigliacchi!*" she raged at them, beating the woman's heavy breast with her hands. Her hands plunged deep into its warm pulp. The woman let her go, but a man caught her arms from behind. In her struggles, her long hair came loose and blew back in the

man's face, blinding him. Still he grasped her stoutly, though his face was covered with her thick hair, and her frantic movements dragged him, inch by inch, toward the water that he dreaded. Now there was a chair floating on it—a little yellow chair that bobbed drolly with the motion of the bright wavelets. And still people shouted and ran to and fro along the edge of the water, like terriers wildly excited over a flung stick which they are afraid to plunge in after and fetch. One or two had rushed off toward Ghiffa, still shouting and gesticulating. Boats had put out from the village. The men in the boats shouted and gesticulated also. When they reached the spot where Chesney had gone down, they leaned over, gazing into the water. They rowed back and forth—stopping every now and then to gaze into the water. Suddenly there rose a cry: "There he is! See!" But no one went overboard. It seemed to Sophy that her heart would burst her bosom. She tried to find some terrible word that would rouse them to manhood. But even her voice failed her.

Then, suddenly, a figure came running, bounding. "Where? Where?" it called, as it pelted down the terrace steps. It was Peppin, Amaldi's sailor, bare-armed and barelegged in blue singlet and canvas trousers, rolled to the knee.

Sophy's haggard, bloodshot eyes fixed on the half-naked sailor as though he had been God. The little crowd on shore bristled with pointing arms. "Out there! Just there!" they called in unison.

Sophy tried to cry, "Save him!" to Peppin, but her voice only croaked harshly in her throat. He did not even hear her. He had thrown his whole seaman's consciousness ahead into that clear yet impenetrable water. Even as she tried to call to him, his body, flashing obedience to his thought, shot into the lake with the curved bound of a dolphin. The water leaped up about him as in applause. Here, at last, was a *man*!

Sophy stood still enough now. There was no need to hold her. She stood as though her soul had gone from her and entered the body of the sailor, who was swimming strong and straight for the point where Cecil had gone down.

The *padrone*, who had seemed paralyzed until now, came as suddenly to life as Sophy had turned to stone.

"The doctor!" he shouted imperiously.

Now Peppin had reached the spot about which the boats were gathered. He trod water with head bent low, peering intently into the blue depths. The boats hung near. The boatmen shouted more than ever. They pointed downward. "There he is! There he is!" they cried eagerly. All at once the sailor dived. It was as if he turned a somersault in the water. His bare, wet legs flashed up into the sunshine.

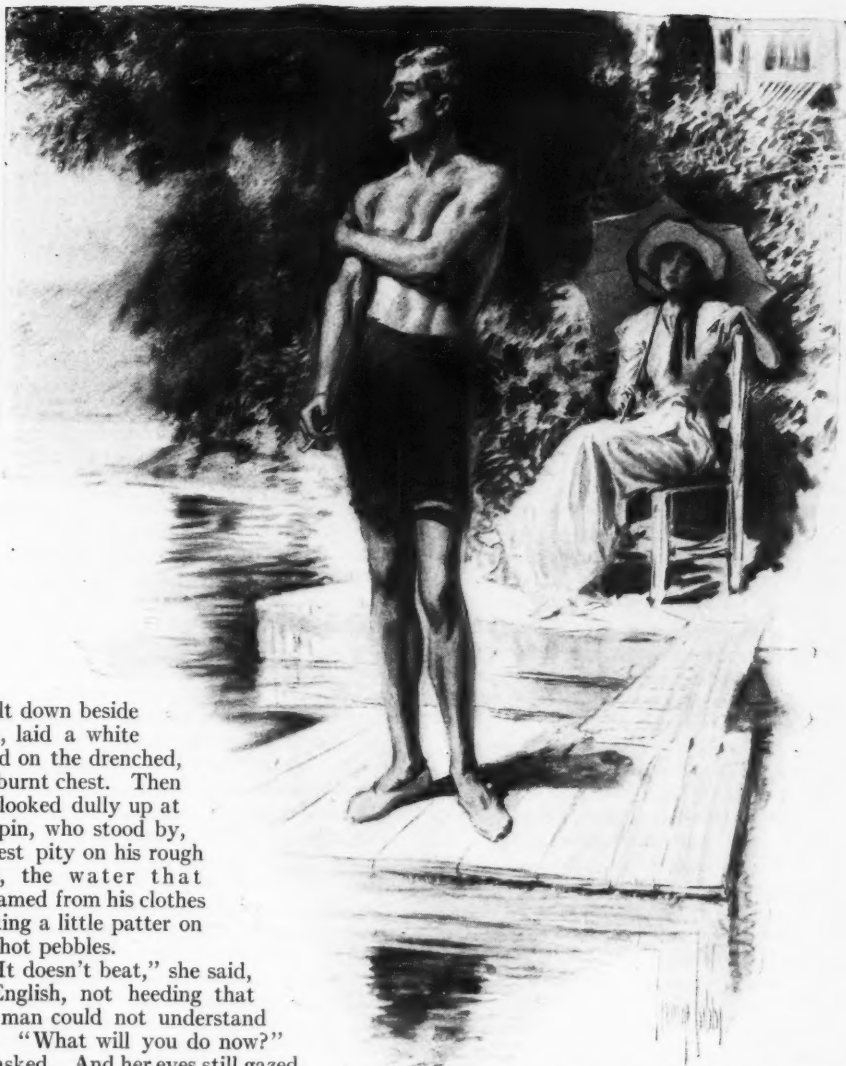
Long seconds went by—an eternity of minute-long seconds. Yet, through this horror of blank pause, wherein time seemed suspended—which might have been a day or an eon—Sophy stood waiting for Peppin to bring her husband back to her. She was sure that Peppin would not come back without him. The primordial woman in her had recognized primordial man in the stout sailor. The feminine at its limit waited, on the completion of virility. What she could not do, Peppin was doing. So she waited, while cycles seemed to pass. She had lost her sense of time.

A sudden roar went up—from the shore, from the waiting boats. The dark blob of Peppin's head had appeared above water. But now the boats were closer. Arms reached out. He was caught, sustained by those eager arms—he and his burden. Ah, they were trying to lift what Peppin grasped into a boat! But that huge, flaccid body dragged the boat-edge over—down—down to the very water. A mass of clutching hands grasped here—there. Now it was half over the edge, but the boat lay on its side. The great, naked body glistened white like a monstrous fish in the sunlight. Now—now—all together! *Heu!*

There was another roar. Then the sailor was also hauled aboard. The boat pulled for shore.

L

THEY lifted him out and laid him on the warm beach. The crowd stood aside, respectful and expectant. All eyes turned to Sophy. They were waiting for the thrilling moment when the stone image would spring to life, shriek, and cast itself upon her husband's body. There was a hush as in a theater, just before the eagerly expected catastrophe breaks into a scream or dagger-stroke. But the moment failed of its zest. Slowly, as though moving in its sleep, the tall figure went over to the drowned man,



knelt down beside him, laid a white hand on the drenched, sunburnt chest. Then she looked dully up at Peppin, who stood by, honest pity on his rough face, the water that streamed from his clothes making a little patter on the hot pebbles.

"It doesn't beat," she said, in English, not heeding that the man could not understand her. "What will you do now?" she asked. And her eyes still gazed up at the sailor as though he had been God.

The woman with the heavy breast that Sophy had struck in her frantic efforts to escape began to sob. The little yellow chair still bobbed up and down in the sunlight as some current bore it away.

Peppin knelt down, too. He put his square, dark hand, with its broken nails and tattooed wrist, beside the white one. Then he sprang up and began fiercely talking and gesticulating to the others. He was telling them that they must help him try to revive the *scior*. They shrank. It is

And she thought what a boy the big man was at heart

not considered wise, on Lago Maggiore, to meddle with a drowned man before the civil authorities come on the scene. One may get involved in all sorts of unpleasantness. Peppin berated them roundly with good workaday oaths. He, too, called them *vigliacchi*. But though most of his angry dialect was but gibberish to Sophy, certain words she understood. And these words acted on her like an elixir of life. She sprang to her feet.

"I will help you! Show me!" she cried.

"*Il! Il!*" she kept repeating, striking her breast sharply to show him what she meant. She caught the sailor's hand in hers and drew him toward Chesney. She pointed to the drowned man, and then to herself and Peppin. In her broken Italian, stammering with eagerness, she urged the sailor to let her help revive her husband.

He understood, but he was at a loss. He knew that she could not assist in the violent measures that were necessary. And as he stood there, at his wit's end, a new cry went up: "*Il dottore! Il dottore!*"

The doctor, whose name was Morelli, had a way with him that Peppin thoroughly approved. He ordered the curious throng to keep back in so sharp a tone of authority that he was actually obeyed. Then he spoke to Sophy very gently but in the same authoritative manner. He told her that she must leave him to take at once the necessary measures for reviving her husband.

"I implore you to return to the hotel, *signora*," he said earnestly. "It will not be well for you to remain here."

Sophy rose at once, but her eyes fastened on Peppin's face.

"Will you stay with him, too?" she asked.

"*Sì, sì, scioria!*" he answered eagerly.

The *padrone* came up and offered her his arm. The fat, kind-hearted woman also came up, though her great bust still ached from Sophy's frenzied blows.

"*Cara signora*," she pleaded humbly, "allow me to accompany you."

Between the *padrone* and this kindly soul, Sophy went obediently back to the hotel.

Tilda and Rosa had both gone for a walk with Bobby along the highroad. Tilda had missed one of the smaller bags, and wished to see if it had been left by mistake with Luigi. So the two women had gone back to Villa Clelia, and were there when the accident happened. Not until Morelli and Peppin had been at work together over Chesney for some twenty minutes did they return with Luigi, who, on hearing the terrible news, ran straight to help resuscitate his master. All the women in the hotel gathered round Rosa. She yielded Bobby to one of them, and began to sob and strike her breast and forehead in despair.

Tilda, her round face blotched with pallor, went straight to her lady. She found Sophy standing by a window that overlooked the shore.

"Oh, m'm!" faltered the girl, beginning to tremble. "May I stay with you?"

"No; please," said her mistress, without turning. The girl went out obediently and sat crouched in a chair near the door.

And Sophy, all alone at her window in the bleak hotel bedroom, stood and gazed at the little group on the beach, where Morelli, Peppin, and Luigi were striving to restore her husband to life.

Up and down—up and down waved the massive arms, white and gleaming in the glare from sky and water. Another figure joined the group. Sophy recognized Tibaldo, the gardener's boy from Villa Clelia. The doctor said something, turning his head sharply. Then she saw Luigi turn back the blankets and Tibaldo take up a bottle that had been standing near. He poured stuff from this bottle into Luigi's hands, then into his own. They began rubbing the naked man vigorously. The doctor and Peppin paused a moment. She saw Morelli mop his face with his handkerchief, and Peppin sling the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand. A change was made. Now it was Luigi and Tibaldo who were moving the great arms up and down, while Peppin and Morelli rubbed vigorously.

All at once, without any warning, she could not see them any longer. All that she could see was an endless reach of gleeful, bright-blue water, and, floating on it, bobbing drolly, a small yellow chair. Then she saw nothing, then dark clouds that coiled and swam. She did not regain consciousness for five hours. When she came to herself again, she was lying on the bed with Tilda kneeling at her feet, rubbing them. A man's face was bending over her—the face of Doctor Morelli. The Venetian blinds were closed, making a strange green light in the room. She heard Morelli take a breath as of relief. Tilda had put down her face upon the bedclothes.

"How is he? How is my husband?" she managed to stammer.

She felt the girl sobbing against her feet.

"*Coraggio, signora; coraggio*," murmured the doctor. Then she knew. He was dead. She sank again into merciful depths of unconsciousness.

This time, when she recovered, it was into the tender, lustrous eyes of the Marchesa Amaldi that she looked up. As soon as Peppin had brought the news to Le Vigne,

the *marchesa* had set out for Ghiffa. Strange as it may seem in a woman of so powerful an intellect, the *marchesa* thought during all her journey thither of how "*il prete*" and "*la morte*" had kept falling together, when she had "*laid*" the tarot cards for Sophy. Amaldi was away on a walking-tour in the Carpathians. He had left very suddenly. The *marchesa* divined that it was his feeling for Sophy that had caused him to leave so abruptly. She applauded him in her heart, while she ached, motherlike, for his unhappiness. Now came this horrible disaster. She was glad that Marco was away. Sheer pity might have stripped him too bare before her, in spite of his powerful reserve. And with the sense of his hopeless, unfortunate love adding to her own passion of pity for this young creature, widowed in so horrible a way, the *marchesa* gathered Sophy into the very shrine of mother-tenderness.

"Can't you cry, my poor darling—can't you cry?" the *marchesa* kept murmuring, her beautiful large hand folding Sophy's head to her breast, as if it had been the head of a child that she was suckling. But no tears would come. It was as though she were bleeding tears inwardly.

When she was strong enough to rise, she said, whispering,

"I want to go to him."

The *marchesa* assisted her to her feet without a word. She led her to the communicating door behind which her husband lay, then stepped aside for her to enter.

Sophy closed the door softly as she went in. It was late at night. Candles burned by the bed on either side. He lay there immensely, majestically long, under the white sheet. Sophy went forward unflinchingly, and, kneeling down beside him, lifted back the sheet. Awe filled her at the icy splendor of that face. She had not known how beautiful he was until thus translated into cream-hued marble. His brow seemed to triumph. On his lips was that austere, secretive smile as of initiation, that only death can give. It seemed to her that it was not her husband who lay there before her but a majestic high priest, dead with the words of some mysterious and awful ritual still on his lips, now sealed with that smile of ultimate initiation. She bent closer, very reverently, and kissed the thick fair hair, then the wonderful, triumphant brow. She had never before touched the dead. This

coldness of what had been so warm made her realize in one sick throe that the imagination of Divinity may be abominable.

She went back, after an hour, into the next room. Her face looked dull and wild at the same time. The *marchesa*, who had lain down on the bed, rose and drew her down beside her, keeping gentle but firm hold of her hand. Sophy submitted obediently. She lay until day without moving, her eyes wide open, fixed on the opposite wall. Now and then, the *marchesa* would turn her head cautiously to see if, by chance, she had fallen asleep. But the dark eyes were always wide open, fixed on the bright-green wall-paper.

"Poor girl!" thought the *marchesa*. "Poor Marco! She loved her husband deeply, in spite of all. There may be a brain fever unless I can make her cry."

At dawn, Sophy was still stretched there. Robins began their sweet, autumnal piping in the hotel garden. A thought came to the *marchesa*. Babies waked with birds. She rose softly and slipped out into the hall. Rosa and Bobby had been given a room just opposite. The *marchesa* entered without knocking. The wisdom of the old nurse in the song was in her heart. As she had thought, the boy was awake. He was sitting up in bed, trying to make two fiercely mustachioed tin soldiers do battle on the pillow that Rosa had lain before him. She went straight to him. He greeted her joyously.

The *marchesa* talked with him for some twenty minutes, then she lifted him, all subdued and piteous, into her arms, and carried him to his mother. The sun had now risen, and that green light, as of watery depths, again filled the room.

The *marchesa* put the boy down beside Sophy without a word. She did not look at him, but her arm went round him. Bobby snuggled close, then lifted his head and gazed into her white face.

"Poor dada—downded!" he murmured, caressing her cheek. "Poor muvva—all 'lone!" His lips began to quiver with the sad sound of his own broken words. "Don't c'y," he pleaded, big tears bursting from his own eyes. "Bobby 'tay wiv you; Bobby tate tare of you. Don't c'y."

And with this he began to sob himself as though his little heart would break.

Sophy started from her trance of numbness. She caught the boy to her. Then

her tears came. Then she remembered Cecil as her young lover—her husband. Then he became real to her again, as she clasped his son in her arms, and they wept together. The *marchesa* had stolen out again.

"*Ringrazio Dio!*" she said, in her heart. She, too, was weeping.

Amaldi was at this time in one of the wildest regions of the Carpathians. He and his friend had been camping for a fortnight in a forester's hut about twenty miles from the boundary of the friend's estate. The post was brought to them only once a week by a *chasseur*; so it happened that the *marchesa's* letter, telling of Chesney's death, did not reach Amaldi for some days.

He received it about sunrise. He did not open it at once, shrinking from the allusions to Sophy that he knew it would contain. His mood was heavy and listless, sad enough, but with a numb kind of sadness, and he did not want that fresh wound set throbbing again. He slipped the letter into his pocket, and went off for a short walk while breakfast was being prepared.

Though the sun had risen, it was not visible. Columning masses of white mist hid the upper peaks and filled the intervening valley. Now and then, through a drifting fold, jutted the dark glisten of crags or the drenched somberness of pines and autumn foliage.

Suddenly, a light air began rippling—a chill, fitful breath out of the southwest. The mist began to sway, to curl upward. Delicately undulating, parting, closing, melting at its lower edges, reforming again, it began to withdraw upward toward the hidden sun. Now a vast shaft of golden light struck through it, gleamed along the flank of the further mountain, was plunged, as though in search, through the curdled vapor that filled the valley. Amaldi stood watching the silent and majestic drama, his hand on the letter in his pocket. He was thinking how seldom the moods of nature and her human progeny are at one.

This steady, inevitable withdrawal of the mist toward the veiled sun suggested hope, the tremble of joy in all things, as no words could have done. Yet in his heart there was no hope. He had seen the supreme desire of his spirit face to face, and it had turned from him. No hidden light would draw upward the mists within. And how bitterly useless it all seemed—that two lives should be broken by a mistake! For he felt sure that Sophy could have loved him had she been free. He was not, in any sense, a vain man. This conviction rose from an intuition almost as strong as the sense of his own existence. It was not a reasoned thing, though he felt that there were many reasons, also, why they two should have loved each other.

Finally, he drew the letter from his pocket with an abrupt gesture and broke it open. He could not believe at first what he read there. He turned back to read it over. When he looked up, at last, from the written pages, the sunlit peaks leaped out against the blue like some friendly outbreak of the joyous earth. And that blue air seemed to Amaldi to be the true color of hope, though there was awe upon him at the thought of the splendid, brutal life so suddenly quenched. He had come near to hating Chesney when alive. In death, he found him strongly impressive. But the thought that Sophy was freed, even in a way so terrible, was the wonderful, almost unrealizable fact. She was free—free!

He gazed at the huge peaks, now fierce with sunlight, until his eyes ached. A strong resolve was welling in him. Since she was free, he, too, would free himself at no matter what cost to his pride or the traditions of his house.

Suddenly, from the flashing summits, an eagle rose into the blue—another instant, and his mate soared up to join him.

Amaldi stood watching, with a curious exultation, these living symbols of that which was as yet only a dream and a hope.

THE END

Do not fail

to read the first instalment of *The Twin Sisters*, a new serial romance by **Justus Miles Forman**, in **August Cosmopolitan**. The opening chapters carry their own incentive to continue with this fascinating tale.

